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HARTLEY COLERIDGE.*

[The elegant criticism of the genius and poetry of young Coleridge which forms the staple of this article, is not its only excellence. The fine illustrations which are introduced, of the nature of poetry, and its relations to philosophy and religion, would of themselves make the elegant article worth republishing. Though we have given a very excellent critique upon this work from Fraser, the great literary merit of the present will make it acceptable to the reader of taste.—Ed.]

MR. DERWENT COLERIDGE has executed, with much success, one of the most difficult of tasks. He has written the biography of a poet in such a manner as to impart a deeper philosophic interest to his verse without detracting from its charm. The fact that as much must be lost as can possibly be gained by a tediously minute acquaintance with the life of an author, had not been overlooked by Mr. Coleridge. He observes, "It is thought by many that the lives of literary men are sufficiently known from their writings, and that any record of their private history is at least superfluous. Much may be said in support of this opinion. Of poets, more especially, it may be affirmed that the image which they put forth of themselves in their works is a true and adequate representation

of the author, whatever it may be of the man: nay, that in many cases it may depict the man more faithfully,—may show more truly what he was, than any memorial of what he did and suffered in his mortal pilgrimage, too often a sad tissue, so it is made to appear, of frailty and sorrow. . . . If the record were to be supplied, as has been attempted, by the ordinary materials of the biographer,—by a meager outline of everyday facts, filled in by such anecdotes as vulgar curiosity most commonly collects and remembers, it had better remain a blank." Much better, we cordially add: but we are happy to be able to say, also, that the record with which we are here presented is of a very different sort. Vulgar curiosity has not been catered for in it; and a philosophical curiosity will not seek instruction in it without reward. The passages in his brother's life which Mr. Coleridge has sketched for us, whether such as determined his outward fortunes, or such as to a careless observer might

* 1. *Poems by Hartley Coleridge. With a Memoir of his Life.* By his Brother. Edward Moxon: 1851.

2. *Essays and Marginalia.* By HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Edward Moxon: 1851.

have seemed trifles, are those by which the structure of character is indicated, and its progress is traced. A happy power of selection is among a biographer's highest, though least obtrusive, gifts. Mr. Coleridge has exercised it with effect, avoiding that vice of modern biographers, prolixity. Had his memoir consisted of two volumes, instead of half a volume, its force would have been lost in detail, and we should have had a far less vivid picture than is here exhibited to us of the subject it commemorates. The narrative abounds in discriminative criticism, and remarks incidentally thrown out, but full of point. Above all, it is written with frankness and simplicity. Cherishing a deserved respect, as well as affection, for his brother's memory, he has appreciated his character far too well to think that it needs the concealment of infirmities from which the kindest and most abundant natures are not always the most exempt, and the effects of which are impressed, for evil and for good, upon verse which "the world will not willingly let die." In making us acquainted with the man, he has contributed the best materials for a large and liberal comprehension of the poet: nor can we more effectually illustrate Hartley Coleridge's poetry than by first bringing before our readers some features of a life full of interest, though externally but little varied. It is not often that the life and works of an author are presented to us at the same moment, and for the first time. Such may be considered to be the case on the present occasion, since far the larger portion of the poetry has remained till now unpublished; and, in the life prefixed to it, the poetry which follows finds not seldom an emblem as well as an "efficient cause."

Born at Clevedon, on the 19th of September, 1796, an eight months' child, Hartley Coleridge was marked from the first by a sensitiveness of temperament no doubt out of proportion to his physical strength. More than one tribute of song greeted him on his arrival into this world. Some of these aspirations remained unaccomplished, and some were fulfilled too well. In one of the most beautiful of Coleridge's poems, the poet compares his own early culture with that which he desires for his child.

"I was reared

In the great city, pent mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars;
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze,
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,

Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags."

To this prophecy the younger poet alludes in the memorable sonnet prefixed to a small volume of poetry published in 1833. Addressing the "Father and Bard revered" at a far more advanced age than that father had attained when the above lines were written, he says, in allusion to them,—

"Thy prayer was heard: I 'wandered like a breeze.'"

Not less tenderly was the "animosus infans," addressed in his father's poem "The Nightingale."

"That strain again!

Full fain would it delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lip,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate."

With her youthful playmate Nature played long; and he never ceased to find solace both in her songs and sports. Nature did what Nature may: nor is it her fault if her harmonies, whether of the morn or the eventide, whether lyrical or elegiac, have more power to "kindle" than to "control," and serve rather as wine to the festive, or as an opiate to those in trouble, than as martial music, bracing us for the warfare of life. He had learned, however, to listen to another voice above, and along with, that of Nature; and, for such discernment, he turns also in gratitude to his father. (Vol. i. p. 111.)

In a strain not dissimilar, the same child was addressed at six years old by the Bard of Rydal.

"O thou, whose fancies from afar are brought
Who, of thy words dost make a mock apparel,
And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou fairy voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream."

After the lapse of many a chequered year these verses retained their applicability, and were forcibly brought back to the memory even of strangers, who chanced to mark the subject of them as he paced irregularly about, with a vague grace, caught in some stream of thought,—with feet that seemed almost unable to keep their hold of the

ground, extended arms, a glowing cheek, and an eye still youthful, flashing beneath long white locks that floated on the air. Wordsworth also indulged in prophecy.

"Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young lamb's heart among the full-grown
flocks."

Half the promise was granted, if the other half was scattered to the winds. The season of delight had passed away: but even when the autumnal pastures had become flecked with patches of monitory snow, the "young lamb's heart" remained.

The philosopher, whose metaphysical principles ended in the most advanced spiritualism, was, at the period of his son's birth, in the materialist stage of his progress: and it was to the enthusiasm with which he then regarded the speculations of David Hartley, that that son owed his name. He acquired, at a very early date, those habits of abstract thought which characterized his boyhood, though apparently the system of the young psychologist tended at least as much in the direction of Berkeley as of Hartley. The following curious anecdote was preserved in a diary kept by Mr. Henry Crabbe Robinson:—"Hartley Coleridge, when about five years old, was asked a question about himself being called Hartley. 'Which Hartley?' asked the boy. 'Why, is there more than one Hartley?' 'Yes,' he replied; 'there's a deal of Hartleys.' 'How so?' 'There's Picture Hartley (Hazlitt had painted a portrait of him) and Shadow Hartley; and there's Echo Hartley, and there's Catch-me-fast Hartley;' at the same time seizing his own arm with the other hand very eagerly,—an action which shows that his mind must have been drawn to reflect on what Kant calls the great and inexplicable mystery, viz. that man should be both his own subject and object, and that these two should be one. At the same early age," continued Coleridge, "Hartley used to be in agony of thought,—puzzling himself about the reality of existence. As when some one said to him, 'It is not now; but it is to be.' 'But,' said he, 'if it is to be, it is.' " The relation of the potential to the actual, we must grant to be a somewhat hard riddle for a child five years old.

From the age of about seven, and during a large part of his boyhood, Hartley Coleridge resided with his uncle, Mr. Southey, at Keswick. In 1808 he was placed with his brother at school at Ambleside, under the

care of the Rev. Mr. Daws, to whom Mr. Coleridge pays a just tribute of respect:—"He was a man of lofty stature, and immense bodily strength, and though sufficiently exact in the discharge of his scholastic duties, yet he evidently attached quite as much importance to the healthful recreations and out-of-door life of his scholars, as to their progress in Greek and Latin. Morbidly shy, he shrank from mixing in society, and in his walks would as soon have met a lion as a lady in his path. . . . He had the very soul of honor, and carried with him in every word and gesture the evidence of a manly and cordial nature." From the lessons of this hardy northern Hartley Coleridge derived at least as much benefit as from the Greek Grammar composed for him by his father,—a monument of paternal affection and industry, not a little characteristic; beginning as it does with a philosophic disclaimer of philosophy, proceeding to the complexities of gender and case, and ending with a pregnant essay on the connection between Idolatry and Atheism. It was a literary curiosity, well worthy of preservation, and will remind the reader of Milton's logical-poetical exercise, which begins with "Ens" and "Predicament," and concludes with "Rivers arise!"

One of the chief advantages which Hartley Coleridge derived from his school-residence was, that it afforded him an opportunity of being much in the society of Mr. Wordsworth. It was at this time also that at his beautiful seat Elleray he became acquainted with Professor Wilson, "who continued to the last one of his kindest friends." Sir George Beaumont and Mr. Basil Montague were also among his friends. His biographer remarks, "It was so, rather than by a regular course of study, that he was educated,—by desultory reading, by the living voice of Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, Lloyd, Wilson, and De Quincey; and, again, by homely familiarity with town's folk and country folk of every degree; lastly, by daily recurring hours of solitude,—by lonely wanderings with the murmur of the Brathay in his ear." At a later period of his life he was described as "like the Wye, a wanderer through the woods." At school he had much liberty. He never played with the other boys, and probably never fought with them. He was not sufficiently adroit for ordinary sports, and his uncle used to tell him that he had two left hands. In his lessons he was neither stupid nor unusually quick. He had no school friendships; but

his companions admired him for his singularity, and loved him for the fascinating skill with which he told them tales. His powers in this respect seem to have equalled those of the Sultan Scheherezade, though his aim was much less practical:—

"It was not by a series of tales, but by one continuous tale, regularly evolved, and possessing a real unity, that he enchanted the attention of his auditors, night after night, as we lay in bed * * during a space of years, and not unfrequently for hours together. This enormous romance, far exceeding in length, I should suppose, the compositions of Calprenede, Scudery, or Richardson, though delivered without premeditation, had a progressive story, with many turns and complications, with salient points recurring at intervals, with a suspended interest varying in intensity, and occasionally wrought up to a very high pitch, and at length a catastrophe and a conclusion. * * He spoke without hesitation, in language as vivid as it was flowing. This power of improvisation he lost, or conceived himself to lose, when he began the practice of written composition."

At a still earlier period, however, his marvellous power, of continuous narration had been yet more signally displayed. Few anecdotes illustrative of childhood are so remarkable as that in which his brother records an instance of this habit. For years the child seems to have lived a double life; and the faith which he reposed in the inward world was at least as great as that with which he regarded the outward. No other incident recorded of his early days is so significant a comment on his after life, both in its strength and its weakness:—

"At a very early period of his childhood, of which he had himself a distinct though visionary remembrance, he imagined himself to foresee a time when, in a field that lay close to the house in which he lived, a small cataract would burst forth, to which he gave the name of Jug-force. The banks of the stream thus created soon became populous,—a region—a realm; and as the vision spread in over-widening circles, it soon overflowed, as it were, the narrow spot in which it was originally generated; and Jug-force, disguised under the less familiar appellation of Ejuxria, became an island continent, with its own attendant isles; a new Australia, or newest Sealand, if it were not rather a reflection of the old Europe projected from the clouds on some wide ocean somewhere. The history and geography of this region were at one time as familiar to me, to say the least, as any—other portion, I was about to say, of the habitable globe. The details have gradually faded from my memory, and, fitly enough, no written record remains (though an elaborate map of the country was once in existence), from which they can be recovered.

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them."

"Taken as a whole, the Ejuxrian world presented a complete analogon to the world of fact, so far as it was known to Hartley, complete in all its parts; furnishing a theatre and scene of action with *dramatis persone*, and suitable machinery, in which, day after day, for the space of long years, he went on evolving the complicated drama of existence. There were nations, continental and insular, each with its separate history, civil, ecclesiastical, and literary, its forms of religion and government, and specific national character. In Portfomandra, the analogon of England, as I now discern, * * * the tissue was woven with wonderful minuteness, and uniform consistency. The names of generals and statesmen were 'familiar to my ear as "household words."' I witnessed the war of faction, and had to trace the course of sedition. I lived to see changes of government, a great progress of public opinion, and a new order of things. When at length a sense of unreality was forced upon him, and he felt himself obliged to account for his knowledge of and connection with this distant land, he had a story, borrowed from the Arabian Nights, of a great bird by which he was transported to and fro. But he recurred to these explanations with great reluctance, and got rid of them as quickly as possible. Once I asked him how it came that his absence on these occasions was not observed; but he was angry and mortified, and I never repeated the experiment. In truth, I was willingly beguiled. His usual mode of introducing the subject was, 'Derwent,' (for these disclosures in latter years were made to me alone,) I have had letters and papers from Ejuxria. * * * Nothing could exceed the seriousness of his manner, and doubtless, of his feelings. He was, I am persuaded, utterly unconscious of invention. * * * I have reason to believe that he continued the habit mentally, from time to time, after he left school, and, of course, had no longer a confidant."

In a letter from Mrs. Basil Montague, in whose house he spent some time when a child, his anxieties on the subject of this imaginary race are thus amusingly depicted:—"One day when he was walking very pensively, I asked him what ailed him. He said, 'My people are too fond of war; and I have just made an eloquent speech in the Senate, which has not made any impression on them, * * * and to war they will go.'"

That such movements of mind, however indicative of genius, are yet unhealthy if indulged habitually, encouraged artificially, or left unbalanced by opposite habits, can hardly be doubted. Except in the highest moments of creative energy, the mind should never lose sight of the distinctness of its own conceptions from the phenomena of the outward world. It is this self-possession—a thing wholly distinct from a morbid self-con-

sciousness—which chiefly separates inspiration from mere enthusiasm. Who can read Shakspeare or Dante, the greatest masters of the world of vision (though the former was stronger yet in a more terrestrial sphere), without perceiving that they ever continue lords over themselves, and that the spirits whom they summon go and come alike at their command? The keener a poet's intuition of the ideal, the more does he require a corresponding urgency in his sense of the real. The knowledge of *what is* and of *what ought to be* are the two opposed wings upon which the poetic mind rises; and the breadth of pinion at each side must be equal if the flight is to be sustained. This is one reason that mere Veracity, as distinguished from philosophical Truth, though it often appears but a condescension to unimportant fact, occupies, notwithstanding, so high a place in the world of Art. The effort to attain it is a perpetual discipline of humility, of attention, of regard for others, and of self-command; and the exercise of it not only stamps upon works of genius that "note" of *authenticity*, required most by the most unfamiliar themes, but also removes from them the innumerable aberrations or weaknesses which may often be ultimately traced to some moral defect, such as vanity, unsteadiness, or want of a decisive aim. Severity, indeed, is a characteristic of all genuine Art; for while beauty is ever its object, purity is the inseparable condition of its intellectual fruitions. Self-indulgence, therefore, must in all its forms be hostile to the consolidation of the poetic faculty; nor is the Siren more seductive in any other form than that of abstraction which subsides into day-dream, and imagination which feeds ever on its own stores. It is not a predominance of intellect, but a deficiency of will, which banishes us from the world of reality, and converts into a gilded prison the palace-halls of the imagination.

The influence of an education, which, though it included so much of an elevating nature, was yet on the whole one of development, rather than of discipline, was not calculated to supply the deficiencies of a nature rich in resources, but poor in the power of turning them to account; and a childhood and boyhood, "not only simple, tender-hearted and affectionate, but truthful, dutiful, thoughtful, and religious, if not devout," did not pass into early manhood without tokens of approaching danger. "A certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to

control it. *He could not open a letter without trembling.* He shrank from mental pain. He was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion—anger it could hardly be called—during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, slight in themselves, and slight to him, as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect—a congenital imperfection." Apparently he was not himself without forebodings. They are referred to in a letter from Mr. Chauncey Hare Townshend, who became acquainted with Hartley Coleridge during his college life, and mentions many interesting particulars connected with him. On one occasion, during a summer vacation which he passed at Greta Hall, he recited in Mr. Townshend's presence Wordsworth's poem, "*Resolution and Independence*," in which the poet, illustrating a mood of despondency, says—

"And fears and fancies thick upon me came :
Dim sadness and blind thoughts, I knew not,
nor could name."

"Hartley here stopped, and the rewas a pause of silence, broken by his saying, in somewhat of an altered and lowered tone—'I cannot tell you how exactly this and other expressions in this grand poem of Wordsworth's hit my mood at certain times so exclusively as almost to render me unobservant of its corrective and higher tendencies. "The fear that kills, and hope that is unwilling to be fed."—These I have known; I have even heard a voice, yes, not like a creation of the fancy, but an audible and sensuous voice, foreboding evil to me."

His life at Oxford determined the character of his future career. Its miscarriage, as his brother touchingly remarks, "deprived him of the residue of his years." The difficulties with which his peculiar nature had to contend on that novel field cannot be better illustrated than by an extract from a letter to his brother, when all was over:

"With few habits but those of negligence and self-indulgence, with principles honest indeed and charitable, but not ascetic, and *little applied to particulars*, with much vanity and much diffidence, a wish to conquer, neutralized by a fear of offending, with wavering hopes, uncertain spirits, and peculiar manners, I was sent among men, mostly irregular, and in some instances vicious. Left to myself to form my own course of studies, my own acquaintances, my own habits; to keep my own hours, and in a great measure to be master of my own time, few know how much I went through; how many shocks I received from within

and without; how many doubts, temptations, half-formed ill resolutions passed through my mind. I saw human nature in a new point of view, and in some measure learned to judge of mankind by a new standard. I ceased to look for virtues which I no longer hoped to find, and set, perhaps, a disproportionate value on those which most frequently occurred. The uncertainty of my prospects cast a gloom on what was before me. . . . The complex effect of all this discontent and imprudence was, of course, self-reproach, inconsistency, quickly formed and quickly broken resolutions, just enough caution to lose my reputation for frankness, increasing dread of my *con-socii*, incapability of proceeding in any fixed plan, and an extreme carelessness whenever the painful restraint was removed."

Notwithstanding the defects here so sternly commented on, Hartley Coleridge's Oxford life was far from being a blank; nor could he say with respect to it, "I have lost the race I never ran." He not only acquired great social celebrity from his wit and eloquence, but he read hard, and gained the expected prize. He obtained a fellowship at Oriel with high distinction, his superiority not admitting of a doubt. His brother thus continues the narrative:—

"A proud and happy day was it for me, and for us all, when these tidings reached us. Obviously unfit for the ordinary walks of professional life, he had earned for himself an honorable independence, and had found, as it seemed, a position in which he could exert his peculiar talents to advantage. But a sad reverse was at hand. . . . At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance. Great efforts were made to reverse the decision. . . . A life singularly blameless in all other respects, dispositions the most amiable, principles and intentions the most upright and honorable, might be pleaded as a counterpoise in the opposite scale. It was to no purpose. The sentence might be considered severe; it could not be said to be unjust; and alas! my poor brother did not take the only course which could have discredited the verdict of his judges. The infirmity which was thus heavily visited was not subsequently overcome."

The rest of his life may be narrated in few words. He lived in London for about two years after leaving Oxford, and passed his time writing for various magazines, projecting graver works, cultivating friendly relations, and now and then embodying in verse the accidents of the moment. The three exquisite sonnets "to a Friend," with which his first volume commences, are a record of the joy with which he at this time met in London Robert Jameson, the early companion of his mountain wanderings. We can find room for but one of them:—

"When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace which floated
On the white mist, and dwelt among the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills;
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That wisely doating, asked not why it doated,
And ours the unknown joy that knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;—
And now the streams may sing for other's pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity." (Vol. i. p. 5.)

To this period belongs the fragment of "Prometheus," left unfinished, and not completed afterwards, in part because the subject had in the mean time been appropriated by Shelley. It displays much beauty of thought and imagery, as well as much metrical facility; but if the subject was not too stern a one for the author, at least it was "above the years which he then had." The poem is not conceived with that simplicity and grandeur which the mighty myth required. The former quality, indeed, is wanting even in Shelley's splendid version of it; and whole pages of cloudy or of crude metaphysics perplex a poem which might have been rendered first-rate with little aid but that of a pair of scissors. Shelley, however, possessed all the high energy necessary, considering the model whom he emulated rather than imitated; and his work is sufficient to prove that he had strength to bend the bow of Ulysses, though not skill to send the arrow home to the classic mark. Between such a theme and the gentler genius of Hartley Coleridge, there was perhaps as little congeniality as between the suffering Titan and the chorus of Sylphs whom the northern poet sends to console him. The best part of the poem is the "Conclusion," a very noble hymn, in which the liberation of the earth is celebrated.

After leaving London he returned to Amesbury, and undertook the management of the school left vacant by the retirement of his old friend, Mr. Dawes. After four painful years of trial, this mode of life was given up. He had not expected much from it, and writes, "I had a presentiment that it would never do, and therefore your commendations seemed like reproaches put out to interest. . . . How could I endure to be among unruly boys from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid?" From

Ambleside he removed to Grasmere, where, as usual, he "won all hearts." His exquisite appreciation of Nature, as well as the habitual poetry with which he extracted a moral meaning from her face and gestures (for to him Nature was a friend; and his days were spent, not in admiration of her only, but in converse with her,) are denoted by many a passage in his letters, not less poetical than his best poetry. He writes thus in July, 1830:

"And now the day of rest draws to a close. The weather has kept the Sabbath. The morning was the very perfection of stillness. No gay sunshine, no clamorous wind, no drudging rain; the sky wore one grey sober veil, and the mist hung upon the hills as if it paused on its journey; the vapors were gathered up; no light detachments foraged along the mountain sides, to catch the flying sunbeams; but the thick masses formed an even line, like an army drawn up for a decisive engagement, and only halting till the truce of God was past; they divided the mountains as it were in half, concealing the higher moiety, and leaving the lower bulk distinct in dark, damp, solemn visibility. The vale was clad in deepest green, and fancifully resembled the face of one that is calm and patient after long weeping. The few patches of hay, gathered into round cocks, appeared to solicit the prayers of the congregation. All was quiet, pensive, not sad; only the young damsels in their fresh and fragrant garments (such, I mean, as did not think it necessary to look like death, because a man whom they cared nothing about was gone, let us hope, to heaven) tripping along the fields and green lanes, and picking their way in moist high roads, glanced by like living sunbeams, and made their bright blue and pink ribbons dance like things of life."

And again:—

"The rain has fallen like a blessing on herb, and tree, and flower. The fields, the hills, the lake, so fickle yet so constant in its commingling transitions from light to shade, were possessed in the unity of peaceful gladness, now rejoicing in the soft yellow sunbeams, now pensive not sad, as the clouds floated leisurely along the sky. The birds who love in their seasons, and know not the collapse of despair, nor the fighting chaos of jealousy, nor the shame, the uneasy silence, the self-condemned yet cherished longing of forbidden hope, sang as if there were no evil on earth." (Vol. i. p. 170.)

In the year 1832 he removed to Leeds, having contracted an engagement with a young publisher resident there, Mr. Bingley, to furnish materials for a volume of poetry and another of prose. To this arrangement we owe the first series of his poems, and also his "Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire." The latter work, consisting of thirteen lives, and filling a large octavo volume of 632 pages, came out originally in numbers, and

having been completed in about a year, indicates on the part of its author no small power of continuous application under favorable circumstances. It is written with much vigor and eloquence, abounding in picturesque descriptions of events, as well as a dramatic delineation of character, and is enriched with many acute remarks and original trains of thought. During the course of the next year Mr. Bingley unfortunately became a bankrupt, and the engagement was broken off. In the year 1834 Hartley lost his father. The following extract from a letter, written on that occasion, shows how keenly he felt the wound, and how deep a seat the affections occupied in his heart:—

"It was his wish that he might so meet death as to testify the depth and sincerity of his faith in Jesus. And was he not, while life and breath were granted him, a powerful preacher of Jesus? For myself I can speak that he, he only, made me a Christian. What with my irregular passions, and my intellect—powerful perhaps in parts, but ever like 'a crazy old church clock with its bewildered chimes'—what, but for him, I might have been, I tremble to think. But I never forgot him. No, Derwent, I have forgot myself too often, but I never forgot my father. And now if his beatified spirit be permitted to peruse the day-book of the recording angel, to contemplate the memory of God which forgets nothing, in which the very abortions of time, the thoughts which we think we never thought, the meanings which we never meant to mean, live everlastingly; if he may look in that book, or rather, if an intimate knowledge of its contents be consubstantiated with the essence of his beatitude, then will he know that among my many sins it was not one that I loved him not: and wherever the final bolt of judgment may drive me, it will not be into the frozen regions of sons that loved not their fathers." (Vol. i. p. 111.)

That reverential, and even remorseful, tenderness of affection which constituted so important an element in Hartley Coleridge's character is beautifully revealed in the following sonnet also:—

"Oh! my dear mother, art thou still awake?
Or art thou sleeping on thy Maker's arm,—
Waiting in slumber for the shrill alarm
Ordained to give the world its final shake?
Art thou with 'interlunar night' opaque
Clad like a worm while waiting for its wings;
Or doth the shadow of departed things
Dwell on thy soul as on a breezeless lake?
Oh! would that I could see thee in thy heaven
For one brief hour, and know I was forgiven
For all the pain and doubt, and rankling shame
Which I have caused to make thee weep or sigh,
Bootless the wish! for where thou art on high,
Sin casts no shadow, sorrow hath no name."

The latter years of his life glided away almost without incident. They were spent in the "Nab Cottage," on the banks of Rydal Water; the lake, with its two woody islands, lying before his windows, at a stone's throw from the door. In this humble abode he mused, meditated, studied, filled with marginal annotations many volumes of old divinity and philosophy, as well as many of a lighter sort, recorded his thoughts in countless note-books, and widened every day the foundations of a structure never, alas! to be raised, or never at least to be presented to mortal eye. The end came suddenly, as night in a tropical region. His health had usually been strong: but a sudden fit of bronchitis was sufficient to "slit the thin-spun life." On the 26th of December, 1848, his brother was summoned to his bed-side; on the 6th of January, 1849, he was taken to his rest. He suffered with the utmost humility, devotion, and patience; passed his time in religious exercises; and received the Holy Communion in the society of a friend, "whose participation he desired on this occasion," associating, as was his wont, human and divine love. He was lamented by young and old; for his removal was felt to be a deprivation not easily to be replaced by those many "friends to whom his visits, his conversations, his playful wit, his simple and affectionate confidingness, — nay, his very foibles and eccentricities, his need of guidance and protection, — had become a refreshment and a stimulus," and among whom, "not merely the kindly affections were drawn out in a peculiar manner, but a love of goodness, purity, and truth was fostered by his society."

Among the many who mourned for him was one whose heart was heavy with a nearer loss. The aged friend who forty-five years before had predicted the future fortunes of the fairy child, survived to look upon his grave.

"The day following he walked over with me to Grasmere, to the church-yard, a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and for Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space for a third grave for my brother. 'When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave,' he exclaimed, 'he was standing there.' . . . Then turning to the sexton, he said, 'Keep the ground for us; we are old people, and it cannot be for long.' . . . In little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and

venerated friend was brought to occupy his own grave." (Vol. i. p. 186.)

The fates that attended Hartley Coleridge through life ruled also at his death. He had ever been the sport of Fortune; but Fortune seemed ever repenting her hardness to him. Whenever he tripped it was among friends, not "among thieves," that he fell. As often as he went astray, the "spirit in his feet" led him into some kindly place of refuge. The error "of his way" left comparatively little stain upon a spirit which repelled evil as the feathers of a bird shake off rain. The less care he took of himself the more care was taken of him by those who had humility enough to suspect that their own failings were not less grievous because they were of a nature less likely to bring their punishment with them, and perhaps more likely to cherish self-love and add to worldly wealth. If his foibles cheated his genius of half its reward, his meekness made him feel that "Best are they paid whose earthly wage is naught." His death, like his life, was an evil conquered by good. Falling upon him as it were accidentally, it seems not more suddenly to have brought to naught his intellectual designs than it brought to bear the fruits of the spirit. It was also attended by the external consolations which neither high station nor intellectual prosperity can command. Among the anecdotes of statesmen, few are more interesting than that which records the death of Pitt. The hand, which had so long sustained the sceptre of his country found no hand to clasp it in death. By friends and by servants he was alike deserted; and a stranger wandering on from room to room of a deserted house, came at last by chance to a chamber, untended but not unquiet, in which the great minister lay, alone and dead. It was otherwise with the "luckless," but well-loved man of genius. For miles round in the valleys, as he lay dying, there was not one who had not time to think of him. Four physicians sat round a poor man's bed; and strangers contended with kinsfolk for the privilege of nursing him.

The reference to Hartley Coleridge's life which we have made above constitutes in itself the best comment on his works. We shall endeavor to follow it up by extracts from his poems, which, if not always selected from the best among them, are yet calculated to illustrate the compass and variety of his powers. His poetry had very different

characteristics at different periods of its author's life. In the earlier poems the imagination holds, relatively, at least, if not absolutely, the larger place; and combines with a pervading sense of beauty to build up an intellectual and ideal sphere analogous to the visionary world in which so much of the poet's childhood was passed. In that fine region thoughts, sometimes of great loveliness, and as often marked by a lucid brilliancy, float about, self-supported, like birds of Paradise, and seem to find a natural element. The following sonnet may serve as a specimen of the class:—

"What was't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the glad some welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flow'd so
near,
Thir lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?"
(Vol. i. p. 9.)

The following illustrates a graver mood:

"If I have sinned in act, I may repent:
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame;
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival;
Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Abides a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive, and be forgiven—
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven."
(Vol. i. p. 31.)

Hartley Coleridge's sonnets possess a charm almost peculiar to themselves, even in an age which has abounded in that form of composition. Perhaps no species of short poem admits of so much variety in its degrees of merit. Many of our most popular poets, such as Byron, Shelley, and Southey, have attempted it with little success. In a weak or unskillful hand it becomes at once the most relaxed and the most constrained species of poetry, a single trivial thought being miserably stretched out and nailed down over a gaping framework of fourteen

lines. Nor does a merely artificial condensation mend the matter. It is not difficult to force a number of thoughts into a narrow compass; but if these thoughts chance to be heterogeneous, and if their connection be arbitrary, they will not stand on better terms by reason of the forced proximity. It is not the "multa," but the "multum" of thought that constitutes the intellectual worth of a sonnet. Many of the best sonnets of Milton and Wordsworth contain little more than the expression of a single thought; but that thought is one in which a profound principle is seminally involved; so that in its simple enunciation is to be found the core of a moral essay, the heart of a philosophical treatise. Such a thought can never belong exclusively to the logical department of the intellect. Proceeding from the soul, and not from the mind only, it necessarily involves moral sentiment also; and the imaginative embodiment in which it expresses itself is no artificial adornment, but is a clothing consubstantial with its essence. The unity which characterizes a good sonnet imparts to it a majesty and might which even the noblest thoughts cannot possess if allowed, as in philosophical poetry they generally are, to run into a series, and thus to become merged in each other, as parts subordinated to a whole. A true sonnet is a complete whole. It hangs self-balanced on its centre, and, for a thoughtful reader, turns forth perpetually a new face to the light of truth. It issues from the contemplative even more than from the meditative order of mind, implying a power among the rarest and most arduous—that of resting upon a single idea, and viewing it in all its aspects, rather than that of using it as a stepping-stone to other ideas. It requires not less a "shaping" mind, needing, as it does, in the highest degree, that *form*, without which poetic thought has neither consistency nor permanence; and it is no doubt the more seldom successfully produced, because the contemplative faculty and the shaping art but seldom exist together. There are, however, two very different species of sonnet. The philosophical, of which we have been speaking, dates chiefly from Milton, and, in the main, belongs to our northern region. The South had long before produced a form of the sonnet, less grave, authoritative, and dogmatic, but exquisite from the equipoise of tender sentiment with a graceful imagination, and from a diction refined at once and concise. Examples of both sorts may be found in the volumes before us; but to the latter, perhaps, the

most perfect belong. Many of them possess a certain indescribable sweetness (a quality wholly distinct from softness), which reminds us more of the Elizabethan poetry than of those modern writers whose attempts at tenderness result commonly but in effeminacy. In this respect they resemble the best among old Daniel's Sonnets, but Shakspeare's yet more, from their union of pathos with imaginative subtlety. Like Shakspeare's, too, they are at once steeped in personal interest, and free from all offensive egotism. To write of oneself does not necessarily imply egotism. There is nothing in which man differs more from man than in the mode of handling that dangerous subject. There are poets whose writings indicate rather a human than an individual interest in themselves, as though self had been but the specimen in which they had found imaged the psychological history of their kind. In the works of others, and especially in the volumes now before us, self is presented in touches so delicate and forbearing, and in union with such a generous regard for others, as well as for abstract things, that self-pity seems but the sadness of one who can look down on himself with the same feelings which he would bestow on "a horse over-driven," or a wounded bird.

To the same department of his verse we may perhaps refer the following poem, in which aspiration is finely mingled with tenderness. It illustrates at once the spontaneous movement, and the artistic grace of his earlier poems; and the stanza, which we have not met with elsewhere, may be called a sort of lyrical sonnet, flowing forward with a "swan-like grace," and yet ever winding back into itself:—

"She was a queen of noble nature's crowning:
A smile of hers was like an act of grace;
She had no winsome looks, no pretty frowning,
Like daily beauties of the vulgar race:
But if she smiled, a light was on her face,
A clear, cool kindness, a lunar beam
Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
Of human thought with unabiding glory;
Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream,
A visitation bright and transitory.

"But she is changed,—hath felt the touch of
sorrow;
No love hath she, no understanding friend;
Oh, grief! when heaven is forced of earth to
borrow
What the poor niggard earth has not to lend:
But when the stalk is snapped, the rose must
bend.
The tallest flower that skyward rears its head,
Grows from the common ground, and there
must shed

Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too surely;
That they should find so base a bridal bed,
Who lived in virgin pride, so sweetly and purely.

"She had a brother, and a tender father,
And she was loved, but not as others are
From whom we ask return of love,—but rather
As one might love a dream; a phantom fair
Of something exquisitely strange and rare,
Which all were glad to look on, men and maids,
Yet no one claim'd—as oft in dewy glades
The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
Gleams on the soul—yet unregarded, fades—
The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.

"'Tis vain to say her worst of grief is only
The common lot, which all the world have
known:
To her 'tis more, because her heart is lonely,
And yet she hath no strength to stand alone.
Once she had playmates, fancies of her own;
And she did love them. They are past away,
As fairies vanish at the break of day—
And like a spectre of an age departed,
Or unsphered Angel wofully astray—
She glides along—the solitary hearted."

(Vol. i. p. 44.)

A rich vein of fancy is among the characteristics of Hartley Coleridge's earlier poems. We may name the lines "to the Nautilus," and an "Address to certain Gold Fishes," as specimens. "Leonard and Susan" belongs to that order of poetry of which the materials are supplied by reflection and human life. To this section—a very different one from that less substantial class in which his early poems may commonly be included—we should refer such pieces as the "Sabbath Day's Child," "To my Unknown Sister-in-law," "New Year's Day," "Why is there War on Earth," and the beautiful lines "On the Death of Henry Nelson Coleridge," with which, if our space permitted, we should adorn our pages. This is the section of the author's works which embodied his largest experience, and impregnated it with what was deepest and strongest in his individual character. His poetry has no higher merit than that of being true-hearted, and that is the truest portion of it which speaks to us most of the writer.

The same remark might be applied to most poets. Out of the heart we are told proceed the issues of life; and assuredly the personal being is not less the source, though often a secret source, by which the "life poetic" is fed. Great thoughts, indeed the greatest, come from it. Literary and scientific works for the most part are produced by certain isolated faculties, working with a definite and restricted aim. Poetry, on the other hand, if it be genuine, flows from the whole being,

not from a part of it, and makes report therefore of all that is deepest in the poet. The privilege of fiction permits him to speak the truth. His sympathies with others teach him to know himself; and, with the understanding that nothing which he says is to be interpreted literally, he "whispers the secret among the reeds." Even the poets who have prided themselves most on their imaginative superiority to the world of experience and realized feeling, and who have practiced poetry most exclusively as an art, have not been able to maintain their boasted reserve; and in as many of their poems as have secured a place in the heart of others, authentic traces are to be found of their own. In poetry a "general confession" is made,—a confession not of facts, but of moods, of hopes and fears, of desires and recollections, and of aspirations which but went the farther forward because the shaft missed the mark at which it was aimed. The public, indeed, would be but a rude confessor; but for the mere public little of real poetry has ever been written. A book has been well described as "a letter to one's unknown friends." The expression applies especially to a volume of poetry. True poetry is not an appeal to public admiration, but a voice from a lonely heart, issuing forth in the hope of wakening an echo in answering hearts, be they few or many. Fame, indeed, is also notoriously among the stimulants of poetic exertion; but then "Fame is Love disguised:"—its appeal is to Posterity, whose award is made when praise is a flattery no more. That award, likewise, is the sentence of unimpassioned justice; and as such it is, perhaps, chiefly desired because it sanctions the sympathy already accorded by congenial minds, and stamps the seal of authenticity and sanity upon thoughts and feelings, dearer to the poet than any applause, but in which, if unconfirmed, he can himself hardly place an unwavering faith.

It is, we think, this personal interest which constitutes the chief charm of Hartley Coleridge's poems. Rich in imagination and intellect, their highest attraction yet lies in the genial temperament and kindly disposition which belong to them. Friendliness and good will look forth from them upon all things. We have already seen that, if his childhood was a dream, yet in his later life he was surrounded by all the social relations, and that he appreciated them. At every "Statesman's" hearth he was a welcome guest. He watched their labors, enjoyed their sports, took his place at the wedding

feast or the funeral, and pondered the dispensation of human life, in high or low degree, with a learned eye and understanding heart. And, as he felt he wrote; poetry was not with him an accomplishment cultivated in the spirit of a man of letters. Neither was it an ethical art embodying the speculations of an abstract intelligence. His Muse never lifted either the trumpet or the moral Prophet, or the lyre of the rapt and mystic Bard. She neither sent him with a commission of rebuke and exhortation, nor secluded him from the strife of tongues. She interpreted between him and his neighbors; she freshened and the daily face of Nature; she sweetened the draught of an impoverished life, and made atonement to a defrauded heart. Hence the large proportion of his deepest poems, which were occasioned by domestic events, or the annals of the neighborhood,—the elegiac verses on old or recent friends; the meditative strains connected with favorite haunts; the birthday and the bridal songs; the stanzas in which familiar incidents are moralized; and the many finished poems addressed to children, whom he regarded with a peculiar affection, and who apparently were ever prompt to repay it with an especial familiarity. A chance occasion was but the means of letting loose a current of slowly accumulated sentiment. Witness the lines

ON AN INFANT'S HAND.

"What is an infant but a germ,
Prophetic of a distant term?
Whose present claim of love consists
In that great power that Nature twists
With the fine thread of imbecility,
Motion of infinite tranquillity,
Joy that is not for this or that,
Nor like the restless joy of gnat,
Or insect in the beam so rife,
Whose day of pleasure is its life;
But joy that, by its quiet being,
Is witness of a law foreseeing
All joy and sorrow that may hap
To the wee sleeper in the mother's lap.
Such joy, I ween, is ever creeping
On every nerve of baby sleeping;
But, baby waking, longest lingers
In tiny hand and tiny fingers,
Like lamp beside sepulchral urn,
Much teaching that it ne'er did learn,
Revealing by felicity,
Foretelling by simplicity,
And preaching by its sudden cries,
Alone with God the baby lies.
How hard it holds!—how tight the clasp!
Ah! how intense the infant grasp!
Electric from the ruling brains
The will descends, and stirs, and strains

That wondrous instrument, the hand,
By which we learn to understand ;—
How fair, how small, how white and pure
Its own most perfect miniature.
The baby hand that is so wee,
And yet is all that is to be ;
Unweeting what is has to do,
Yet to its destined purpose true.
The fingers fair, of varied length,
That join or vie their little strength ;
The pigmy thumb, the onyx nail,
The violent vein so blue and pale ;
The branchy lines where Gipsy eld
Had all the course of life beheld :
All, to its little finger's tip,
Of Nature's choicest workmanship.
Their task, their fate, we hardly guess,—
But oh ! may it be happiness !
Not always leisure, always play,
But worky-day and holy-day ;
With holy Sabbath interspersed,
And not the busiest day the worst.
Not doom'd with needle or with pen,
To drudge for o'er-exacting men,
Nor any way to toil for lucre
At frown of he or she rebuker ;
But still affectionate and free
Their never weary housewifery.
Blest lot be thine, my nestling dove,
Never to work except in love ;
And God protect thy little hand
From task imposed by unbelov'd command !"
(Vol. ii. p. 128.)

The next poem which we shall extract, is in a very different vein ; and if it, too, may in one sense be called "occasional," assuredly it is among the noblest of the class. In it one of those men, seldom granted to any age, and whom our own could ill afford to lose, receives a commemoration such as can be given to him neither by the sculptor's nor the painter's art. That a character like that of Dr. Arnold, one which, though abounding in the kindly affections, was yet especially marked by its massive simplicity, its masculine energy, and its ever militant sense of duty, should have attracted the reverence of a man so different, will be a matter of surprise to many. It was not, however, only in their love of wild flowers and hatred of oppression and fraud, that they found a common ground. They shared the same great Christian convictions, and built on them their hopes for the human race. The same Faith which ministered strength to the athlete cast upon the storms of active life, sustained the drooping spirits of the recluse. Hartley Coleridge's nature was also one which, alike from generosity of heart and versatility of mind, had a large power of appreciating the most opposite gifts. We have little doubt that he cordially admired many, who, in him,

would have remarked little except his defects.

ON THE LATE DR. ARNOLD.

"Spirit of the Dead !

Though the pure faith of Him that was on earth,
Thy subject and thy Lord, forbids a prayer—
Forbids me to invoke thee, as of yore
Weak souls, that dared not meet their God alone,
Sought countenance and kind companionship
Of some particular saint, whose knees had grazed
The very rock on which they knelt ; whose blood
Had made or sanctified the gushing well
Round which their fond, mistaken piety
Had build a quaint confine of sculptured stone ;—
Yet may I hope that wheresoe'er he is—
Beneath the altar, by the great white throne,
In Abraham's bosom, or amid the deep
Of Godhead, blended with eternal light,
One ray may reach him from the humble heart
That thanks our God for all that he has been.
What he is now we know not : he will be
A beautiful likeness of the God that gave
Him work to do, which he did do so well.
Whom Jesus loves to them he gives the grace
For Him to do and suffer in the world ;
To suffer for the world was His alone.
But he in whom we joy'd—for whom we mourn—
Did he not suffer ? Worldly men say, No !
Of ills which they call ill he had not many ;
The poverty which makes the very poor
Begrudge a morsel to their very child,
Was never his ; nor did he ' pine in thought,'
Seeing the lady of his love possessed
By a much richer, and no better man.
To him the lady of his love was wed,
Soon as his manhood authorized a wife ;
And though the mother of his many babes,
To him she still was young, and fair, and fresh,
As when the golden ring slipp'd from his hand
Upon her virgin finger.

Yet he suffer'd
Such pains and throes as only good men feel ;
For he assumed the task to rear the boy,
The bold, proud boy, into a Christian man.
'Twas not with childhood that he had to do ;
Its wayward moods, and ready penitence,
That still is prompt to kiss, if not the rod,
At least the hand that wields it ; not to watch
Sweet instinct reaching after distant reason,
And mere affection train'd to duteous love,
(Though such the solace of his happy home,
Else how had he the hard behest endured ?)
Nor was it all—oh, bliss ! if it had been—
To teach the young capacious intellect
How beauteous Greece,—and Rome, the child
foredoom'd
To catch the sceptre from its parent,—spake,
Fitting high thoughts with words, and words with
deeds.

'Twas his to struggle with that perilous age
Which claims for manhood's vice the privilege
Of boyhood ;—when young Dionysus seems
All glorious as he burst upon the East
A jocund and a welcome conqueror ;
And Aphrodite, sweet as from the sea
he rose and floated in her pearly shell,

A laughing girl;—when lawless will erects
Honor's gay temple on the mount of God,
And meek obedience bears the coward's brand;
While Satan, in celestial panoply,
With Sin, his lady, smiling by his side,
Defies all heaven to arms! 'Twas his to teach,
Day after day, from pulpit and from desk,
That the most childish sin which man can do
Is yet a sin which Jesus never did
When Jesus was a child, and yet a sin
For which, in lowly pain, He lived and died:
That for the bravest sin that e'er was praised,
The King Eternal wore the crown of thorns.
In him was Jesus crucified again;
For every sin which he could not prevent
Stuck in him like a nail. His heart bled for it
As it had been a foul sin of his own.
Heavy his cross, and stoutly did he bear it
Even to the foot of holy Calvary;
And if at last he sunk beneath the weight,
There were not wanting souls whom he had
taught

The way to Paradise, that, in white robes,
Throng'd to the gate to hail their shepherd home!"

The religious spirit which animates the lines we have extracted, is one of the chief elements in Hartley Coleridge's poetry. It is not obtrusively put forward,—never, indeed, polemically; and it seems to find expression only because it could not have been excluded. It is this circumstance which gives its peculiar value to the witness he has unconsciously borne. It was because he wrote as a Humanist that he so frequently, though unintentionally, retraces the lineaments of that Divine image after which Humanity was formed. That philosophy, or rather that retrocession from philosophy, which regards man but as the first of animals, is not confined to professed books of metaphysics. However latently it may exist, it is, in fact (a circumstance far too little reflected on) the informing principle of work in literature or art, not elevated by the opposite principle. "Only not all are materialists," asserts a great philosopher. We will not dispute that "only not all" tend that way, and in their lower moods, or the lower part of their nature, reach that end; but no one, we think, to whom Humanity is not as much a sealed book as Divinity,—no one who does not rest contented in a merely sensuous estimate of social relations and responsibilities, can be said to be a materialist, however his speculative opinions may err in that direction. In Hartley Coleridge's poetry, the whole scheme of human life is based upon a spiritual foundation; and every natural affection shines forth, relieved against a background of religious reverence. In it the

future world supplies the clue to the labyrinth of the present, and strikes the key-note to all the harmonies of a lower sphere. The region in which his spirit moves, if bedewed abundantly with "Nature's tears," and haunted by the sighs of mournful retrospection, is yet ever sweetened by a genial atmosphere of faith and love. Amid many vicissitudes, that faith never failed,—lifting up its head through storm and shower, like the "frail birth of warmth and light," the autumnal anemone, ever shaken, but never deflowered, to which he compares it. (Vol. ii. p. 90.) That faith preserved from corruption his whole poetic world. To it he owed that moral orthodoxy which banished from his poetry the spirit of waywardness, and imparted to his estimate of life a uniformly healthy tone.

It is not sufficiently observed how much the excellence of the best poetry is a moral excellence. "The beautiful is good; the good is true," Hartley Coleridge tells us, and his poetry illustrates the canon: yet few perhaps have recognized the full degree in which Goodness is, in every Art, the soul of beauty and the seal of truth. For imagination, passion, and thought, no moral substitutes, indeed, can be found; but the degree in which these gifts discharge their special functions depends mainly upon their exercise being directed by a prevailing spirit of moral wisdom. The faculties which inspire poetry need themselves to be inspired by that "higher mind" whose seat is in a wise and generous heart. Without such aid poetry may indeed snatch a temporary charm from Circe; but Nature, our common mother, frowns upon her delusions. The prophet does not differ more from the sorcerer than poetry founded on Nature's goodness and truth is raised above the very highest which has no deeper sanction than that of arbitrary thought and eccentric self-will. No poet is strong enough to stand by himself. It is not what he says, but what Nature says through him, which can endure; not his own thoughts, but the thoughts and experience of universal man, cast in the mould of an all-embracing and sincere imagination. With little of truth or wisdom, a poet may indeed delight his own age, or a clique in it; since with its errors his own will so far correspond that he will be in some sort the expositor and interpreter of them: but his power is transient; for while truth is ever one, error is ever changing; and with later generations his peculiarities will be out of date.

That the poets whose works have become universal—that Homer and Shakspeare were wise and human-hearted men—nay, that in mind and moral sense, if not in habitual conduct also, they were good men, we all feel to be true, though we cannot prove the fact. It is worth noticing, however, how many of a less exalted order have owed their estimation in a large measure to what may be called the moral sense of their poetry. What would Chaucer have been without that cordiality which imparts a frank kindliness to the ruder, and even to the coarser, touches of his caustic humor? What would Spenser have been without that chivalrous ideal, both older and younger than the knight-errantry which furnished matter for his song, and that purity which cast no fabled light upon his fairy bowers? To descend lower, what would have been Cowper's rank in literature, if his verse had not been as sane as its author was sometimes "distracted in mind;" or that of Burns, if his appreciation of courage, patriotism, domestic virtue, and humble worth, had not exceeded tenfold the sensual and lawless elements in his poetry? It would be equally easy to point out recent poets whose reception with future times will not be in proportion to their estimation in that age which they flattered by kindred weaknesses or partaken errors, even while they denounced its institutions and warred on its conventions. As easy would it be to show how far the difference between what they did and what they might have done, is attributable to a waywardness which preferred originality in error before a truth held in common with the many, to a vanity which turned away from the universal heritage, in order to make idols of special acquisitions or individual gifts, and to an egotism which interposed the image of self between the poet and the face of earth and heaven. Nor would it be difficult to point out other poets of the same era, belonging to the catholic, not the sectarian, schools of poetry, who, with very various degrees of power, have yet used it aright, and reaped their reward: poets who would scarcely have been good writers if they had not been good men, but who understood the greatness of their vocation, and preserved such a loyal reverence for truth and virtue, that they maintained, at least, the balance of the soul, and suffered not their infirmities to suppress their aspirations, to ascend into the region of their moral mind, and to usurp their functions of poetic power. The result is, that their works contain more than their authors

consciously put into them; and that for no small period they will delight and elevate their readers, because, however contracted may be the mirrors which they hold up to Nature and to Man, they are capable of casting at least an undistorted reflection.

But to return. Descriptive power is eminently among the merits of the poems before us. In illustration, we may point the reader's attention to the sonnets beginning, "The mellow year is hastening to its close," "New Year's Day," "May, 1832," "Summer Rain," and many more. Still more remarkably do they exhibit the faculty for critical disquisition. Criticism, indeed, is seldom looked for in poetry; nor has the attempt often proved successful, from the time of Pope's Essay on Criticism to our own days. It belongs to the class of didactic poetry; and assuredly, although to instruct as well as to delight is the indirect office, if not the immediate aim, of every art, the method by which poetry teaches is far removed from the scientific. A long didactic poem in general demonstrates itself very soon to be but prose; yet, if the experiment be not extended too far, there is no reason why criticism in verse should not be as sagacious as it may be made poignant and pithy. Hartley Coleridge's union of exact thought with a brilliant wit, qualified him admirably for the task; and many a critical essay may be found condensed in his "Sketches of English Poets." They consist of lines written in blank leaves of his copy of "Anderson's British Poets." Unfortunately the volume containing his sketch of Pope has been lost; and still more unluckily, not a few of those which remain are comments on certain magnates of their day, with whom this day will have no concern, though a poetical Aristotle were to illustrate them. Among the most felicitous of these descriptions are the sketches of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Daniel, Dryden, and Donne. The last may serve as a specimen:—

"Brief was the reign of pure poetic truth.

A race of thinkers next, with rhymes uncouth;
And fancies fashioned in laborious brains,
Made verses heavy as o'erloaded wains.

Love was their theme; but love that dwelt in
stones,

Or charm'd the stars in their concentric zones;
Love that did first the nuptial bond conclude

"Twixt immaterial form and matter rude;

Love that was riddled, sphered, transacted,
spelt,

Sublimed, projected, everything but felt.

Or if in age, in orders, or the colic,

They damn'd all loving as a heathen frolic;

They changed their topic, but in style the same,
Adored their Maker as they would their dame.
Thus *Donne*, not first, but greatest of the line,
Of stubborn thoughts a garland thought to
twine;

To his fair maid brought cabalistic posies,
And sung quaint ditties of metempsychosis;
Twists iron poker into true love-knots,
Coining hard words, not found in polyglots."

(Vol. ii. p. 321.)

Many of the best poems in these volumes indicate, in a striking manner, that peculiar temperament of which it has been remarked that "a humorous sadness, and a humorous mirth, are but its opposite poles." Habits of seclusion, concurring with a pliant imagination, a nervous constitution, and a leisure which yet could never be idle, had developed in their author nearly all the "humors" which belong to, and sometimes overlay, the poetical character. They are among the qualities which flavor his poetry most richly, whether the predominating mood be pensive or joyous, fitful or grave, that of an anxious foresight, or a half-sportive pathos. The tenderer moods have left behind the choicest fruits. Among them are to be found many love-poems, which, if not colored with the deeper and darker hues of passion, have yet detained the fleeting lights of a most affectionate fancy. Those lights might sometimes be called lunar gleams; but they are the moonlight of a warm climate. To this class we would refer the stanzas, "To Somebody," the sonnets beginning "I loved thee once," "Is love a fancy or a feeling?" "Inania Munera," "I saw thee in the beauty of thy spring," &c. &c.

Another and a larger class in this collection may be described as philosophical poetry. Its originality and force are well set forth by a diction which, at all times manly and correct, could be exquisite when it pleased, and yet could, on occasions, drop upon the plainness of a child's speech. His later poetry belongs very frequently to this species; nor can we sufficiently regret that the specimens presented to us had not always the benefit of the author's corrections. How much poetry, especially that of a high intellectual order, gains from the author's last corrections, we need hardly observe: polished steel does not differ more from the rough metal than the last copy of a poem frequently differs from the first. Hartley Coleridge's works were frequently both conceived and struck off with extraordinary rapidity—a circumstance owing as well to an acquired tact as to that spontaneity which

characterized his genius; but the best of them were also elaborated with all needful care; a care, perhaps, most felt by the reader when least seen. The meditative poetry of the last half century, if not its best, is probably that which best expresses the spirit of the age. Among its highest efforts may be named not a few poems in these volumes, such as the sonnets beginning, "Pains I have known that cannot be again," "What is the meaning of the word 'sublime?'" "From infancy to retrospective old," "When I survey the long and deep and wide," "Accuse not gracious Nature of neglect." This sonnet on "Freedom" will not, we fear, give satisfaction to the Chartists:

"Say, what is Freedom? What the life of souls
Which all who know are bound to keep, or die,
And who knows not is dead? In vain we pry
In the dark archives and tenacious scrolls
Of written law, though Time embrace the rolls
In his lank arms, and shed his yellow light
On every barbarous word. Eternal Right
Works its own way, and evermore controls
Its own free essence. Liberty is Duty,
Not License. Every pulse that beats
At the glad summons of imperious beauty
Obeys a law. The very cloud that fleets
Along the dead green surface of the hill
Is ruled and scatter'd by a godlike will."

(Vol. ii. p. 50.)

The following, which traces one of our vaguest instincts to its seat in the Conscience, is a specimen of its author's psychological, as our former extract is of his political philosophy:—

FEAR.

"Dim child of darkness and faint-echoing space,
That still art just behind, and never here,
Death's herald shadow, unimagined Fear;
Thou antic, that dost multiply a face,
Which hath no self, but finds in every place
A body, feature, voice, and circumstance;
Yet art most potent in the wide expanse
Of unbelief,—may I beseech thy grace?
Thou art a spirit of no certain clan,
For thou wilt fight for either God or Devil.
Man is thy slave, and yet thy lord is man;
The human heart creates thee good or evil:
As goblin, ghost, or fiend, I ne'er have known
thee;

But as myself, my sinful self, I own thee."

(Vol. ii. p. 54.)

With the meditative poems may be classed a series with which the collection closes, consisting of pieces on theological subjects. The tone of these poems is serious, earnest, and devout, rather than impassioned. They are very unequal in merit. A few of them,

which are doubtless to be regarded but as links in an incomplete series, seem to us but colder versions of narratives more poetic in the prose of Holy Scripture; others (those probably which suggested the scheme) embody a genuine vision of some historic fact, or present to us a profound sentiment with the softness at once and the vividness of poetry. They frequently express subtle as well as pregnant truths in singularly condensed language, as in the following lines on Faith:—

"Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed—a map correct of heaven;
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given.
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact."

There is much significance also in a sonnet entitled "Faith how guarded:—"

"Yes, thou dost well to build a fence about
Thine inward faith, and mount a stalwart
guard
Of answers, to oppose invading doubt.
All aids are needful, for the strife is hard;
But still be sure the truth within to cherish—
Truths long besieged too oft of hunger perish."

The Bible is the source in which he seeks objects for Faith. For the deficiencies of a written document, the record of the past, our poet seeks a supplement in the "living voice" of Nature:—

"The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spake it were not speaking still,—
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.
"Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God."

An interesting portion of these poems might, in these days of illustrated books, be called "illustrations of the Bible," picturing forth, as they do, some scene from the Old or New Testament, and closing with a line or two that points the moral. They will remind the reader occasionally of old Drummond of Hawthornden, and certainly are not inferior to the best sonnets in his "Flowers of Sion." We refer especially to "Enock," "Hagar," and "Moses," which last we shall quote.

"She left her babe, and went away to weep,
And listened oft to hear if he did cry;
But the great river sung his lullaby,
And unseen angels fann'd his balmy sleep.

And yet his innocence itself might keep;
The sacred silence of his slumbrous smile
Makes peace in all the monster-breeding Nile;
For God even now is moving in the sweep
Of mighty waters. Little dreams the maid,
The royal maid, that comes to woo the wave
With her smooth limbs beneath the trembling
shade
Of silver-chaliced lotus, what a child
Her freak of pity is ordain'd to save!
How terrible the thing that looks so mild."
(Vol. ii. p. 349.)

With the following we must conclude our extracts:

"MULTUM DILEXIT."

"She sat and wept beside His feet; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart; for all the blame,
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct, and out of date.
Only the sin remain'd,—the leprous state:—
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untress'd hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blest to touch;
And he wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul, because she loved so
much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears."
(Vol. ii. p. 387.)

The characteristics of Hartley Coleridge's poetry will have been better set forth by the specimens which we have given of its different classes than by any elaborate analysis. That it is true poetry the most careless reader cannot doubt. Its predominant spirit, especially in his later works, is that of a meditative humanity, which marks him on the whole as a pupil in the Wordsworthian school, notwithstanding a buoyancy and sweetness which often remind us of his father's most felicitous, if not his most elevated, vein. The temperament of his poetry, sanguine, pleasurable, and fitful, resembles also that of the elder Coleridge; while in his sonnets he attained an artistic perfection of form never reached by the other. In passion he was inferior to both the poets named; its place being supplied by a fancy which sometimes strayed in the direction of prettinesses, if not of conceits, but more often enlivened his verse with a poignant wit, and gave a sharper edge, and more brilliant relief, to weighty thought. Had he written at an earlier period, future critics could not fail to assign to his genius a place yet higher than will now perhaps be awarded to it; for in that case his originality would have been as unquestioned as

the freshness, sweetness, and truthfulness of his verse. Poetry, however, no doubt borrows from itself as well as from human life; which is one reason for the copiousness with which, after a long frost, its fountains gush forth at particular periods. Poets learn to sing as children learn to speak, in part by imitation: the imitative power will be liveliest where the apprehensive faculty is most alert, and the sympathies are strongest; and assuredly Hartley Coleridge's nature must have been more sluggish than it was, if he had not caught some part of his inspiration from that which floated in the air he daily breathed.

This consideration is in itself some answer to the question,—why, with powers so various and well trained, and with ample leisure, he did not execute a work of a larger and more important order? Other explanations might also be offered, founded on the peculiarities of his intellect and moral being. His biographer suggests that there “was some faculty wanting in his mind, necessary for the completion of any great whole.” The deficiency, he seems to think, lay in the power to systematize. The elder Coleridge, he remarks, could methodize the most magnificent scheme in imagination, and by an intuitive discernment of its central idea; but yet could seldom persuade his thoughts to “arrange themselves within artificial limits,”—“the centrifugal and centripetal forces of his mind were well balanced; but the foci of his thought were so distant that their orbit became practically unlimited, though each portion contained the law of its return, and the prophecy of its completion. No such power was ever exhibited by his son; he does not appear ever to have realized even the conception of any great whole.” Such a want of completeness in conception would imply a defect of the creative faculty likewise, since the imagination can only create what it has previously conceived, and in its conception the idea of the complete work must be, at least germinally, contained. A plastic imagination is, indeed, very different from a creative energy; and in Hartley Coleridge it was more predominant. Yet on the other hand, no intellectual deficiency need be supposed in order to account for a discrepancy between what his poetry was and what it might have been. We have already remarked how much that poetry owed to the large and generous moral disposition of which it is the expression. The lesson would be incomplete if we did not admit that it lost proportionably from the defect of strength in his moral character. We may

often indulge in the stronger vices with apparent impunity; but for every weakness Nature extorts a forfeit; and the penance which she most often imposes is one which illudes observation—she denies us the power of fully exerting our powers. In art, as in life, a governing will must marshal all the powers. Self-control is the “leathern girdle” which, seeming but to restrain, braces the adventurous artist for his ascent up the mountain side. He must be equally prompt to act and patient to wait. His courage must not be impulsive only, nor must his prudence degenerate into caution. His sympathies must advance uncheered by vanity, and unchecked by repulse. His studies must be deliberate acts, converging towards a definite end, not merely an indulgence of curiosity or an escape from the cares of life. If he would be Nature's priest offering her sacrifice, he needs somewhat of ascetic discipline and renunciation; remembering that though genius must ever be, in some measure, indebted to the mere temperament of genius, it yet should not draw too largely for nourishment upon its meaner part. If he would be Nature's missionary, preaching her faith, he must dare great things: he must not cling to creeks and neighboring coasts, trafficking but with the products of daily experience, and the spoils of chance encounters: he must push forth boldly, and tempt the deep.

How far, it may be asked, did the circumstances of Hartley Coleridge's life interfere with the largest exercise of his poetic powers? Their influence, we should say, must have been adverse, so far as they deprived him of that masculine invigoration which is often produced by the friendly oppugnancy of pursuits independent of inclination. He would have doubtless been a greater poet if he had been less exclusively a poet: for the stronger, and therefore the loftier the stem, the higher will its blossom and fruitage wave in the air. It is obvious, however, that avocations so utterly at variance with his whole nature as the management of a school must have tended rather to paralyze than to discipline his powers. Literary success might have stimulated his mind to more of continuous exertion; yet on this subject no general rule can be laid down. A mixture of prosperity and adversity seems as necessary for our moral culture as an alternation of sunshine and rain is for vegetable growth: but whether genius be developed most by the bright or the dark ministration depends mainly on the temperament with which it is associated. Melancholy and saturnine natures, especially if they be also proud and

irascible, are often provoked to higher exertion by what they regard as neglect or injustice; and under such a stimulus become conscious of powers which, till precipitated into action, were locked up in reserve. Tenderer temperaments, on the other hand, require applause to enable them to shake off their diffidence. Sympathy is the air they breathe; and if they find it not for their intellectual creations, rather than labor without its cheering influence, their genius spends itself upon those associations and pursuits in which sympathy may always be bestowed and occasionally received. "Necessity," we are told, "always affected Hartley Coleridge with the touch of a torpedo." This is commonly the case where the active powers, however large in themselves, are not in proportion to the sensibilities, or where the moral sensibilities are encompassed and embarrassed by a throng of nervous sensibilities. Hope is the conducting spirit of such a character, which finds it easier to advance than to stand; and to natures so constituted success is but a minister of Hope.

Such support Hartley Coleridge needed in an especial degree. The humility which is impressed upon all his poems, and the spirit of compunction which stamps upon the best among them their peculiar character, at once searching and subduing, were probably not favorable to those habits of mind which

engage men in large enterprises. For the poet, however, as for the man, good and ill fortune were so blended that it is often hard to know them apart. He had a high training as well as a high gift, the helps as well as the hinderances of a poetic age, the benefits, as well as the disadvantages, which proceed from the absence of contemporary fame; he had nature, books, friends, and leisure. A man with these advantages, and fifty-two years of life, may generally be considered to have put forth what was in him and was accessible. So large a bequest as he has left us is seldom so unalloyed a one. A noble moral spirit will long continue to be diffused from his poetry: a moral lesson not less deep is to be found in that poetry taken in connection with his life. In our remarks on the latter we have but glanced at principles of large and general concern, enforced by himself in many a poem rich in "heart wisdom," and strong to diffuse it. Our imperfect sketch can easily be filled up for himself by any reader who is able to afford to so large a storehouse of genuine poetry the time that it deserves. In Hartley Coleridge's "Essays and Marginalia," he will find all the additional notes necessary for the study of their author's genius, as well as a varied range of discriminative criticism and discursive thought. We regret that our present limits compel us thus briefly to refer to them.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.—On the 5th November next, if Providence should continue to spare him, our venerated townsman, Mr. Montgomery, who has a world-wide fame as the Christian poet, will have completed his eightieth year. It has been suggested that the opportunity should be seized upon to pay to him some grateful tribute of the affection with which he is regarded, and at the same time, to secure to future generations an enduring memorial of his person and of his fame. With this view, a subscription list has been opened, and though as yet it has only been handed about privately, it has been warmly received. The idea first suggested was, that of a bust to be placed in the In-

firmary, of the founders of which he is almost the only survivor, and which has had the benefit of his active services as chairman of the weekly board for the last twenty-seven years. Many have desired, however, to have a statue rather than a bust, and some have thrown out the hint that it should be a bronze statue, to be erected in some public situation in the town. The suggestion to do honor to Mr. Montgomery will meet with universal approval, and the only question is, how the general sentiment can be most forcibly and appropriately expressed. We believe that a meeting of the subscribers will shortly be called to deliberate on the best mode of procedure.—*Sheffield Independent.*

From Hogg's Instructor.

STORY OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI was born on the 6th of March, 1474, at the Castle of Caprese in Tuscany. His father, being descended from the illustrious house of Cancesa, formed ambitious hopes respecting the future destiny of his son. He sent him to school at an early age, intending him for a learned profession, and carefully discouraged his precocious love for pencils and engraving-tools. The boy's talent, however, for painting and sculpture was so decided, that his father at length ceased to oppose its manifestations, and bound him, when thirteen years old, apprentice to Dominico Ghirlandajo, one of the best painters of the time. With him he studied for three years, suffering a good deal of annoyance from the jealousy of his fellow-students. They were allowed to study drawing and sculpture in the gardens of Lorenzo de Medici, surnamed the Magnificent; and the attention of this prince was speedily attracted to the productions of the young Michael Angelo. He invited him to become a resident in his palace, and gave him every facility for the study of art. But the death of his patron, which took place when Michael Angelo was but eighteen, darkened his hitherto bright prospects. Piero de Medici commenced his career by ordering the physician of his father Lorenzo to be thrown into a well—an action which augured unfavorably for the other followers. One snowy winter morning, Michael Angelo was summoned to court, and ushered into the presence of the prince.

"Master Buonarrotti," said he, "I want you to make for me a colossal statue in the principal palace-yard."

"Of what material shall I make it?"

"You will find abundance beneath your feet—a quantity of snow."

"It is well," said Michael Angelo, bitterly, "you pay me my wages as your father did; but when he ordered statues, he preferred marble to snow: every one to his taste, monsignor!"

Nevertheless, he executed the prince's commission with scrupulous exactness; and,

when the white colossus was finished, he retired to a cell in the gloomy monastery of San Spirito, where, amid the corpses obtained from the hospital, he prosecuted, by lamp-light, those studies in anatomy which were afterwards so useful to him as a sculptor.

After some time, Michael Angelo began to travel, and went from Venice to Bologna. At this latter place, a law was in force obliging strangers to wear on their thumb-nail a seal of red wax. For want of this singular passport, the artist was arrested, and condemned to pay a fine of fifty livres. But a noble gentleman named Aldovrandi took him under his protection, obtained a remission of the sentence, and received him into his house. There Michael Angelo spent his evenings in reading Dante and Petrarch, and his days in executing pieces of sculpture. He carved two little figures for the church of St. Dominic, which were so much admired, that a sculptor of the place, moved with envy, threatened to assassinate their author. The latter, therefore, hastened his return to Rome, whence the infamous Piero de Medici had been expelled; and the marvelous talents of the young sculptor speedily became known. He executed a figure of Bacchus, now in the gallery of Florence, and a group representing the Virgin and dead Christ. A colossal statue of David drew forth a criticism from Soderini, the too celebrated gonfaloniere; * the nose of the figure, he said, seemed to him too large.

"We'll remedy that, signor," replied the artist, with a look of mock deference. And, having taken a little marble dust in the hollow of his hand, he moved his chisel, without, however, touching the obnoxious feature.

"Beautiful!" cried the gonfaloniere; "now your David is perfection!"

"He owes it to you, monsignor."

* Gonfaloniere was the title given to the chief magistrate in Florence, whose appointment was for life.

Alexander VI., the terrible Roderigo Borgia, died in 1503, poisoned by a flask of wine which he had prepared for others. Julius II. succeeded him in the papedom. The latter was a man of vast ambition, indomitable pride, and inflexible temper. One day he sent for Michael Angelo, and commanded him to carve his likeness.

"You will make it," said he, "in the form of a colossal statue, to be placed at the entrance of the church of St. Petronio. Here are a thousand ducats on account. Whenever you want more money, address yourself directly to me. Hasten the execution of your model, and let it be worthy of Julius II. and of Michael Angelo."

"I have the design ready," replied the artist. "Your holiness will stand with your right hand raised in the act of bestowing your benediction, and in your left I will place a book——"

"A book! a book!" shouted Julius. "A sword, you mean! I'll have nothing to do with priestly trumpery; I use the sword!"

Some days afterwards, his holiness visited the studio, to inspect the advancing work, and said—"Tis very well. But tell me, whether am I blessing or cursing the people?"—"Your holiness is threatening your people if they do not behave well." The people did not behave well, for, in 1511, they broke the statue of the pope.

On another occasion, Julius sent for Michael Angelo, and said to him—"If you were commissioned to erect a tomb for Julius II., what design would you choose for it?"

The artist, after a few moments reflection, replied by giving a detailed description of what, when executed, would indeed form a noble monument. The pope listened in silence, and, after a pause, asked—"Where will you place this immense mausoleum?"

"Close to the new church which Nicolas V. projected, and which I will finish."

"How much will it cost?"

"About one hundred thousand crowns."

"You shall have two hundred thousand, if necessary."

"I may then set out for Carrara?"

"As soon as you please; and remember, whenever you want to speak to me, do so in person, without having recourse to any one else."

So, filled with mighty designs, and dreams of ambition, the artist commenced his labors. The great square of St. Peter was covered with huge blocks of marble, transported thither from Carrara; and Michael Angelo, immediately on his return, repaired

to the Vatican to ask for a supply of money. His holiness could not be seen. A few days afterwards, the artist repeated his visit. As he was crossing the antechamber, a servant intercepted him, and told him shortly that he could not enter.

"Dolt! you know not to whom you are speaking!" cried a prelate, who, in passing at the moment, recognized Michael Angelo.

"I know him very well," replied the lacquey, in a saucy tone, "and I am only fulfilling the orders I received."

"Tis well," said the artist; "when the pope wants me again, let him come and seek me."

An hour afterwards he set out for Florence.

When Julius was told of the reply and departure of Michael Angelo, his anger burst forth. Five couriers were despatched, one after the other, to bring back the fugitive; and, when entreaties were of no avail, they were going to employ force; but the stalwart artist drew his sword, and threatened to slay the first who should lay a finger on him. The intimidated messengers returned, leaving him to pursue his journey. The pope's wrath knew no bounds; he threatened to burn Florence to the ground, if his sculptor were not restored to him. Soderini received three briefs in as many days; the first promised amnesty and pardon to the artist; the second declared war to the republic; and the third announced, that, if Michael Angelo failed to set out for Rome within twenty-four hours, all the Florentines would be excommunicated.

"You will be the ruin of us all!" exclaimed the poor gonfaloniere, trembling.

"Ah! ah!" replied Michael Angelo, "that will teach him to close his door against me again!"

"But we cannot keep you here."

"Well, I'll go to the Grand Turk."

"To the Grand Turk!"

"Certainly! he'll treat me better than the pope has done, I'm very sure."

"Go where you please, but deliver us from the anger of the pope."

However, Julius II. was a man to keep his word. He advanced at the head of a powerful army, and took Bologna. Michael Angelo, suddenly changing his mind, entered the conquered city, and presented himself to the pope. Julius was at table in the palace when the arrival of his rebellious sculptor was announced. He ordered him to enter, and exclaimed in a tone of anger—"What is the meaning of our being obliged to come to you, instead of you to us?"

Michael Angelo bent his knee, and spoke not; but, despite of the attitude of submission, his haughty countenance betrayed more pride than repentance. The bystanders, knowing the temper of the pope, trembled for the sculptor; and Cardinal Soderini, brother to the gonfaloniere, began—"Holy father, pardon this poor man. Artists are usually deficient in civility. He has sinned through ignorance."

Julius seized a stick, and, hitting the unlucky cardinal a smart blow, thundered out—"How, wretch! darest thou speak ill of my sculptor? 'Tis thou who art ignorant and uncivil. Out of my sight!"

The astounded prelate did not wait for a second bidding, but hastened to leave the chamber. That same evening the pope and the sculptor became more firm friends than ever; such a workman suited such a master. Julius returned to Rome, having commanded Michael Angelo to follow him thither as soon as his colossal statue should be finished.

The artist's enemies at the papal court were not idle, but they commenced their attack in an insidious manner. They praised his talents extravagantly, but insinuated that he was far greater as a painter than as a sculptor. This stroke of policy told; Michael Angelo did not lose the favor of Julius, but the latter forgot his long projected mausoleum.

In 1508, Michael Angelo arrived at the Vatican. The pope received him with open arms, and inquired about his statue. It was finished. As soon as the artist had taken some refreshment, his patron, leaning on his arm, led him out to show him all that had been done in his absence. He pointed out the buildings of San Gallo and Bramante, and the frescoes of Raffaele. Michael Angelo praised them unfeignedly. In the square of St. Peter still lay the enormous blocks of Carrara marble waiting for the sculptor's chisel. After having walked for some time, Julius led his companion into the Sistine chapel, and, raising his hand towards the vault, said—"Since my uncle's death, this beautiful building has remained unfinished. I wish it to be said—"Julius II. has completed what Sixtus IV. began." Behold your appointed work; you shall be at once the architect, the painter, and the decorator. Fill this immense vault with frescoes and innumerable figures. I will that the world shall know that Michael Angelo is inimitable not only as a sculptor, but as a painter."

For a moment the artist stood silent with

amazement; then he said—"Your holiness mocks your servant."

"What mean you, Master Buonarroti?"

"My business is to wield the chisel and the mallet. I know little of painting, and nothing of the mechanical part of fresco work. How, then, can I suddenly at my age change my career! But your holiness cannot be in earnest."

"I have said I will it: it is thine to obey."

"And I tell your holiness that this idea never came from yourself. It is an infamous snare laid for me by my enemies. If I refuse, I lose your countenance; if I accept, I shall certainly fail. Well, I prefer enduring the anger of your holiness to incurring certain shame. I shall instantly return to Florence."

"This time we'll take good care!" cried Julius; and he retired abruptly, leaving the artist a prey to his mute despair. The thoughts that passed through the sculptor's mind during that long, lonely night have ever remained unspoken. But let us imagine him whose mind was teeming with vast projects, who needed but to strike the rock, and glorious creations would start forth, turned suddenly back in his career—commanded to forget his people of stone, and to evoke in their place a nation of colored shadows—to pass from the summit of one art to the base of another; and this to be accomplished in an hour—truly it was a fierce struggle, and a strange triumph wrought by the indomitable human will.

On the morrow, Julius found Michael Angelo on the spot where he had left him; his arms were folded on his breast, his head bent in profound meditation, his cheeks were pale, and his eyes bloodshot, but the fire of genius beamed on his brow.

"Well?" said the pope.

"I submit to your wishes."

"I was sure of it. Believe me, your enemies, in seeking to injure you, have prepared for you a fresh triumph."

"Let Bramante come immediately to construct the scaffolding."

This man had been foremost in the attack; and now, caught in his own snare, the envious architect sought at least to procure a share of the work for his nephew Raffaele. But Julius was inexorable, and dryly ordered Bramante to prepare the necessary planks and cordage.

Meantime Michael Angelo passed a few days in total seclusion; and when all was prepared, he showed his designs, and left the estimate of their recompense to San Gallo, one of his most bitter enemies. But on this

occasion even envy was ashamed to outrage justice: San Gallo proposed the sum of 15,000 ducats, and the agreement was completed.

Michael Angelo then went to the Sistine, and, for the first time addressing himself to Bramante, said, in the presence of the pope, and in a tone of insulting irony, "In what manner do you propose, master architect, to raise this scaffolding?"

"In the usual manner," replied Bramante, scornfully.

"That is to say——"

"That is to say, master, since you seem ignorant of the first principles of the art you profess, that I will make holes in the vault—that from these openings capstans will descend, and sustain the movable platform on which you will work."

"Very clear, indeed, master Bramante. But permit me to ask you one question; when my paintings shall be finished, how will you stop up these holes?"

"O, time enough to think of that!"

Michael Angelo shrugged his shoulders, and having called the head carpenter, said to him in a loud voice:—"Take all this trumpery away, sell it, and keep the proceeds for your own use." He then explained to the astonished pope the simple and ingenious method which he meant to employ, and which has always since been adopted under similar circumstances.

The next day he sent to Florence for several painters accustomed to fresco work. He caused them to ascend his scaffold, gave each a portion of the wall to paint, and watched their proceedings closely. A few hours sufficed to make him acquainted with the mechanical portion of the art. He paid them liberally, and dismissed them; then he effaced all that they had done, and shut himself up alone in the chapel.

Without any assistant, he tempered the lime, mixed the plaster, and ground his colors. It would be impossible to calculate the amount of patience and persevering labor necessary to overcome the manual difficulties of a new art. Often a few drops more or less than the right quantity of water—a coat laid on too thinly or too thickly—in fact, the smallest oversight, used to cause his nearly finished fresco to fall off in patches. But genius mocks at difficulties both great and small. After a time, colors and plaster obeyed their ruler, as marble and bronze had done before. The mechanical obstacles removed, it only remained for him to execute his sublime conceptions. It was the spirit of

Dante incarnate under another form, and breathed forth in painting instead of in song. Both have embraced in their vast compositions the whole range of creation—the order and events of time, from the fall of the angels to the last judgment. It would be as impossible to convey an idea of the glories of the Sistine vault to those who have not seen them, as to describe those of Dante's wondrous epic to such as have not felt them. It would be speaking of music to the deaf, and of colors to the blind. Michael Angelo employed but twenty months in his stupendous work. On the day when he finally came down from the scaffolding, his eyes had been so accustomed to looking upwards, that he could no longer without pain turn them towards the earth. A touching symbol of genius obliged to look downwards and walk with men, after having soared through the regions of the sky.

Amongst the various annoyances which besieged Michael Angelo, must be reckoned the impatience and the threats of the impetuous pontiff. Old and feeble as he was, he persisted day after day in mounting to the platform, and there watching, scolding, and hurrying the poor artist, who would willingly have given all that he was worth to be allowed to work in peace.

One day his holiness complained of the scanty use of brilliant colors and gilding. The artist replied, "Holy father, the men whom I have painted wore no rich or gilded clothing; they were saints and apostles, who chose poverty, and despised this world's splendor."

Another time came complaints of the artist's slowness. "When will you have finished?" asked the pope.

"When I shall be fully satisfied."

At length, when All-Saints' day approached, the pope signified briefly to the painter that he, Julius II., intended on that day to say mass in the Sistine Chapel.

"But if I have not finished——"

"If you have not finished!—I'll throw you headlong from the scaffold!"

"He is just the man to keep his word," thought Michael Angelo. And on All-Saints' eve the scaffolding was finally removed.

We will not attempt to describe the overwhelming sensation produced by this masterpiece of genius, when it was displayed to public view. Then, as now, the dome of the Sistine was considered as the most marvelous prodigy of human art. At its completion, Michael Angelo had attained his 37th year.

Two years afterwards, the pope died, and Michael Angelo wept for him bitterly. Their characters were suited. Julius could not content himself without Michael Angelo. A short time before the death of the former, a violent quarrel took place between them, on the occasion of the artist asking permission to go to Florence, to witness the feast of St. John. The scene, however, terminated, as usual, in renewed favor and friendship. Next day his holiness even condescended to make an apology, and sent Michael Angelo a present of 500 ducats with which to amuse himself during the festival.

Julius II. was the only human being who dared to maltreat Michael Angelo. He one day went so far as to threaten the artist with his walking-stick. Nevertheless, the great sculptor was inconsolable for his loss, and certainly loved him sincerely.

This strange pontiff was succeeded by Leo X., who, although esteemed a liberal patron of literature and art, did not show much favor to Michael Angelo. Neither was he much noticed by the popes who succeeded Leo, until the accession of Paul III. This pontiff repaired one morning, followed by ten cardinals, to the artist's studio. The object of his visit was to engage Michael Angelo to execute his great painting of "The Last Judgment," which indeed occupied the next nine years of its author's life. This vast and unique picture, in which the human figure is represented in every possible attitude, and in which all the sentiments, all the passions, all the emotions of which the soul is susceptible, are reflected with inimitable truth and perfection, remains still unrivaled in the vast domain of art. It was exhibited to the public for the first time on Christmas day, 1541.

It is said that the pope, scandalized at the nudity of some of the figures, sent directions to Michael Angelo to cover them with drapery. "Tell his holiness," was the reply, "that he had better occupy himself less in reforming my paintings, which is an easy task, and more in reforming mankind, which is a difficult one."

Signor Biaggio, master of the ceremonies to Paul III., ventured to give his opinion of "The Last Judgment." "Holy father," said he, "if I may venture to say so, this painting seems to me more suited to adorn a tavern, than a consecrated chapel." Unluckily for the critic, he was overheard by Michael Angelo. Scarcely had the pope departed, when the irritated artist placed an exact likeness of Biaggio in the midst of the in-

fernal regions, under the by no means flattering similitude of Minos. In this proceeding he followed the example of Dante, who, in a like manner, avenged himself on his enemies. Great was the consternation of the poor master of the ceremonies, when he saw himself thus unceremoniously condemned. He hastened to throw himself at the feet of the pope, declaring that he would not rise until his holiness should release him from hell; as to the punishment to be inflicted on the audacious painter, he referred that to the holy father's decision. "Signor Biaggio," replied Paul III., struggling in vain to preserve his gravity, "you know that I have received power in heaven and earth, but I have no authority in hell; so, I fear you must e'en stay there."

While Michael Angelo was working at "The Last Judgment," he fell one day from the scaffolding, and hurt his leg severely. Seized with a fit of misanthropy, he shut himself up in his house, and refused to see any one. But he reckoned without his physician, a sturdy son of Esculapius, named Baccio Bontini. Having heard of the accident, he repaired to the artist's dwelling, and knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked more loudly, and shouted for the servants at the very top of his voice. Still there was total silence. Bontini got a ladder, placed it against the front of the house, and tried to get in through the windows, but they were closed, and the shutters strongly barred. What was to be done? Most persons would have given up the attempt in despair, but Bontini was not to be daunted by difficulties. With great trouble he got down into the cellars, and thence ascended into Michael Angelo's room; where, half by force, he succeeded in prescribing for and curing the wounded leg. It was quite time to do so, for the artist had allowed himself to be brought to the verge of the grave.

Paul III. had caused a splendid chapel to be built, named, after himself and his patron saint, the Pauline, and for its decoration Michael Angelo painted the two last frescoes which he ever executed, "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," and "The Conversion of St. Paul."

The remaining years of his busy life were chiefly occupied in designing and building the vast edifice of St. Peter's, which will remain through succeeding ages as a glorious trophy of his genius.

The first stone of a great Christian temple had been laid by the Emperor Constantine, in 324. In 626, Honorius furnished it with

gates of massive silver, which, in 846, the Saracens carried off. During the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, several popes had caused the ancient Basilica to be repaired. Nicholas V. had conceived the design of rebuilding the St. Peter's, after the model of Leo Battista Alberti; but scarcely were the walls raised above the ground-level when the pope died, and the project was abandoned.

At length, in 1506, Julius II., who was then entering his seventy-third year, laid the first stone of the present structure. Bramante, Raffaello, San Gallo, and Fra Giocondo di Verona continued in succession to superintend the building. Sums of money incalculably great were lavished on this stupendous work, which seemed destined, like a modern Babel, never to be finished.

When Paul III. had recourse to the lofty genius and stern probity of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, the proposed cathedral had become a perfect wilderness of incongruous steeples, cupolas, spires, pillars, porticoes, and arcades, which the opposing tastes of the numerous architects had heaped together in "most admired disorder."

Michael Angelo was very reluctant to undertake a task, which promised to be one of thankless toil; but, despite of his repeated refusals, the pope at length prevailed. The artist made but one condition, and on that point he was inexorable—that his services should be strictly gratuitous. He wished by his example to condemn that cupidity, which then, as of old time, had made the house of God a house of merchandise.

Armed with the most absolute authority, the inflexible old man came to the half-finished building. He caused to be taken down what was already done, and speedily, almost as if by magic, the new edifice sprung up, with its simple and majestic proportions, in the form of a Grecian cross. Paul III.,

before his death, which took place in 1549, had the satisfaction of seeing the building placed beyond the risk of subsequent alteration. During seventeen years, amid the various annoyances caused to Michael Angelo by the caprices of the different pontiffs, and the calumnies and cabals of his numerous enemies, he worked with indefatigable ardor at this undertaking, which he thenceforth regarded as his most sacred duty.

A letter is extant which he wrote in reply to a pressing invitation sent to him on the part of the Duke of Tuscany. "Tell his highness," he writes, "that, with his permission, I must continue the erection of St. Peter's, until I have brought it to such a point as will preclude any subsequent change. Were I to leave it in its present state, I should be the cause of a great ruin, a great shame, and a great sin!"

His wishes were fulfilled. After his death, St. Peter's was completed rigorously on his model, by Giacomo della Porta and Domenico Fontana. Pius IV. dismissed an architect, named Piero Ligorio, for having ventured to make some trivial alteration.

Notwithstanding the fame and glory that surrounded him, the old age of Michael Angelo was sad and desolate. He had survived the friends and companions of his youth, and his faithful, well-beloved servant Urbino. His grief for the death of the latter, which took place six years before his own, is touchingly expressed in a letter to his friend Vasari.

His last will consisted of only the following words:—"I leave my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my relatives."

Michael Angelo was seized with a slow fever, and expired peacefully, on the 17th of February, 1563, aged eighty-eight years and eleven months.

The Paris papers justly complain of the wholesale literary piracy which is carried on in Brussels. Incredible as it may appear, facsimiles of many of the Parisian journals, particularly of the *Debats* and *Charivari*, are fabricated there on the day of their publication, and are forwarded to many parts of

the continent, where they often arrive several hours before the originals. This is explained by the execrable postal arrangements in Germany. A traveller may now go by railway from Paris to Berlin or Dresden in 38 hours; letters and newspapers by the post taking four days.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WARMBRUNN AND GRÆFENBERG.

In a recent tour through that portion of the mountain chain separating Silesia from Bohemia, called the Riesengebirge, or "Giant Mountains," my wanderings led me through these striking and somewhat peculiar highlands, so rarely explored by Englishmen on account of their remoteness from our beaten tracks; and descending into the Vale of Hirschberg, which showed so gloriously from the mountain heights above, had a peep, "en passant," at the baths of Warmbrunn, which have a high repute in Silesia and the immediately surrounding countries. Thence I passed over the varied and charming scenery which intervenes between the last-named place and Silesian Freiburg, where, taking "the Rail," I reached Breslau and Neisse without fatigue in a few hours' run, and made out the remaining distance to Græfenberg and the far-famed "original water doctor," in the best way I could.

In the following pages it is my intention to describe, as well at least as may be done in a hasty glance, what is the actual state of the "water-cure," there; what its progress and popularity in that very place where it is generally supposed to have had its birth; and where, at any rate, it has been brought up to its present state of maturity, and that, amidst many difficulties and heavy discouragements. We shall thus be enabled to give a "local habitation" in our memory to a spot which is now so celebrated, and in so many mouths in various corners of the world; though thirty years ago so inconsiderable in size and importance was it, as scarcely to be met with in any map—a change solely ascribable to the energy of one individual, and he almost an uneducated peasant, and to the unlimited devotion of his powers to one idea—the omnipotence of water in the cure of disease. The amazingly general acceptance which his treatment of all the common disorders by which man is afflicted has met with from the non-professional part of the public in Germany, as well as the almost unexampled rapidity with which this potent but two-edged remedy has propagated itself over

all Europe and parts of America, naturally renders a pilgrimage to the common birth-place of the inventor and the invention a matter of some interest.

At Herrmannsdorf, or Hermsdorf, as it is more usually named, close to the castle of Kynast, at the base and near the centre of the Riesengebirge, stands here a large, superannuated, unsightly residence of the Schaffgotsch family, now occupied by some of their agents or retainers. In this there was formerly a valuable library of upwards of forty thousand volumes; these, along with a collection of coins, specimens of natural history, old armor, and some pictures, were removed about fifteen years ago to Warmbrunn, and placed in "the Probstei Gebaude,"—a secularized conventual building of the Cistercian order, subordinate to the old monastery of Grüssau, and the whole has been thrown open, with the greatest liberality on the part of the noble proprietor, gratuitously to the public.

A drive of three miles over a very level piece of country brought me and my companion, a celebrated Prussian divine, out on his holiday excursions, to Warmbrunn. It is a cheerful, airy-looking market-town, of about three thousand inhabitants, and one of the most frequented baths in this quarter of Germany. The inns and lodging-houses are very respectable-looking. "The Black Eagle," where we stopped, is an excellent inn, and we had no reason to complain of its charges, though it has the reputation amongst Germans of being expensive, and, perhaps, may be so in "the season." "The Prussian Hotel," a little farther on in the same street, seems a newer house, and, from its greater height, has loftier and finer apartments. Between these two principal hotels, but on the opposite side of the way, and just over against the post-office, stands the residence of Count Schaffgotsch, the proprietor of the town and baths, as well as of the country for many a mile around.

"The Schloss," or castle, as it is called, is a large, oblong, solid-looking pile of building,

making no pretensions to architectural effect. A previous acquaintance with its occupant led to my seeing its interior. In magnitude and accommodation it exceeds the palaces of some reigning German princes, and has pleasant gardens, on a small scale, in the rear, to which the public have admission.

The number of persons who frequent the baths here annually is still above 2,000; thirty years ago the number was nearly double. The water is a warm "sulphuretted saline," containing a very small quantity of sulphurous impregnation, with a very little glauber and common salt, carbonate of soda, muriate of ammonia, a minute fraction of iron, and some other less important ingredients; its temperature, which is just about blood heat, seems its "strong point," as, in respect to its chemical composition, it must be reckoned amongst the weaker mineral waters. It is used, however, with great advantage in chronic rheumatism, scrofula, and dyspeptic affections, and would probably succeed, if long enough continued, in removing many forms of cutaneous eruptions which require a soothing treatment. The style of taking these baths is much the same social one as prevails in our own good city of Bath:—a number of persons, dressed in a light bathing costume, occupy simultaneously the large stone cistern forming the floor of a lofty dome-shaped apartment, and they spend the period prescribed to each, in walking about, or sitting on the circular seat which runs around it, up to their chins in water—a kind of "re-union," which some persons, and the author of "Humphrey Clinker," if I remember rightly, amongst the number, have thought proper to be very merry upon; though why it should be considered more ludicrous for human beings, with so good an object as the recovery of health in view, to meet together for half an hour in water than in the atmospheric fluid, as they usually do without remark, it would be hard to give any very rational explanation.

Of these baths there are two principal ones, "the Count's," and "the Provost's," but, both now belong to Count Schaffgotsch, who purchased the latter when the monastery to which it appertained was suppressed.

Bathing is a very early as well as an earnest business here, or it could never be got through with in a day of only twenty-four hours, when the space for bathing in is so very limited, and the patients who use the remedy are so numerous. The gentlemen accordingly commence operations at four o'clock in the morning, remain masters of the bath till six, when

they resign the use of the aquatic apartments to the ladies for a couple of hours; an inferior class of patients, who pay a smaller sum weekly than the former, next take their turn for an hour. The water is then partially run off during the hours of dining, to maintain its purity. At two o'clock the gentlemen are again in the ascendancy for two hours; then the ladies again; and finally, the "burgher class," as before, and, on operations being closed for the evening, the water is again allowed in part to flow off.

The very poor patients used to succeed, I believe, to the use of the bath at a late period of the day, when all the other classes had already done with it; but not long since a bath has been built specially for themselves, and a small hospital, moreover, arranged for them, at the expense of the noble family who own both the town and baths, where, when they come with proper attestations, they are maintained during their treatment free of all expense.

The water of the baths is perpetually running in and out all the time of its being used, so as to preserve, along with the partial emptying already alluded to, a fair degree of purity, by the constant removal and renewal of the surface water; and the whole body of water is changed completely every Sunday, and the cistern carefully cleansed out. The water, which springs up through a fissure in the granite rock, is not abundant enough to allow of a daily renewal, much less of separate baths for each individual. There are Russian baths in another building for such persons as are supposed to require them; and all the usual appliances for "the douche" bath as usually met with at other German watering-places.

No person is admitted to "the Social Bath" till he or she has undergone preliminary lustration in a solitary warm bath of the ordinary construction. The terms for the baths are cheap, as compared with most others in Germany; those of the first class costing not quite a shilling daily.

The invalid here finds ample opportunity for easy pedestrian or carriage exercise, in consequence of the levelness and goodness of the roads around the town, not to speak of the great alley of old trees, where the guests promenade morning and evening, at eleven and six o'clock, close to which are numerous temporary, but tempting shops, for promoting the circulation of money, and the transfer of superfluous wealth. It would, indeed, be a subject of curious statistical investigation to ascertain the amount of articles of lux-

ury disposed of yearly in all the German baths taken collectively, a great proportion of which would probably never have been even thought of, much less purchased, but for the superabundant leisure of those annual lounging-places, and the special purse laid up for them during the rest of the year, and all of which is destined, without any mental reservation whatever, on the part of the ladies at least, to be spent at them. German industry, on the part of the productive classes, certainly benefits amazingly by this almost universal summer migration, or "*Herbstreise*," as they themselves call it, performed to the innumerable watering-places, for health or pleasure, by persons of the middle and upper rank; in short, by all who are in easy circumstances, and able to make the move.

Near the alley are also the pleasure-grounds attached to the Schloss, as well as the theatre, ball-room, public dinner-rooms, and promenade; but happily no apartments for gambling exist, as this exciting and discreditable occupation is not fostered, or even tolerated here.

There is a singular anomaly in German politeness observable at Warmbrunn, namely, where gentlemen salute each other, or even ladies, on the promenade, the hat—which is in such perpetual motion, to the manifest benefit of the hatters, in other parts of Germany—here remains a fixture, a habit which has, probably, been introduced and established by the physicians of the place, on sanitary principles, or from a dread of catching cold by the frequent exposure of the head, after the use of these warm sulphurous waters, internally or externally; for they are drank as well as bathed in, though the former less frequently.

The situation of Warmbrunn is one of the most open and airy of all the German baths I have visited, considerably upwards of twenty in number. The valley is more than a thousand feet above sea level, and the exposure is as free on most sides, and nearly as accessible to fresh breezes from every quarter of the compass, as if it were built in an unbounded plain. Teplitz, in Bohemia, is almost the only other bath that could pretend to rival it, at once in respect to free circulation of air and extent of prospect; but the lofty and impressive mountain-range in the background here, seen as we saw it on the evening of our arrival—its deep blue tints contrasting with the glow of sunset in the sky and on the opposite hills, together with the unobstructed circulation of air in the immediate neighborhood, and for miles

around—made us award to Warmbrunn the palm for combined beauty and healthfulness of site over that and every other competitor. Indeed, the view of the Riesengebirge, as seen from the end of the great alley, at the distance of not quite three leagues, is a very tonic in itself; and the consciousness of the pure, cool air, ever sliding down from their summits into the vale beneath, must have a most invigorating influence on the nervous system of the valetudinarian.

Early next morning we got on to Hirschberg, by one of the cheap one-horse carriages which ply here. It seemed to be our fate always to fall upon market days, and we accordingly found the old-fashioned little town all alive with country people, and had as much difficulty of making our way through the principal streets as though we had been in "the Strand itself."

Hirschberg is surrounded by a wall, or imperfect fortification, and still reckons seven thousand inhabitants. It is mentioned in records so long back as the year 1002, and was long one of the principal towns in Silesia. It possessed up to late in the last century a most extensive linen manufacture, when the productions of the British, or rather of the Irish loom, began to displace those of the German in foreign markets, a change in the current of trade which spread great misery amongst the lower classes here, and therewith a hatred of the English name; for they assert that we supplanted them unfairly by servilely imitating their mode of doing up the webs, enveloping them in similar ornaments, and even counterfeiting their marks and signatures; and further add, that not content with the injury already inflicted by this furtive proceeding, we at a later period brought their good name into discredit by dishonestly mixing up cotton with flax in our spurious imitations of their goods, thus making the Americans and other remaining customers distrust them in all their future dealings. It seems, however, that latterly the linen manufacture has fully participated in the general revival of industrial activity in Germany since the war; and the improvement in machinery, which has given it such an impulse with us, begins to be largely adopted hereabouts also.

The Protestant Church, one of those called the "*Gnaden Kirchen*," as being bestowed on that communion by Joseph I., is a building of some pretension, but not in the best taste. The chief interest of the town to the tourist consists, however, not so much in any thing that is to be seen within it, as in its

situation in the centre of a country abounding in beautiful excursions and splendid views.

It had been our intention to return hence to Dresden by the mountain district of the *Iser-kamm*, Hochstein, Flinsberg, &c., by *Friedland* in *Bohemia*, visiting at the last-named place the castle which gave his ducal title to the great Wallenstein; thence by the baths of Liebewerda near Zittau, and finally by Herrnhut—one of the very earliest of the establishments of the Moravian Brotherhood—and so by railroad home. But the unsettled state of the weather, and the extensive prevalence of cholera in the villages near Zittau, determined us to postpone this little tour to some more favorable juncture, and to terminate our mountain-wanderings here for the present. Accordingly, I took leave of my agreeable and intelligent Prussian fellow-traveler at Hirschberg, he going by coach northward to rejoin the railway at Görlitz, whilst I took my seat in another coach which goes eastward to Friburg, and which starting about ten o'clock in the morning, would carry me so far on my way towards Breslau, and in time for the evening train to that city. From Breslau it was my intention immediately to pass on to Gräfenberg, and so gratify, as already mentioned, a long-cherished wish of visiting the cradle of "the water-cure," which lies about seventy miles farther south. On the map, indeed, this will appear a very circuitous route; and it might seem that the direct one from Friburg, through the "County of Glatz," in Lower Silesia, passing through Reichenberg and Frankenstein, would have been a saving of fifty miles at the least. And so it would, in point of absolute distance; but the joint inducements of economy and speed, offered by the railway which goes as far as Neisse, determined me eventually on taking the other route, the distances being—Friburg to Breslau, thirty-eight English miles; forty-seven thence to Neisse; and about twenty more, partly by an indifferent country road, thence to Gräfenberg.

On leaving Hirschberg, we passed, a short way out of the town, the Cavalierberg, which takes its name from some strong works which were thrown up there in the war of the Bavarian Succession. It rises but a few feet above the level of the surrounding country, and is now laid out in pleasure grounds; and on account of its walks, coffee-house, and club, is the favorite resort of the townspeople. Quite on the opposite side lies the Helicon-berg, with a small temple in honor of Frederick the Great.

At Erdmannsdorf, about five miles from Hirschberg, we came upon a great linen mill, with its tall chimney sending up in these beautiful regions a volume of dense smoke which would have done credit to a Manchester "shaft," and which we had previously seen distinctly like a great black plume from the summit of the Schnee-koppe. The inn here is a very attractive one, built in the Swiss style; and close by the cheerful village stands a finely-situated royal residence, purchased by the king of Prussia from General Gneisenau—with its singular-looking church, and a lofty "campanile" near it of very peculiar architecture, and commanding an extensive view of all the rich country around.

The Swiss cottages, commencing beyond the farther end of the town, are inhabited by "the Zillertal Refugees," who, thanks to the late King of Prussia, obtained shelter here from the religious persecution instituted against them by Austria and the Roman Catholic priesthood in that part of the Tyrol, in the year 1838. The district appropriated to them runs hence in a S.W. direction towards Siedorf. These same Tyrolese colonists are, I was sorry to hear, in bad repute hereabouts—how justly I know not—as indolent and dirty in their habits; and their costume, from the little I saw of it, certainly struck me as being much more slovenly and sombre than what one meets with generally in the smiling Tyrolese valley from which they come; the picturesque hat, jaunty jacket, and smartly-embroidered belt, have manifestly degenerated sadly on Silesian ground.

At the foot of the twin summits of the conical-shaped Falkenberg, about four miles E. N. E. of Goodmansdorf, lies Fischbach, the property of Prince William of Prussia, uncle of the present King. The castle, which has been extensively repaired and altered to accommodate it to modern requirements, was originally in possession of the Knights Templar, and passed subsequently into that of the Schaffgotsch family. It lies buried in the luxuriant woods at the base of the picturesquely formed hill just mentioned. Two eastern cannons, presented by our Queen to the late Prince Waldemar, son of Prince William, in memory of his gallant volunteered participation in Lord Hardinge's desperate campaign in India against the Sikhs, are to have a perpetual place by the portal of the castle.

Between Erdmannsdorf and Schmiedeberg, a short way to the east of the road, lies the handsome park of Buchwald, abounding in

beautiful views; an additional proof how highly the Prussian nobility estimate this picturesque country, and how eagerly they avail themselves of it, for their summer residences. Thus, likewise, to the northeast of Schmiedeberg, there is another fine park, called the Ruheberg, belonging to the Princess Czartoryski, who is by birth one of the Prussian royal family.

Jenny Lind is an unceasing source of interest and conversation here, as in other parts of Germany. Her early professional fortunes were singular enough. When first she attempted to appear as a public singer, it was found that her education had been imperfect, and even in a wrong direction altogether. Having magnanimously resolved to recommence it all again from the very rudiments, she had recourse to the highest sources of professional tuition in France, the same as had grounded Malibran's celebrity; and having at length become a really accomplished artiste, presented herself before a Dresden tribunal. But again she was destined to disappointment, being coldly received by this proverbially apathetic audience; whilst the theatre director, Baron Von L—, even went so far as to recommend her, with the most humiliating display of condescension and sympathy, to withdraw to some more limited field of ambition—to some of the smaller provincial towns and second-rate theatres; and she was told that her voice, her manner, her appearance, her *tout ensemble*, in short, were quite unfitted to a capital! Thus dispirited, and almost hopeless, she betook herself to Berlin, but here the tide of fortune turned at once. She made quite a *furor* on her first appearance, and her success was sealed from that moment forth and forever. Our Dresdeners would now fain have engaged her; but it was too late; and she would never even sing on a passing visit to the Saxon capital, in the progress of her German triumphs—till last year, when the King is said to have sent her a special embassy, and induced her to give concerts at Dresden. But still the old mal-apropos spirit seemed to reign there; and she was not a little annoyed by the untoward arrangement made for her reception. She was placed at a formidable distance from the audience, and left there in an uncomfortable state of isolation, for every one to stare at her in her solitary and unsupported condition; save when, ever and anon, some of the court luminaries wandered for a moment within her sphere, and deigned to exchange

a few words with her. How different from the *empressement* and enthusiasm with which she was met in other parts of Germany, to say nothing of the idolatrous devotion of England and America—an ordeal, perhaps, even more perilous to the perpetuity of her fame, and to that naïveté and inimitable modesty and unaffected nature to which so much of her charm is owing.

After Schmiedeberg, our attractive fellow-traveler left us, to the general regret of our little party, and not least so to that of an old gentleman whom I had set down for a Berlin professor, and who, as she was about to descend the steps of the carriage, made her a very complimentary speech at some length, on the high degree of pleasure she had afforded us all by her agreeable society and talented conversation, and his own profound regret in particular at her departure, a little trait of German travel which shows strikingly on how much more friendly and social a footing fellow-countrymen here rapidly get than is ever the case with us English people, by whom such an oration, made to a young person whom one had never seen before, would be considered a very ill-judged intrusion, if not, indeed, a downright insult; but here, obviously, no such construction was put upon it; it seemed quite *en règle*, and was not pronounced till the young lady was already within sight of her father's house.

From Schmiedeberg to Landshut is about nine miles, the road passing over a very high and steep hill—a portion of the "Landshuter Kamm." Landshut, which lies in the valley beneath, appeared a very dull and dirty looking old place; and, in the shower which was just falling, smelt very ill to boot. From its inefficient sewerage it seemed particularly well adapted for the propagation of cholera, a disease from which it had recently been suffering heavily, and was only now recovering. An old lady, who got into the coach here, gave us a fearful picture of its ravages near her home, and how the strong farmer and healthy country girl were often struck down by it immediately on their return from the fields, and expired within an incredibly brief space of time, just as if poisoned. In fact, in the villages in this high and apparently healthy hilly country, this dreadful malady seems to rage with quite as much intensity, and with as mysterious a mode of progression, as it manifests in crowded cities; sparing neither age, sex, nor condition. Even very young children are amongst its frequent victims.

The far-famed rocks of Adersbach can be very readily come at from Landshut, the whole intervening distance being only about sixteen miles and a half. The road passes first through Grussau, the great Cistercian monastery already alluded to, in connection with Warmbrunn, and which was secularized in the year 1810. The organ, which is still in its church, is said to be the largest to be met with in all Silesia. The next and last place of any size on that route is Schomberg, about six miles farther, a neat little town of some two thousand inhabitants, and equally celebrated for its linens and its sausages!

Our rapid transit to Breslau was productive of no event worthy of notice. "The White Eagle" is an excellent house, and "the Swan" I believe no way inferior to it. Early the next morning I started by railroad for Breig, which was reached in about an hour and a half, and immediately changed to the branch line for Neisse. The country about Breslau being, it will be remembered, extremely flat, and the soil in many parts very light and sandy, looks like the bottom of some antediluvian sea or great inland lake. This dead level continues many a weary mile to the eastward, into the very heart of Poland; on the westward as far as the Zoptenberg and other outliers of the Sudetes; northward, as far as eye can reach; and accompanied us to the southward for some forty miles, or the greater part of the way towards Neisse. At this last-named place the luxuries of steam traveling come to an end, and we are handed over to the jog-trot of the lumbering "langkutsche," and the "ups and downs" of an undulating country.

A very witty, but eccentric old lady, who was my "*vis-a-vis*" in the steam carriage, gave me a most depreciating account of the society of Breslau, in comparison with that in Berlin, where she had previously resided, and descanted at great length on the total want of public spirit, as well as of chivalrous feeling and delicacy towards the fair sex, and of common civility in the public offices and in the treatment of strangers. But her testimony I felt must be taken with an abatement, as she seemed to have been thoroughly soured by misfortune, without having experienced any of the better and more softening influences of affliction. She had long come to the conclusion that mankind was radically and hopelessly bad, and in proof of her position, adduced the wicked combinations recently made against the long oppressed, but high-spirited Holsteiners, the perfidious encouragement they had received to

continue their struggle, and the bootless massacres to which the want of fair dealing in their fickle allies had given rise. She had, indeed, but too much cause to curse this unhappy war, and Germany's unjust and unsteady participation in it, having lost therein a son, to whom she was greatly attached. He had volunteered out of the Prussian guard into the service of Holstein and liberty, and been shot dead very shortly after his joining, in a night patrol.

She had been to Holstein to visit the spot where he lay buried, and to bring back a little earth from his grave! His loss was the more severely felt, as she had very shortly before been deprived by death of another son in early manhood in Paris, far away from all his friends; and her only daughter was as good as lost to her, too, having expatriated herself for ever. She had been a distinguished *artiste* in Berlin, and had recently relinquished a match, which was in many respects a desirable one, with a widower of noble station, through the fear of undertaking the management of a family of children not her own. Having fallen into a state of unutterable disgust with the political and social prospects of Germany, with the reactionary and retrograde movement, and the daily fading hopes of liberty, she had joined a society of colonists for America, and was at this moment maintaining herself by her art in New York, till such time as a suitable settlement could be fixed on her by her companions in exile, where the whole party could sit down together, mutually assist each other in their struggles in the new country, and retain the luxury of speaking their native language. Nor did the misfortunes of my communicative fellow-traveler end here. She had a husband, who was an extremely delicate old man, and who could only be kept alive by a yearly visit to the Baths; for there is a singular idea prevalent in this country in regard to some of the more influential, or at least more highly prized of the German waters, such as that of Bad-Gastein, for example, namely, that if taken for one season with advantage, the visit must be annually followed up, or death will speedily ensue in forfeit of the omission! If this theory have any truth in it, one should think well over the matter ere taking the first plunge!

The tale of woe briefly alluded to above is but a sample of the suffering which falls daily under one's notice just now in Germany. The outbreak of 1848 has hitherto borne naught but bitter fruit, not merely in impaired resources and greatly increased taxation, but

in the irreparable loss of valued friends and relatives.

An anecdote told me by the same old lady, of the manner in which she got her husband reinstated in his post of paymaster to his regiment, throws curious light on the way such appointments were decided in Prussia in the old time, and shows what could be effected in those days with the higher powers by a resolute will and a good address. After the "War of the Liberation," in which her husband had been badly wounded, had come to a termination, considerable reductions, of course, took place, and it was his misfortune, along with many others, to be deprived of his post, and cast adrift in delicate health and with very inadequate means; but his energetic and devoted helpmate had no idea of tamely submitting to see the man who was so dear to her, and who had shed his blood so recently for "king and fatherland," quietly left to starve, and forthwith she resolved to leave no stone unturned till she got him reinstated. Accordingly, she petitioned the minister of the day most perseveringly for the restitution of his employment, but without effect. Nothing daunted, she set out herself alone to the capital, determined to have an interview with majesty itself, ere she would acquiesce in the judgment of the case as final. To obtain her end she set about the affair in a very *practical* manner, by putting at once into the hand of an attendant in the palace seventeen Louis d'ors, on the condition that he should immediately procure her an opportunity of a private interview with the king, without the mediation or knowledge of the minister; and, accordingly, just as his majesty was about to leave his chamber, she was planted outside the door, which was left by the domestic purposely a little ajar, and she gradually pushed it wider open herself, little by little, till the king's attention was, at length, attracted thereby. Observing a lady waiting without, he graciously commanded her to advance and tell her business, when she spoke with so much effect, that his majesty signed an order on the spot for her husband's immediate reappointment, and thus sent her away a very happy woman, and not a little proud of having outwitted the minister.

This clever but eccentric dame assured me that she had lately, in a state of disgust and exasperation with the state of Prussian affairs, which she conceived to be wretchedly mismanaged by the government, written a letter of remonstrance, with her own hand, to the most prudent as well as talented of

the present ministers, Manteuffel, showing him that if he and his colleagues did not look sharp, and take larger and more decided measures, the whole country would be lost—Prussia, Germany, and all; that they would be trampled under the feet of Russia and France, and eventually parcelled out between them, and have a fate in all points as fearful as that of Poland! And to insure the more attention to her volunteered epistle, she had sent it in company with a present, to the aforesaid public functionary, of a splendidly chased cigar-case of silver gilt, with some of the martial exploits of the great Frederick admirably represented thereon, in order to remind him of what Prussia had once been capable, and what it might yet effect under good leading. "And only think of it," she exclaimed, with an expression of concentrated contempt in her face, "the shabby fellow never even condescended to acknowledge my letter! It would not have been so in France—they have, at least, more gallantry, if not more honesty, there!" In short, so much energy and decision of manner, and so lively political interests in a person of her age and sex, struck me as a singular phenomenon, and especially in a German, and one who had gone through so much affliction, and been subject to those depressing influences which generally induce an indifference to public events.

As we approached the long-drawn-out village of Freiwaldau, lying in varied writhings in the windings of the valley, a great, clumsy, yellow, new house, seated on the rising ground beyond the little river, and in the neighborhood of several others of respectable dimensions and recent construction, was pointed out to me by the little boor who drove me, as the "schloss," or residence of the great Priessnitz himself! This, I afterwards found out, was an error; for though it was, indeed, the property of Priessnitz, and built by means of some of his large accumulated gains, it has been let by him to another individual, who has turned it into a lodging-house, and carries on the water operations within it; for these, it seems, are practiced in nearly all the great lodging-houses here, and not merely in one large central establishment, as in most of the German baths. As only simple fresh water is requisite, and this abounds hereabouts to a wonderful degree—a clear, full, rapidly-rushing stream running right down through the valley and village, and springs without number presenting themselves all around—nearly every house of moderate pretensions can accommo-

date its inmates with all the appliances necessary for "the water-cure."

Freiwaldau is the post-town of Græfenberg, and a very much more considerable place than the latter. When my driver had deposited me at the little inn, and for a good while after, I erroneously fancied myself in Græfenberg, as it was thither I had bargained to be taken; but I found out afterwards that Freiwaldau is the point where all strangers, who have not already secured lodgings, stop; as it is here the inns, properly so called, are all situated. There have been much upwards of one thousand patients in Græfenberg and Freiwaldau together this season, the number being, as I was assured, greater than had ever been known before; proof sufficient that there is a large and increasing portion of the public who have unbounded confidence in the curative powers of water, as well as that the fame of the great apostle of the water-cure is by no means on the wane; however violently the former may have been impugned, or the latter attempted to be depreciated.

That water is really a very effective remedial agent, and one of the most generally applicable (though by no means the panacea some would fain have it to be), is now at length, I believe, admitted by all those who are enabled, by suitable knowledge and experience, to form a sound judgment on the matter. That it is a dangerous one if tampered with in a spirit of ignorance or temerity, is equally applicable to it and every other powerful and efficient remedy. When I speak of its indubitable efficacy in a large number of "the ills that flesh is heir to," I allude, of course, not merely to the use of water alone, however variously and energetically employed, but to its use in connection with all the influences of diet, exercise, healthful air, prolonged release from business, and a general change of habits, by which its agency is so powerfully promoted. Without these simultaneous modifying conditions, indeed, not only are its chances of doing good immensely decreased, but the danger of its free employment indefinitely augmented.

With its shadowy and unsubstantial, though still fashionable, rival, Homœopathy, "the water-cure" has nothing in common, except in the enforcement of a severe but rational system of diet, and in the circumstance that its most enthusiastic admirers have been generally those who, from ignorance of the human frame, and of the true nature and condition of its functions in health and disease, might be supposed to be the least

competent judges of the relative value of remedies. Theoretical to the last degree, and resting on an exaggeration of an arbitrarily selected, insulated, and inadequate principle, homœopathy makes quite boundless demands on our faith as a science; and when proceeding to practice, it is guided by such vague, fanciful, and childish analogies, and incredibly rash generalizations, as have, perhaps, never been equalled even in the lax logic of the noble band of charlatans. To Græfenberg persons of every kind and color resort. Here are to be seen Russians, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, French, and English, in search of that easily forfeited and difficultly acquired treasure, health; nay, even two *black* men are on record amongst its recent visitors!

As my great object here was to see the renowned Priessnitz, the self-taught peasant doctor, although the day was already far advanced, I sallied forth in search of him, after having secured my quarters in the uncouth little inn in the square of Freiwaldau, and subsequently lost some time and temper at the post-office in the vain attempt to obtain a letter which I felt certain had already arrived. The ill-mannered, indolent official, however, would not look for it then, though it was soon afterwards discovered when it was too late, and sent after me to Dresden. Making my way across the town, and over the rapid stream behind it, I commenced the long and somewhat fatiguing ascent of about a mile and a half which leads up to Græfenberg. At short intervals of a few hundred yards, a succession of fountains springing from the rocks, or high banks, on the side of the road, was passed, each with an encouraging inscription—a stimulus to the hopes and continuous perseverance of the water-drinker. "Geduld!" (patience) over one; "Au génie de l'eau pure!" over another; "Glück auf!" (good luck) over a third, and so forth. At these the votaries of health are expected to drink frequently as they pass along, and to rush successively to farther and farther points as their strength augments. Although it was already nearly sunset, and the air felt damp and cold for the season, I met a number of gentlemen in light summer jackets, bare heads (and not even a hat in their hands), occasionally with wet bandages round their foreheads, and probably the like about their waists under their dress, posting away at a furious rate up and down the steep road! They were nearly all apparently full of health and spirits—some talking loudly and with much interest to their accompan-

ing friends; others jodelling, "a la Suisse," to their own echo, or an answering voice from the neighboring heights; others singing gayly, and all obviously in the best humor with themselves and all the world—no bad signs of improved nerves and digestive organs, notwithstanding the traces of recent chronic diseases which still lingered on the faces of some of them.

The wet roller passing over the stomach and quite round the trunk seems one of the most constant of all the various water applications here, and consists in a piece of very coarse towelling, about a foot broad and some ten or twelve feet long, one half of which length is dipped in cold water, well wrung out, and then wound tightly twice round the body, stretching from the lower ribs and pit of the stomach to the haunches; the remaining dry end being subsequently wound round in a similar manner over the preceding wet portion, and its pointed extremity made fast by a stout tape attached to it being passed round the waist and tucked in firmly. Thus, the under vestments are kept dry; and this closely applied binder, rejoicing here in the high-sounding name of "Neptune's Girdle," being so planned as to restrain evaporation, keeps the skin in a perpetual state of warm perspiration, like a vapor bath. Every three or four hours the damping process has to be renewed, so as to keep up a constant system of fomentation over the stomach, liver, and other abdominal organs, together with the spine and some of the most important nerves of animal life. This being continued throughout the whole day, and combined with almost incessant active exercise, the chances of a chill, or "cold-catching," are precluded; whilst amongst its common results is, eventually, the appearance of a small eruption, indicating sufficiently that the application is somewhat of a stimulant to the skin. Such counter-irritation, accompanied, as it generally is, by the tonic employment of cold water in other forms, is probably much more effective, in a great variety of cases, than the once so celebrated turpentine-and-acid liniment of St. John Long.

After passing a few scattered houses of humbler pretensions on the opposite side of the steep little valley up which the road winds, I came at length within sight of the huge, white, uncomfortable-looking, barrack-like house, stuck up high against the side of the hill, in which Priessnitz resides, and where he can lodge, feed, and bathe a whole regiment of patients. On ascending a flight of

steps to the principal door, one enters a waste, uninviting-looking hall, with a vast steaming kitchen in perspective at the end of it, whence issues a heat and vapor which conveyed, at least to the uninitiated, the idea of a hundred hot baths in preparation. And, indeed, although cold water is the staple here, yet, for very susceptible invalids and neophytes in the aqueous ceremonies, a proportion of tepid water, "just enough to take the cold off it," is permitted in many instances, or what is very expressively called here "abgeschrecktes wasser"—"water with the terror taken out of it."

Some uncouth-looking servant girls, who would have done honor to the wilds of Connemara, were rushing about in confusion; and, in reply to my inquiries, declared their ignorance of the present whereabouts of the great high priest of the water-mysteries, of whom I was in search; but at length some one recollected that he had recently been seen not far off, and kindly undertook to make him out and bring him to me. He was eventually discovered, busied, I believe, in inspecting some bathing operations, and made his appearance in a kind of linen undress, with all the look and manner of a hurried, hard-worked man.

At first sight he strikes one as harsh, reserved, and unprepossessing in a high degree. He is little above the middle size, has an upright, stiff, and somewhat military carriage, and is spare, but muscular and active-looking. He has a rigid cast of features; a firmly-compressed, determined mouth, intelligent eye, and well-formed forehead. His weather-beaten, yellowish complexion, and numerous and deep wrinkles, make him look old for his actual time of life, which is little above fifty.

After introducing myself, and mentioning my object in coming hither, I spoke a few words with him, in order to ascertain whether his experience led him to think that a case of debility in a person in whom I was deeply interested, and whose symptoms I described to him as well as I could, was likely to derive benefit from the peculiar mode of treatment pursued at this place. But he very frankly replied, after a few practical inquiries which seemed to me to imply a knowledge of the nature of the case, that he had great doubts as to its applicability; and moreover, declared his conviction that the present season (the beginning of October) was, at any rate, quite too advanced, and the weather already too cool for any person of weak circulation, and little reactive power in their

constitution, to attempt commencing "the water-cure." Those who have made a beginning in summer, and already added materially to the general strength of their system by the process, may go on with it during the winter; for this watering-place is, in a more remarkable degree than any of the other baths of Germany, independent of season; some convalescents prolonging their stay throughout the whole course of the cold weather with safety and advantage.

Having thus gratified the desire I had so long felt to see this remarkable man, and obtained the opinion I came to seek, I felt now prompted to prolong the interview. Priessnitz was too much the man of business in his manner, looked too expressly the Atlas of the place, with endless heavy work on his shoulders, for my venturing needlessly on the dangerous ground of a protracted conversation. Nor was there in his reception aught which invited familiarity or confidence.—Though he is without anything of what is called manner or address, he seems, by mere force of character, quite at ease. Abrupt and unceremonious, he appears to be totally indifferent to pleasing; and, doubtless, finds in his "brusque," short, decided manner, a potent means of awing his patients, insuring their obedience to his directions, and husbanding his own time; for with such a medical adviser few consultants would venture, I apprehend, on unnecessary prolixity. Indeed, from what I afterwards heard of him, he seemed to be by no means a general favorite with those who apply for his advice, though they have every confidence in his skill and sincerity, and faith in the generally successful result of his treatment.

His *table d'hôte* is on a good scale in respect to the number of guests, the viands simple and substantial, and if not of the best school of culinary art, still sufficiently inviting for appetites previously sharpened by incessant exercise, mountain air, and the bracing influence of frequent draughts of the pure element. The two hotel keepers below at Freiwaldau, and the numerous lodging-houses, absorb the overflow from his establishment, and may even be preferred by those who would rather be in lower and more sheltered quarters, as well as by such timid souls as would dread being constantly at meal times, &c., under the Argus eye of the great hygienic autocrat of Graefenberg. A severe, nay absolute, gastronomic code is, however, no peculiar characteristic of this place. The wholesome tyranny of the bath doctors over the stomachs of their patients

at the various watering-places in Germany is notorious, at the Austrian ones in particular—Carlsbad for example; and resistance, or even remonstrance, is unheard of (unless, perhaps, on the part of a discontented Briton—an animal everywhere privileged to grumble). At least this was the established order of things prior to the "freiheit" movement, and if any relaxation of it was perhaps effected in the memorable year 1848, it has doubtless proved but momentary, and gone the way of all the other extorted liberties of that delusive period. What an advantage this absolute sway over the cooks must give to the German "Brunnen-Arzt," is obvious, and every one can see how much better chances of successful results in their practice it must secure to them, than any of their brethren in English watering-places could pretend to, with our free notions, and indisputable right to injure ourselves.

In Priessnitz's rules of diet there is, as already hinted, much resemblance to those of the homœopathic school, which are of admitted excellence, and nearly what every judicious physician of the present day would, I suppose, approve, with the single exception, perhaps, of the exaggerated terror of stimulants, which are objected to here even in the most moderate quantities and least exceptionable forms. Thus tea, coffee, beer, and wine, and all fermented liquors, are prohibited by Priessnitz, as likewise pepper, and all other spices, with our food, and even warm soups are disapproved of. On the contrary, milk in all its forms is highly recommended, whether sweet or sour and clotted, creamy or skimmed, according to the taste of the palate, and the existing capabilities of the stomach. But sour milk, against which we have a groundless prejudice, is reckoned, on account of its cooling and light nature, peculiarly suitable in a great majority of cases. It is, indeed, a favorite family supper, eaten with sugar and toasted crumbs of bread, all through Germany, and one of the wholesomeness and palatableness of which I can, from frequent trials, give the most favorable account. Coarse rye bread, containing nearly all the bran, is strongly enjoined for daily use, both on account of its nutritious and of its highly aperient qualities; and so important does he consider its forming part of our habitual food, that in places where coarse unsifted flour is not procurable, he advises his patients to manufacture it for themselves in a large coffee mill. And of all dietetic directions, this is, I apprehend, the most valuable, having witnessed the wonderfully beneficial ef-

fects produced on the digestive organs of dyspeptic Londoners by a similar bread made of coarsely ground husky wheatep flour, such as that sold under the name of "unfermented brown bread," by Dodson, a well-known baker in Blackman-street, in the Borough, and which is generally accompanied by a printed recommendation bearing the signatures of upwards of two hundred of the first medical names in the metropolis. If we could but be content to eat our corn more nearly in the compound form in which nature presents it to us, as other animals are fain to do, in place of separating for use, with misplaced ingenuity, the finer, fairer looking, and more astringent portion, we should find the bread made of it not only more cooling, and wholesome, and conducive to muscular strength, but even more sapid and agreeable. It is in France, perhaps, that the fancy for an artificial bread of snowy whiteness is carried to the greatest extreme; and can anything be more tasteless than the saltless clubs of bread which flank our plates at a Parisian *table d'hôte*, or the still more exquisitely fair *petits pains* which form the staple of a French breakfast? Where there is great debility, or irritability of the stomach, of course the very brown, coarse bread alluded to is inapplicable, and Priessnitz then substitutes that of a lighter quality, enjoining great sparingness of diet, and allowing a very little flesh meat, or in some cases only rice and similar unirritating foods, with water alone for drink.

I have already mentioned what stress he lays on the enjoyment of fresh air and abundant bodily exercise, especially walking. In some instances, where persons are unable or unwilling to remain long a-foot, the cleaving or sawing of wood is substituted as a means of getting much exercise in a short period! In order that all visitors, whether resident in the upper or lower regions, may have equally easy access to his advice, he stations himself daily, at a given hour in the morning, in the market-place of Freiwaldau, and is ready there to be consulted by all comers.

It seems not improbable that, in process of time, when the great Priessnitz shall have passed away, Freiwaldau, with its regularly-educated doctors and more accessible situation, may become a formidable rival to the original and more orthodox establishment on the hill above; if, indeed, this valuable remedy, when the influence of novelty and its energetic promulgator shall have ceased to exist, be not consigned once more to the

comparative obscurity into which it had fallen, when this remarkable man brought it afresh, and with new modifications, under public attention. I say, "brought it afresh," because the curative agency of water, in more limited forms of application, had long been known, and variously taken advantage of, long before his time. For, not to go back to classical times, nor yet to its universal employment in Mexico, in all kinds of disease, previous to the Spanish conquest by Cortes, it was used, as every one knows, with very happy results, by Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, fifty years ago, in many febrile disorders; and with yet more unvarying success by the late Professor Macartney, of Dublin, as an external appliance in outward local inflammations, in severe lacerated wounds and bruises, and after painful surgical operations; in which latter class of cases German surgeons, too, have been in the habit of having extensive recourse to it since early in the present century. But in referring to these patent facts in the history of the "water-cure," I would on no account be understood as wishing to detract from the high merits of Priessnitz, who, being a mere peasant, without character or any previous access to medical knowledge, worked out for himself the discovery of the value of water as a remedy by dint of innate genius, and resolute experimenting combined; ascertained the laws of its application in a large class of cases correctly; and by courage under persecution, indomitable energy of character, and deep conviction of the importance of his mission to suffering humanity, made it known and popular in Europe, to an extent hitherto without parallel. Some thirty thousand patients have passed through his hands; and with his singular shrewdness and fine powers of observation, this immense amount of experience has not failed, in spite of his want of preliminary knowledge, to give him considerable tact in the discrimination of disease, at least in so far as to enable him, with tolerable certainty, to reject such cases as his treatment would be inefficacious or dangerous in, such as diseases of the heart or great bloodvessels, pulmonary consumption, and other organic affections. Still this tact is, of course, not unerring; and as many desperate cases obtrude themselves on him, and their fatal tendency may not in every instance be detected by him, deaths do occur at Græfenberg, as elsewhere; and there is no doubt that a too violent and extremely protracted use of the remedy there, or subsequent to leaving it, has produced sometimes very sad

results; and amongst these, as a not unfrequent one, his German antagonists reckon, I know not how truly, that very formidable affections, softening of the brain and mental derangement as well as dropsical affections and dangerous over-distention of the bloodvessels. But, without meaning to come forward as the advocate of all Priessnitz's proceedings, I need scarcely remind my readers how unfair it would be to conclude, from the abuse of anything, against its use in the manner and degree sanctioned by a judicious experience.

To give the "water cure" an adequate trial, it is necessary, as Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has justly remarked, to employ it uninterruptedly for a very considerable period—several months, at the least, in most cases; and during such trial we should entirely abstain from all our usual occupations, give the mind repose, and make the religious observance of all the details of this treatment the chief and almost exclusive object of our existence. By the way, has Sir Edward held steadfast to his first love? Is he still faithful to the "*Genie de l'eau pure*?" In Germany there are grave doubts on this point. It is even whispered that he has been seen in the autumn of last year coquetting with the Naiads of Kreuznach, paying his homage to the "*allopathic*" charms of the water nymphs of the Nahe.

It would be interesting to trace, had we materials that could be relied on for the purpose, the progressive stages by which Vincent Priessnitz attained to his present celebrity and actual skill as a water doctor. It is commonly believed that his first essay was made upon his own person; that having fallen from a high-loaded wain in harvest time, or got a severe kick from a horse (for there are two versions), he had the misfortune to have some of his ribs broken, and that the accident being followed by considerable suffering, which the ordinary village practitioner was unable to alleviate, he had himself, at length, the happy thought to try what effect the continued application of cold water might have towards the relief of his painful symptoms. This he found so strikingly beneficial, that he began forthwith to treat the disorders of his neighbors' cattle with the same remedy, and with the best results; and eventually set to practicing on the country people themselves in a similar manner, and with such unheard-of success as soon spread his fame into the upper ranks of society, through the remotest districts of Germany, and even into foreign lands. Others, again, say that he got the first hint of the water

cure from an old farmer in the neighborhood, who had long employed it in a quiet way.

The hills around Graefenberg are on a much bolder scale than I had anticipated from any description I had previously happened to read; and ascents in all kinds and varieties, suited to all tastes and capacities, from the easiest to the most abrupt, from half an hour to half a dozen hours, may be had in the immediate neighborhood, fitted at once to test, and gradually to develop the locomotive powers and the general strength of the system.

Night having already set in, as I returned from the little temple or summer-house which stands nearly opposite to Priessnitz's abode, and commands a fine view of the town and valley beneath, I was struck and much puzzled by the singular appearance of a bright light right opposite to me, some thirty degrees above the horizon, and looking like a gigantic fiery star. After much "wonderment," I learned at length from a passer-by, that it was the fire of a charcoal-burner at a great altitude on a lofty mountain standing just before me, which mountain was invisible in the general darkness. The "*Alt-vater*," one of the highest of the Sudites in this quarter, must have been close at hand; but whether visible from this point I am unable to say.

On returning to the "Crown Hotel" (*Gasthoff zur Krone*), I found a motley group of gentlemen at their frugal suppers, each having ordered, "*à la carte*," what he pleased, or rather what he had been told upon authority was most suitable to the precise nature or stage of his individual case—from a modest basin of bread and milk, or a simple "*Bouillon*," up to the grosser enjoyments of a German cutlet, or a "*bif stick à l'Anglaise*;" and all subsequently retired to rest at a very early hour. The society here struck me as being of a better medium quality than one generally meets with at the baths further north and westwards, and some of the Austrian "*bonhomme*" and suavity and polish of manner is recognizable even in such of the middle class as are amongst the visitors at this place, and contrasts strongly with the harsher outline, supercilious air, and self-satisfied bearing of the cold, intellectual, aspiring Prussian, when viewed in their summer resorts.

This same little "head inn," though rather meager and homely in its furnishing, and very little distinguished by quick, handy, or willing service, is pretty clean, and affords a

very fair simple diet, and good Hungarian wine, for those who dare drink it, with excellent bread and unsurpassable water. There was one point which was very characteristic of the place, and which, as I was already suffering from an incipient cold, struck me feelingly here, the total indifference to damp, and to drafts of air. The floor of my bed-room had a moist look, as if just recently mopped out; the stairs were steaming up a cold vapor, after being washed down; and windows were open, and breezes blowing in all directions, and nobody seemed to care, for everybody but myself was hardened, I presume, by the use of the water cure, against humidity, and steeled against cold currents by the incessant exposure to the mountain air.

The next morning was showery, but I found ample occupation for it, by subjecting myself to the bathing discipline of the place. "The Crown" has its own bath establishment, in a house a little to the rear of the hotel; but it was not without considerable difficulty that I could get either the indolent landlord or his gruff head-waiter to understand what I wanted, as they could not conceive how any one who was not about to undertake "the cure" should, from mere curiosity, subject himself to so disagreeable a process. Still I persisted against discouragement, and at seven o'clock, after walking about for some time, to make my blood circulate freely, and get up the animal heat, I was popped twice over head and ears in a butt of very cold water, sunk in the basement story of the bath-house, after previously, as directed, rubbing my head, face and chest very well with the same fluid, as it flowed fresh from the spout by which the bath was supplied. I was then dried rapidly, well rubbed down, had the wet swathe, or "Neptune's Girdle," already described, wound several times firmly around me, and being dressed, was desired to walk vigorously for an hour or more, drink some four or five glasses of cold water by the way, and then to breakfast with such appetite as I might have acquired.

As my hours, however, were numbered, and I had to start again by ten o'clock, I begged for permission to undergo, about an hour and a-half later, a bath in another, and still more celebrated form, "the wet sheet," or "packing-up," bath (*nasse einpackung*), which is used in chronic diseases as a stimulant to excite the activity of the vessels of the skin; and in acute or inflammatory ones, to soothe or cool the patient, and relieve in-

ternal pain, in which latter case it must be continued for a considerable time, the sheet being left somewhat moister, and changed at short intervals,—as often, in fact, as it gets hot and dry, even to the third time, or more. Its use is almost always instantly succeeded by a general bath, or, at least, by moistening or washing the skin all over. This, which is, perhaps, one of the most generally applicable, effective, and safe of all the several water applications, was made as follows. In a sheet, which had been dipped in cold water, and afterwards *well wrung out*, I was rolled up carefully from head to foot, and laid out on a mattress, a very coarse, thick blanket intervening, which last was likewise accurately wound round me twice, and skilfully tucked in around the throat as tightly as was consistent with free respiration, and turned over closely at the other end beneath the feet, and neatly packed up all down along the edge; so as that not a particle of moisture could escape by evaporation, nor yet air enter, during the half hour that I was playing this mummy part; and thus the two only conceivable risks from this proceeding were fully obviated. The stimulant or exciting nature of the application of the moist sheet soon manifests itself in the increased force and quickness of the pulse, and augmented heat in the surface of the body, which ere long becomes bathed in steam, as well from the conversion of the dampness of the sheet into vapor, by the warmth of the body, as from the incipient perspiration from the skin itself. Thus, in place of lying shivering in the damp sheet, as one would inevitably do if not well thatched in with the great heavy woollen covering all around, I passed the prescribed time of my imprisonment pretty comfortably; the bath attendant coming in from time to time to inspect my forehead and color of the cheeks; for as soon as a slight perspiration on the former and flush on the latter are observable, it is concluded that the operation has been carried far enough, and that reaction is fully established, and it is here rarely considered necessary to go the length of producing free perspiration, especially where no acute inflammation exists. Accordingly, at the end of half-an-hour, or thereabouts, I was pronounced to be "sufficiently done," and liberated from my incarceration by the same skillful hand that had packed me up. How I should ever have been able to effect this for myself, I know not—unless, perhaps, by letting myself roll over the side of the bed down on to the floor, where by continued evo-

lutions I might, perhaps, eventually have succeeded in unwinding my cerements and regaining my liberty. Some previous knocks at the door, as I still lay in the chrysalis state, made me, in the temporary absence of the bath-man, rather anxious for the fate of my watch and purse, both of which lay conspicuously on the table, and for the time quite at the mercy of any one who had pleased to enter and take them; as my legs and arms were for the moment as powerless and unavailing as those of a German child in its preposterous swaddling-clothes.

When thoroughly disentangled, and still in the warm steamy condition, as a mild substitute for the cold plunge-bath, another coarse wet sheet was thrown over me as I stood on the floor, and I was rubbed down through it so energetically that I thought I should be flayed alive in the process! and whilst still tingling all over, and as red as a lobster from this rough handling, I was placed opposite an open window for an "air-bath," with a dry sheet, which had just been substituted for the damp one, now thrown loosely around my shoulders, and flapped to and fro rapidly—in order, I suppose, to imitate the drying and exciting effect upon the skin of a light breeze of wind. And, finally, my attendant was upon the point of again swathing me with the watery girdle, but that having had enough of it in the morning to satisfy my curiosity, and being about to betake myself to my carriage in a few minutes to depart, I positively declined its repetition.

No one here thinks of drying his hair after the bath; but as the formality of wearing a hat seems very generally dispensed with, the moisture is, no doubt, soon evaporated, and the head restored to its dry condition by the rapid walk along the windy hill-side which immediately succeeds to "the trial by water." "The Catch cold," on which Voltaire makes so merry in his letters from England, and which he obviously looked upon as a disorder peculiar to Britain, seems here to be quite ignored; and bare heads, wet hair, newly washed bed rooms, and damp sheets excite no apprehensions, or are not even noticed—an excellent testimony to the influence of the hardening system pursued; the incessant alternation of cold air and cold water applications to the surface of the body must indeed, necessarily, render the nerves and vessels of the skin very much less sensible to the changes in the moisture and temperature of the surrounding atmosphere.

Two volunteered baths in one morning was a very promising beginning, and the

bath-man was, of course, sorry to lose hold of so willing, industrious, and profitable a customer. I regretted much, indeed, myself, that my time would not allow me to go through, in my own person, with all the various forms of applying water here practiced, in order to ascertain whether the tortures and annoyance inflicted by the water-doctor, even under skillful direction, fall very much short of those of the regular practitioner.

It is not my object here to make either an attack on, or a defence of hydropathy, and still less to give a detailed description of all the supposed peculiar resources of Priessnitz in particular, for the relief of disease, but rather, by confining myself to a few points in his practice, of easy intelligibility and peculiar interest, to present something which may be acceptable to the general reader. As to his theory, if he had any very definite one, it is not easily ascertainable, for he has never himself entered into any detailed account of his system, and it is notorious that he is very reserved in respect to the enunciation of his principles. He seems, indeed, to have a strong aversion to the use of the pen, as even the replies to the numerous consultations sent him from a distance are rarely, if ever, in his own hand.

Priessnitz is, apparently, a thorough-going Humoralist of the old-fashioned but ever popular school, and seems to believe that all diseases depend on one or other of these two conditions, viz., either on, first, a depraved state of the blood and other fluids of the body—Nature, if unaided, being often unable to correct or expel the morbid humors; or, secondly, on obstruction, or impediment to the circulation in particular organs: and he is persuaded that both these conditions can be removed in nearly all cases by the skillful and diligent use of water internally and externally. It has even been said that he ascribes certain innate mysterious vital and strengthening qualities to water itself, which it is supposed to be capable of imparting to the debilitated or disordered body on being brought frequently and perseveringly in contact with it! That the body generally is invigorated thereby, and the skin, the especial organ by which the supposed morbid matter is expelled, strengthened for its task, is firmly believed by him; and the eruptions which are liable to occur as a crisis to "the water-cure" are triumphantly adduced in evidence of such increased expulsive power. To "obstruction" is referred all irregularity in the natural se-

cretions, as well as hardening and swellings in the joints and other parts of the body, and also inflammations; and it is conceived that to combat these, water possesses both solving and cooling powers, according to the different modes of its application.

When Priessnitz wishes to excite or strengthen, he either makes an application of very cold water in considerable quantity for a very short time, and generally accompanied with friction or impulse, so as to enhance the reaction (as in the ordinary use of the cold bath, douche, or shower-bath, all of which he directs to be combined with energetic rubbing) or else he brings water in *very small quantity* in contact with the skin, and covers all up close and warmly, so as at once to retain the animal heat, and to prevent the escape of the water by evaporation, when once it becomes converted into steam by the warmth of the body. The latter mode of application is well exemplified in "the packing up in the moist sheet," and on a smaller scale in "the Neptune's Girdle," already described. By such contrivances the action both of the heart and cutaneous vessels is stimulated; first, by the sudden impression of cold, which induces immediate reaction; and subsequently by accumulating heat, and by the contact of the warm steam.

It is obvious, however, that when the whole body is thus enveloped, the process must not be carried the length of bringing out profuse perspiration, if we do not wish, as in acute affections, to induce a lowering and febrile effect.

On the other hand, where he wishes to diminish the action of the system, to calm the excited nerves, and reduce the pulse and the inordinate heat of the skin, as in fever and local inflammations, a more prolonged application of water is had recourse to; either by a peculiar modification of the bath, "the half bath" (afterwards to be described), or by "packing up in the wet sheet," which is changed as often as it gets warm, and is made wetter than in the previously described instance, and thus the surface of the body is cooled down till a tendency to shivering is brought on. At the same time every effort is made to direct the flow of blood away from the diseased part towards the distant sound ones; as, for instance, in inflammation in the head, by applying the cold water and friction most especially to the lower part of the trunk and extremities, and simultaneously laying cold wet linen cloths over the suffering organ; at the commencement of the process especially, so as to prevent the sudden

shock of the cold water sending the blood upwards.

In short, if we were to give unreserved credit to his worshippers, there is scarce any curable disorder under heaven which can resist the manifold powers of water, when judiciously applied, singly or in combination; for it is able, according to them, under its various forms of employment, to strengthen and brace the frame, to warm and to cool, to relax and to excite the body, as well as to draw away from it any peccant matters, and resolve nearly all the obstructions to which it is liable.

The cold "*douche*," which is employed here so largely in rheumatism, gout, and many other local affections, is "enjoyed" at a short distance from the village, where natural falls of water of a sufficient height have been taken advantage of, and much expense obviated. This arrangement, moreover, necessitates a healthful walk before and after its use, which must contribute much to its efficacy.

"*The half bath*" plays a very important part both in acute and chronic disorders. It consists in a wooden bathing vessel or wide shaped tub, in which one can sit at ease with his legs extended. Only so much water is used as will cover the bottom of it to the depth of eight or ten inches. When we wish to use it as a mild substitute for the plunge bath, cold water is employed, and is very generally poured over the back of the bather as he sits therein; he, all the while he remains in it rubbing the surface of his body vigorously with his hand. But if it be employed as an antifebrile remedy, tepid water is commonly substituted, and all the while the patient occupies the bath he is actively rubbed with the water therein by two assistants; and more especially, as already explained, the sound parts of the body, towards which it is conceived desirable and practicable to draw away the force of the circulation from the suffering one. Thus the limbs are the parts chiefly rubbed in case of inflammation within the abdomen; the limbs and lower part of the trunk where there is inflammation of the chest; and where it is the head which is affected, all the subjacent parts. And this is persevered in till the feverish heat and general restlessness have been subdued, and a sense of incipient shivering and weariness have set in; and all this while cold applications are made to the peculiar seat of the disease. It is often requisite to recur several times, at short intervals, to this cooling and depressing process, "the packing up in the

moist sheet" being interposed between each renewal of the bath, in order to maintain an agreeable temperature, to produce a soothing effect to the nerves, and to relax the skin. Those measures, judiciously directed and skillfully executed, are doubtless of great efficacy in relieving high fever and disposing to perspiration and healthful sleep. The cold plunge bath is, of course, not used at all in acute cases, and even in chronic ones Priessnitz disapproves highly of remaining long in it. The shudder which is felt on first entering it is not injurious, being the necessary precursor to reaction; but this bath should never be prolonged till the occurrence of the second shivering fit, indicative of incipient exhaustion.

"*The sitting bath*," in which the legs project over the side of the tub, and are kept warm as well as the upper parts of the body by warm woolen coverings, is by some water doctors preferred in painful and inflammatory affections of the abdomen, to the "half bath" just described.

For constitutionally cold feet, the great remedy is the "*cold foot bath*" frequently employed, continued each time for about a quarter of an hour, and preceded and followed by active walking exercise. The feet must always be actually warm before its use, and after it they should be rubbed vigorously either against one another, or by the hand. The cold water stimulates the circulation within them, promotes a flow of blood towards them, and counteracts the debilitating effect of keeping them so habitually covered up and carefully dry. A tendency to bleeding from the nose and to toothache is supposed to be counteracted, and attacks of the former checked, by thus wetting the soles of the feet in a shallow layer of cold water, and by this and friction combined, determining the flow of blood down towards the extremities; and, as a general rule, the weaker and more nervous the patient, the less depth should the layer of water in such foot baths have.

"*The wet compress*" is a very favorite and effective antiphlogistic application in local inflammation, whether external or internal, and also in tumors and other cases, where it is desirable to excite the action of the vessels of the skin. When the former is the object, the piece of linen to be applied is folded five or six double, thoroughly wet, left uncovered, and changed as often as it gets warm, and no longer fit, consequently, for the relief of the heat and pain of the subjacent part. When, on the contrary, it is used to stimulate and strengthen the part, the piece

of linen is single, or at most double, *well wrung out*, so as to be rather damp than wet, and *carefully covered over* with a thick dry cloth of a sufficient number of plies to maintain heat and prevent evaporation. The knowledge of the true principle and mode of employment of this simple appliance is invaluable to every one, and worth, I am persuaded, ten times all the torturing lore possessed by our grandmothers of old in the preparation of hereditary salves and balsams for swellings, wounds, and bruises. Against the use of the oiled silk external cover, which adds so much to the neatness of the application, so effectually retains the moisture, and keeps the adjacent garments dry, without making a great bulk of cloth over the part, the water doctors have an unaccountable prejudice, or, to speak more correctly, a prejudice founded on another prejudice—namely, that some morbid matter is drawn off by the water, and that this impenetrable covering prevents its ready escape. To the sportsman in distant moors, and others out of the way of surgical aid in case of accident, an acquaintance with the mode of using such "*water dressings*" is priceless; as in wounds accompanied with laceration, bruising, and intense pain, there is no safer or more effectual application. In attacks of internal inflammation in the chest as well as in the abdomen, it has long been acknowledged as a valuable subsidiary to other treatment, both by the Italian and Vienna schools of medicine, in the analogous form of huge poultices. These, like the above, in principle, are only local vapor-baths, but of an unnecessarily unwieldy structure, and far inferior in facility of preparation, lightness, and convenience, to the jackets of French wadding or flannel, wet with warm water, and covered externally with oiled silk, employed by the ingenious Doctor Graves and others.

But this sketch of Priessnitz's remedies would be very imperfect, indeed, were I to say nothing of his formidable "*dry perspiring apparatus*." Conceiving the old method of compelling perspiration by medicines and warm drinks to be very injurious to the stomach, and less expulsive of the fancied morbid matters than could be wished, he confines himself to piling over the body quantities of coverings, which, being bad conductors of heat, retain the animal warmth till its accumulation forces the skin in most cases, but not invariably, to break out into profuse sweat. The person who is to undergo this process is laid on a mattress, on which a very thick and long woolen blanket, capable of going twice round the body, and

turning over near eighteen inches at head and feet, has been previously spread. In this he is wound up tightly by an attendant from the neck down, and it is then turned over under the feet, and drawn very close about the head and shoulders, taking care only to leave ample room for the expansion of the chest in breathing. In many cases the upper portion of the blanket is made to include the head, and is continued closely over it from behind down as far as the forehead; an operation which obviously demands some adroitness on the part of the attendant. A light German feather bed, such as is used here in winter instead of a coverlet, is laid over the person from the chin to the toes, and sometimes a thickly quilted coverlet, with a wadding of cotton or wool interposed between its two surfaces, is placed over all. Half-a-glass of cold water is drank on first lying down, and the same beverage is sipped slowly from time to time afterwards, as the instinct of thirst suggests.

Some desperate book-worms have contrived to spend the time of their confinement under this mountain of wool and feathers in study, turning over the leaves of their book, which is fixed up before them, with their tongue! a practice worthy of all condemnation, as injurious both to the head and eyes, and interfering with the free eruption of the perspiration.

This "dry packing up" is, no doubt, a very potent remedy, and often of excellent effect; but, on the whole, it is of much less

general applicability and safeness, as well as less agreeable in its employment, than "the wet packing up." It is evidently quite inadmissible when there is a decided tendency to congestion of the head and chest, or any suspicion of disease of the heart, or great blood-vessels; and when it fails in relaxing the skin, must necessarily exasperate any existing feverishness, or nervous weakness. When the perspiration is supposed to have lasted long enough, in relation to the nature of the case, the patient is conducted instantly to the cold bath, keeping the woolen blanket around him till on the verge of it.

For an energetic patient, who wants to have plenty to do, there is no place like Gräfenberg. The hours never hang heavily on hand there, as at many a watering-place; ennui is, in fact, an impossibility, as is evident from the following sample of the mode in which the patient's day is occasionally filled up.

Rise at four o'clock in the morning; "dry packing up" and perspiration till eight, followed immediately by "cold bath;" walk, and drink some glasses of cold water by the way; breakfast; rest an hour; walk to the "douche bath;" walk after it; dine at one o'clock; rest for two hours; walk again; "packed up dry" again for a three hours' perspiration, succeeded as before by "cold bath;" walk, supper, "sitting bath," and to bed!

My return to Dresden by Neisse and Breslau occupied the great part of two days.

SALE OF PICTURES AT THE HAGUE.—The following, dated Hague, Sept. 5, appears in the *Journal des Debates*:—"The day before yesterday, the small but widely celebrated collection of pictures left by the late Baron A. C. W. de Nagell, was publicly sold. The following is a list of those pieces which were sold for 2,000f. and upwards: A View in Italy, by J. Both, 4,400f.; Sea-piece, by J. Cuyp, 18,000f.; View of a Marsh, by J. Van der Capelle, 3,100f.; Meadow with Cattle, by A. Cuyp, 5,000f.; a Family picture, by J. Van der Hagen and A. Van der Velde, 3,500f.; Entrance of a Fortress, by J. Van der Heyden and A. Van der Velde, 11,000f.; View of Elben on the Rhine, by the same, 4,300f.; Scene in front of an Inn, by C. Dujardin, 4,000f.; Landscape in the form of a panorama, by P. de Konnink, 4,000f.;

Family group of Danish Peasants, by A. Ostade, 7,300f.; the Tippler, by the same, 2,000f.; Landscape, by J. Ostade, 2,640f.; Flock of Sheep in a meadow, by P. Potter, 10,000f.; Portrait of a young Girl, by Rembrandt, 8,040f.; Landscape, by Ruysdael, 3,500f.; another Landscape, by the same, 6,000f.; Landscape, by J. Ruysdael and P. Wouvermanns, 4,020f.; a Flemish Kermesse, by Teniers the younger, 3,500f.; Sea-piece, by A. Van der Velde, 3,100f.; another Sea-piece, by the same, 2,020f.; Landscape, by J. Wynandis and A. Van der Velde, 3,600f.; Haymaking, by P. Wouvermanns, 17,600f.; the Farrier, by the same, 4,400f.; Sea-piece, by J. C. Schotel, 4,820f. The total sum produced by the sale was 180,424f. (about £7,217.)"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE MARQUIS DE FAVRAS.

THOUGH so many memoirs of persons who took a prominent part in the great French revolution have been given to the world, no detailed account of the Marquis de Favras' life has ever yet been published; his contemporaries seem to have been little acquainted with him; and all that is recorded of his memory is enveloped in mystery and uncertainty, owing to the stormy days which visited France at the time of his execution. The Marquis de Favras, however, made himself conspicuous in the eyes of Europe; and scarcely sixty years have elapsed since those events occurred which were the cause of his condemnation. There are men still alive, too, who knew him personally; his trial was public, and yet it is a most extraordinary thing that, up to the present time, nobody has formed a decided opinion of his character. He was abandoned by the court party, in whose cause he died; was treated by M. de Lafayette as a perfect "hero of fidelity and courage; was arrested by him, and delivered into the hands of justice, and was declared guilty of *lese nation* by the Tribunal du Châtelet; the lawyers accused the judges of great weakness and cowardice for passing this sentence; in short, the Marquis de Favras experienced the rare fate in revolutionary times, of meeting with only lukewarmness from those to whom he sacrificed his life, and with admiration from those persons who only sought his death. He has bequeathed many doubts to the minds of both parties, and to several, alas! great remorse. Was the Marquis de Favras as innocent as he was said to be? or was he as guilty as some have declared? These are the questions which I have endeavored to solve by searching all the unpublished documents which serve to throw any new light on the subject. My difficult task was undertaken without any party spirit, though not without many scruples; for it is a delicate operation in these times to stir up recollections which have branded an indelible mark—to rake up those jealousies and heart-burnings which are yet scarcely extinguished, and to revive so many bitter dis-

cussions. The years 1851 and 1790 resemble each other, alas! in more than one point of view, and the history of M. de Favras may easily find its companion in our days.

Thomas de Mahy, Marquis de Favras, was born at Blois, on the 26th of March, 1744; he came of a noble and tolerably old family—the Mahys had borne the title of esquire since the fourteenth century, and had occupied the most important post of the municipality and magistracy of Blois, and, in August, 1747, the estate of Corméré, which belonged to them, was converted by letters patent into a barony. The Marquis de Favras, therefore, though not of very illustrious origin, was one of those well-born provincial gentlemen who had more titles than pence, and who at that period quitted the paternal roof at a very early age to seek their fortune at court. He entered the corps of Mousquetaires in 1755. Childhood in those days was not of long duration, and at an age when our friends now tremble at the idea of sending us to college, he, like his fellows, embraced the military profession, and set forth on his career with that gayety and frankness of heart and belief in future success, with which an honorable name, a handsome person, a good sword, and plenty of courage, inspire a young man. He served as a Mousquetaire in the campaign of 1761, and about this time he received an appointment of captain in a dragoon regiment; two years later, after the campaign of 1763, he was promoted to be *capitaine aide major*. The Marquis de Favras was at this period nineteen years old; he had been eight years in the army, and had served in two campaigns; but the rank of captain did not satisfy this ambitious and adventurous young man; he believed that a more brilliant destiny was in store for him, and, unlike the officers of his own age, he began to prepare himself energetically for acting a more important part. He was one of those enthusiastic young men who feel that they have only to will, to succeed in anything they undertake, and who push resolutely forward into the future, think-

ing to themselves, "Well! at length I am in the road to fortune."

One of the results of M. de Favras' dreams was, that he applied himself seriously to study, and endeavored to repair, as far as possible, his imperfect education. Not only had he considerable taste for literature, drawing, and architecture, but he was well versed in financial matters, and in political economy; he sought to inform himself on these various subjects with more ardor, perhaps, than method, and as his intellect was not very profound, much of his information was exceedingly superficial. M. de Favras became, therefore, one of those perpetual schemers who are for ever endeavoring to carry out some chimerical idea, and spend their life without profit to themselves or to anybody else. Perhaps a cause for his ambition, however, may be discovered in an extraordinary event, which took place shortly after his entrance into life; he married quite suddenly, while in Germany, the Princess Caroline d'Anhalt, the legitimate daughter of the Prince d'Anhalt-Bernbourg-Shaumbourg. How a young captain, in a dragoon regiment, could succeed in forming so brilliant an alliance, is still a mystery. M. de Favras was handsome, young, witty, brave, and possessed an agreeable address, and a due share of assurance, so that it is not improbable, that, like many of the officers of our army, he played the hero in one of those romantic little episodes which at that period were not of very uncommon occurrence. The circumstance of being garrisoned in the same town, or of being quartered in the same house for the night, which has occasioned so many love intrigues of a temporary nature, was, perhaps, in this instance the beginning of a much more serious affair. Everything leads one to believe this was the case, though it is not an ascertained fact; the care which M. and Madame de Favras took to avoid any allusion to this important event of their youth, the discreet reserve of their friends, and the total silence of the Prince d'Anhalt upon the subject, for he would only acknowledge his daughter's marriage because he was compelled by the laws, and consent to pay her dowry on account of the decision of the Aulic Council, all tends to confirm this conjecture. One thing is, however, quite certain, that she was not on the most pleasant terms with her family: in spite of the remonstrances of her relations, she had embraced the Roman Catholic religion; and this circumstance, which proved her to be a young lady of determined character, was the

cause, according to M. de Favras, of her father refusing to see her.

In 1772, M. de Favras was created a knight of the order of Saint Louis, and was appointed first lieutenant of Monsieur's Swiss Guard, which was equal to the rank of colonel. Undoubtedly he must have thought it necessary, on account of the noble alliance he had formed, to take a certain position at court; the Comte de Provence would naturally take notice of a young officer in the guards who had married a princess; this is tolerably proved by his giving him a pension of twelve hundred livres to defray the expenses of his son's education.

M. le Comte de la Châtre, first gentleman of the benchamber to Monsieur, exerted himself with much zeal to obtain this pension for M. de Favras, and he continued ever afterwards to show the same interest in his welfare. Everything seemed to smile upon him, therefore everything succeeded with him; to have made a fortunate marriage, to hold an important position at court, to enjoy the protection of the king's brother, and the friendship of a powerful nobleman, was surely something upon which to congratulate oneself at the age of thirty; but he paid dearly for the favors which fortune then bestowed on him, for there was scarcely one of them which did not, sooner or later, turn to his harm in some way or other.

At this period M. de Favras was in possession of more honors than money. A yearly income of one thousand florins, a small pension for his son, and a trifling appointment, were not sufficient to admit of his making a great figure at Court. He soon perceived this himself, and gave in his resignation; it seemed to him much more prudent to seek retirement in a humbler sphere, till he had, by working his mind, found some method of making his fortune.

In 1776 the Marquis de Favras, therefore, quitted the army, and though he nominally held his rank in the Swiss Guards, no duties were required of him. He took some quiet apartments in the Place Royal, No. 21, opposite the *impasse* de Guéméné, and lived in great obscurity for several years. This was the era for new systems, the breeze of revolution had already wafted itself over France, and everybody was forming a plan for hastening its progress; people sided with Turgot or with Neckar, or with M. de Calonne, or with M. de Brienne, and from every quarter poured in some fresh method for the better managing of the financial department. It will not be supposed that the Marquis de

Favras, the man who delighted in new schemes beyond most other people, was likely to remain inactive during these stirring times.

A person of considerable consequence in the present day told me, not long ago, that at one time he knew him rather intimately. "He frequently came to dine with my father," said this gentleman; "poor devil, he was not very rich; I can even now picture distinctly to my mind his handsome countenance, his tall figure, and his black coat, which was a little threadbare; in the evening he would always pull out of his pocket a paper containing calculations or notes of his fresh projects; these he would explain to us with great eagerness and enthusiasm."

When the war in Holland broke out, he formed the idea of raising a supply of troops and offering his services to the patriotic party. About this time, to his great misfortune, he made the acquaintance of Tourcaty, a recruiting officer, who, as will afterwards be seen, played a very terrible part in his future life. As he was unsuccessful in carrying out his measure with regard to the war, he began to turn his attention towards the administration of affairs. He devised, wrote, published, and circulated, in 1785, among the States General, plans for replacing the barriers which the Austrians had removed in the Low Countries, and at length he gave himself up entirely to the study of the financial department, which was the great topic of the day. A project, on a very large scale, for the economical administration of affairs was conceived by him, and it is certain that Mirabeau read his pamphlet on the subject, and thought well of it. Many other deputies also gave M. de Favras great encouragement with regard to his views, and he had the satisfaction at length of believing that one of his schemes was likely to be taken into the serious consideration of the National Assembly. In order the better to carry out his ideas, and to prevent the representatives, who had promised to further his project, from becoming luke-warm in the matter, he took up his abode at Versailles in the month of June, 1789.

From this time forth he was plunged in a sea of politics, and as the part which he played forms a portion of history, the rest of his life demands a closer examination. M. de Favras' political opinions were well known; he never made any secret of them. His birth, his services, his daily intercourse, gratitude alone would naturally incline him to the aristocratical party; but it is a strange

mistake to class him among the champions of absolute power, of the nobility at any sacrifice, and of *statu quo* without concession; there is great injustice in judging him and his misfortunes so hastily. True, he had not unbounded confidence in M. de Lafayette's American notions and schemes; he did not think the new constitution without blemish, and he declared publicly, and never withdrew his opinion, that as long as the *bourgeois* would not lay down their arms, there would be no peace or happiness for France. Many persons in our days agree with him, but it is not considered a crime on their part to hold such an opinion, and just at that precise period the taking of the Bastille, the massacres which followed it, and the intemperate language of some of the orators in the Assembly, from which might already be argued much future violence, occasioned many intelligent men to take the same view as M. de Favras. Then, as in the present day, the idea of progress of any kind alarmed many good men, because they had not a definite notion of the conditions of the new programme to which they were called upon to subscribe. They mistrusted its codicils, and the expressions which were supposed to be understood in it; the future proved, indeed, that their fears were not without foundation, and that all who agreed with M. de Favras that it was impossible to reform except by slow degrees, were tolerably correct in the opinion they had conceived.

The 6th of October was, it will be distinctly remembered, the real preface to the Reign of Terror; at five o'clock in the morning, the day before, Paris was aroused by the dismal sound of the tocsin, and everybody asked each other with alarm what was likely to happen. The three parties which agitated Paris, the Court party, or Legitimists, the Orleanists, and those who, at a later date, took the name of Jacobins, in the first moment of surprise, angrily threw the blame upon each other for the disorder which seemed likely to ensue, but before long they learned what had happened. A troop of women, and men disguised as women, had forced their way into the Hôtel de Ville, the guards had offered resistance, and a struggle had been the consequence; fresh crowds, armed with pikes, were pouring forth from all the Faubourgs, and the tumult soon spread over the Grève, the Quays, and the adjoining streets. The dysentery which prevailed, or was said to prevail, in Paris, was the pretext which was assigned, instead of the true cause of this manifestation. Hidious bad passion

shouted for bread, as it has since shouted in our days, "Reform! Reform!" and this multitude, which we need not describe, for it has been seen not long ago, proceeded to the National Assembly to demand food.

"Let us go to Versailles!—to Versailles!" howled forth all these horrid creatures in a breath.

Exactly at this moment M. de Lafayette made his appearance on the scene. He declared firmly and courageously that he would not proceed to Versailles, and forbade the National Guard to set forward. He depended, however, too confidently on his popularity. He in vain endeavored to calm the populace; his voice was unheeded; and the only reply he received was, that the spot upon which the gallows stood was pointed out to him. As he could not arrest the progress of the people, he resolved to join himself to them, in order, if possible, to moderate their violence; and, accordingly, he gave the signal of departure to the National Guard, who proceeded with him to Versailles, accompanied by this hideous army of men and women. As soon as this vast multitude was known to be marching towards Versailles, a great tumult arose there in consequence. The king was out hunting, and they sent in great haste to inform him of the circumstance. All was confusion and excitement at the *château*; the gentlemen and courtiers, who had received no orders for any plan of action, looked bewilderingly at each other, not knowing what to do, and the "Céil de Bœuf," resounded with passionate altercation. Among all the officers who were present, the Marquis de Favras was the only person who had sufficient presence of mind to form a bold resolution, which, had it been executed, would have led to most important results.

"It is shameful," cried he, "to permit such a savage throng to approach the king's palace, without offering any resistance at all to their progress."

He accordingly proposed to the courtiers around him to collect a few faithful soldiers, and to go, sword in hand, and endeavor, if possible, to disperse the multitude, but at any rate to bar its way to the palace. Most of the persons to whom he addressed himself declared that it would be useless to make such an attempt without horses, as the multitude was so immense.

"Well! I will have horses," exclaimed the Marquis de Favras, with his accustomed decision; and he went immediately to M. Le Comte de Saint Priest, who was then minister. The minister kept him waiting some

time. Etiquette is most dreadfully out of place in such a fearful crisis. Exactly what happened to M. de Favras in 1789, occurred again at Rambouillet in 1830. The person who came to offer his services at a critical moment, was obliged to dawdle in an antechamber. At length, however, he was admitted; but the Comte did not know him at all, and received him very coldly.

"Monsieur le Comte," said the Marquis de Favras, "I ask you, in my name, and in the name of two hundred gentlemen assembled at this moment in the Céil de Bœuf, to grant us permission to use the king's horses for an hour; and if you will agree to let us have them, we will make our best exertions to disperse this mass of people, and take their cannons from them."

M. de Saint Priest answered him in a frigid tone, that he had not the right of employing the king's horses without his leave; and then, as M. de Favras continued to urge the necessity of some prompt measures being at once pursued, he consented to put the question to the king, who had just entered, and proceeded forthwith to his study. An hour after, he came back; the court had heard, he said, that M. de Lafayette, and several battalions of the National Guard, were with the people at present; therefore they had only to wait to see how matters would proceed.

"Wait!" cried M. de Favras; "why, in two hours the *château* will be assailed by these wretches."

The Comte de Saint Priest made him no answer.

"In short, you will do nothing?" said M. de Favras.

"No, sir," replied the minister.

The Marquis bowed and left in despair.

I have described this conversation, word for word, as I found it in an account given of the circumstance by M. de Saint Priest himself: and here it is quite certain that M. de Favras was the first person at Versailles who had formed the plan of resistance.

At three o'clock in the morning, the crowd, who found nothing more to be achieved in the assembly, began to think of pillaging the *château* and assassinating the king. They forced open the gates; and the horrible scenes which ensued, in spite of the efforts of M. de Lafayette to restrain the populace, are too well known to need description. Much as he has been calumniated, he performed prodigies of valor on October the 6th; and there is not the slightest doubt that on this occasion, he rescued Versailles from destruction. The queen owed her life to

Miomandre, one of the body guard, and to a young sergeant, called Hoche, who afterwards became celebrated as the pacificator of La Vendée. M. de Lafayette, who speaks of Hoche's noble conduct in his memoirs, mentions that when he himself entered the *chateau*, and crossed the *Ceil de Bœuf*, in the midst of the courtiers and the enraged officers, one of them shouted out, "There goes Cromwell!" It has never yet been discovered who pronounced this apostrophe, but, from various circumstances, I believe it to have been M. de Favras, who was on the spot. He was more angry than any of the others with the commander of the Paris militia, and never forgave him for joining the insurgents, though with a view of moderating their fury. "Cromwell would not have come alone," replied Lafayette, proudly, and passed on.

Everybody remembers the little theatrical reconciliation which took place, which put an end to the disorder for a few hours. The Marquis de Lafayette appeared on the balcony of the *chateau* with the queen, and kissed her hand respectfully before the eyes of the multitude who were howling beneath, while he ostentatiously presented his cockade to one of the body guard. This action met with unbounded applause, for the people of Paris always applaud anything which resembles a scene on the stage. Peace seemed to have been made between the revolutionists and the monarchy, and between the National Guard and the army; but in reality nothing was radically changed; only the insurrectionists had gained one step by insulting the person of the sovereign in the palace, and the royal prerogative in the Assembly. M. de Favras, and a few other courageous and devoted officers, escorted Louis XVI. to Paris; thither, too, he was accompanied by this troop of fiends, who brought back their sovereign as a captive.

It is from the day following the king's arrival at the palace of the Tuileries, which had been deserted for so many years, that we must date the "Favras Conspiracy." From the 6th of October, M. de Favras was more than suspected by the representatives of the commonalty. He was closely watched, and spies were set on all his actions. A secret agent, called Joffroy, who had been employed by the Committee of Public Safety, never lost sight of him for two months. It will be remembered that M. de Favras, amongst many projects, had formed an idea, a few months before, of raising troops for Brabant; and had become acquainted, about the same

time, with a *Sieur Tourcaty*, who declared himself to be an officer in the infantry; and perhaps he might have been; but he certainly had as well employment of another kind. M. de Favras had kept up his connection with *Tourcaty*: sometimes he met him at the theatre, and sometimes *Tourcaty* came to visit him. Upon one occasion he was accompanied by a friend, called Morel, whom he introduced to Favras. This man, like *Tourcaty*, was a kidnapper, and, like him, was an officer of the National Guard.

M. de Favras, who remained inactive in Paris, and yet felt very uneasy about the aspect of things, would frequently bend his steps in the direction of the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, which was the very centre of democracy; he quietly joined the meetings which took place there, and listened often in a state of perfect stupor to the horrible threats which issued from the lips of some of the speakers. One day, when he had, as usual, noiselessly mixed with the throng, he heard an orator, with naked arms, lay down a plan for attacking the Tuileries, and assassinating the king, with such mathematical precision and enjoyment, that he became quite terrified at the mere thought, and felt it his duty to go at once to M. de Luxembourg, who was then captain in the king's guards. M. de Luxembourg knew M. de Favras a little, and had heard of his conduct at Versailles, when he went to M. de St. Priest. His perseverance and devotion had touched him exceedingly, and his ready intelligence struck him at once; he listened attentively to him, thanked him for the attachment which he displayed towards the royal family, and confessed to him that he thought the danger imminent, unless all the king's loyal subjects were able to thwart the machinations of these fiends. He begged him, on account of his being a near neighbor of the *Faubourg St. Antoine*, to watch all the movements in that quarter, and assured him at the same time that any information which he could obtain would be invaluable; he concluded by remarking that he knew his fortune was limited, and requested permission to place funds at his disposal, for which he might have occasion, in order to render his surveillance sufficiently active.

M. de Favras colored with displeasure at this offer. M. de Luxembourg apologized to him, and said that his delicacy of principle was well known, but that he might openly accept this money, which would be given him under such circumstances as would re-

move all his scruples, and made him promise to come that evening to the king's study.

M. de Favras went and found M. de Luxembourg there, who presented him with a hundred louis on the part of the king; he accompanied him home in his cabriolet, as far as the Rue Vivienne, conversing with him as in the morning, upon the fearful perils which surrounded the royal family. His notion was, that the best safeguard would be made in selecting from the National Guard and from the old French Guards, a body of resolute, brave men, who would be ready on the first signal to march to the Tuileries, and to suffer themselves even to be slain if necessary before the door of the king's apartments, as others had done at Versailles, rather than yield. When de Favras was left alone, his brain positively burnt with excitement, as he reviewed M. de Luxembourg's conversation, and his ardent imagination immediately conjured up a plan of heroic resistance; he already beheld himself the preserver of the royal family; this time there was no doubt that he was going to play an important part. A troop of brave men who would be ready for any duty would certainly be a glorious assistance in time of need, but the difficulty was to find them. Suddenly he remembered a young lieutenant in the grenadiers, whom he had seen weeping by the side of the king's carriage, when they were coming from Versailles; he had heard, too, only a few days before, that Marquier, who was on duty at the Tuileries, had openly spoken of his devotion to the queen. This was just the sort of man he wanted, but the question was how to find him out. Who could he employ to seek him, and to sound his principles, without appearing himself in the matter, or compromising the royal family?—he reached home in a state of complete agitation and indecision.

By one of those extraordinary coincidences which sometimes play an important part in a man's life, he received a visit from MM. Morel and Tourcaty the very same evening; they had just quitted the Comédie Française, at which theatre they had witnessed the third performance of Charles IX.; this piece they said was written in the worst taste, and raised the most violent disturbance, and vilest passions, in the house; they observed that if a little money was dispersed, it might easily be hissed off the stage, and urged M. de Favras to assist them in accomplishing the downfall of M. de Chénier's tragedy. He was delighted with the feeling which they expressed on the subject, and it suddenly oc-

curred to him that they were exactly the men for the purpose which he had on hand.

They were kidnappers by profession, and both of them exceedingly shrewd and cunning. He had employed them a few months before in collecting troops for Holland.—Why should he not now engage their services in carrying out M. de Luxembourg's plan? In short, he was in such an excited and enthusiastic state, that he very imprudently exclaimed, "But, gentlemen, it is not the performance of this tragedy which so immediately concerns us; one of far greater moment will soon probably be acted. They wish to assassinate the king, and this is what we must prevent." Morel and Tourcaty appeared exceedingly surprised at this speech; and after they had succeeded in making the Marquis explain himself more clearly, they placed themselves at his disposal. He did not lose sight of his object; and accordingly asked them if they were acquainted with a man named Marquier. On their replying in the negative, he entreated Morel to use all means in his power to discover his abode. Morel came to M. de Favras the next day, and informed him that he had met with the young lieutenant. Favras immediately begged him to put him in communication with Marquier, without, however letting his name appear in the matter. Morel agreed to do this for him; and the very same evening the young lieutenant met M. de Favras, of whose intentions he was, however perfectly ignorant, beneath the arcade of the Place Royal. Morel was also at this rendezvous; but the only subject discussed on this occasion was the well-known attachment of the French Guards to the royal family. M. de Favras told the young lieutenant that he had witnessed his emotion at Versailles on the 6th of October, and inquired if, in the event of the Tuileries being attacked by the populace, the king's friends might depend upon him and his grenadiers, who had conducted themselves so well at Versailles? Marquier was a cautious man, and replied evasively to the questions which were put to him; but he promised to return to the same spot, that day week, at the same hour.

They separated, but this interview, which wore an air of suspicion, was beheld by a secret witness; the spy, Joffroy, who afterwards revealed the circumstance, was concealed behind one of the pillars; he had seen everything, even if he had not heard all. From that time M. de Favras was lost. The following week Marquier arrived punctually at the place of rendezvous, the conversation

turned nearly upon the same subject as when they last met. M. de Favras was still eager to gather from Marquier what feeling the French Guards entertained towards the king, and Marquier was still cautious, though he did not condemn what he heard.

One evening, when they met as usual, however, M. de Favras placed in his hands a pamphlet, entitled "*Ouvez donc les yeux*," (*Open your eyes*); this created a great sensation in Paris, and was one of the grounds of accusation against M. de Favras at his trial; it was proved that he had marked the page fifty-one, and particularly desired Marquier to read it; this was considered a great crime by the tribunal.

In turning to this formidable page, which is addressed to the French Guards, we find the following expressions: "The French Guards have been deceived; they are now convinced of it; their repentance is daily exhibited; they are eager to return to their post of duty, and desire that they may never quit it again. *They merely require a man who will lead them back to the path in which they trod before.* Well, soldiers! it is you, French Guards, to whom I address myself; you will find that man in me. I will join you; I am well aware of the risks I incur, but you will defend me, and if they assassinate me, you will revenge my death. *I shall have saved my country*, and shall die content. I will make myself known as soon as you desire it." In conclusion it was proposed that the French Guards should resume their uniform, their name, their duties about the king's person, and all the advantages of a privileged corps.

Marquier, in spite of his good feeling towards his sovereign, was so alarmed at the decided language used in the pamphlet, that he restored it to the donor with the greatest possible precaution.

M. de Biron was at first suspected to be the author, but when the pamphlet was minutely examined, many of M. de Favras' favorite expressions were recognized; he was known to have a mania for writing, to love to be foremost in everything; besides, he betrayed himself completely in his offer to take the command of the French Guards, and in his perpetual dream of becoming the preserver of his country, but more especially in the final postscript, in which he violently attacked Joseph Chénier's Charles IX. It is only surprising that there ever could have existed a doubt of his being the author of this pamphlet. Morel at once suspected him.

At no period, perhaps, had political and social immorality been carried to a greater height than at this precise time, when M. de Sade published his works, and the Committee of Public Safety paid openly twenty-four thousand francs to their agents for denouncing anybody who was obnoxious to it. There are many proofs to be offered in support of this fact, but the trial of the Marquis de Favras would alone serve to establish it. This was, indeed, a glorious encouragement for roguery and imposture under the pretext of patriotism. Morel and Tourcaty, who were both without resources, were not men to resist such a bait; they felt that they had already a victim in their hands, that they had only to turn him to their own advantage. By way of beginning, they put themselves in communication with the Committee of Public Safety, and revealed the secret interviews of M. de Favras with Marquier, making them appear in the worst light; they spoke of his former plan with regard to Holland, though they had served him as instruments in the matter, and of his present object they did not forget to mention the part which he had taken at Versailles on the 6th of October, and his visit to M. Saint Priest. All this information corresponded wonderfully with what the committee had heard from Joffroy, who it will be remembered was present at the secret meeting in the Place Royale. Morel and Tourcaty were encouraged to watch M. de Favras; nay, it was insinuated to them that they must bring something besides suspicions before the attention of the committee; they were made to understand that they must surprise and seize the conspirator in some flagrant act, when they could at once convict him. The fact of M. de Favras having given a pamphlet to Marquier was not sufficient to criminate him, he must compromise himself more seriously—some snare might easily be laid for him.

Morel and Tourcaty began by agreeing in all the Marquis said upon the state of things; they showed themselves more and more alarmed at all they saw in the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and every day they brought him more terrific accounts. The first thing to be done was, in their opinion, to place the king in safety by means of some decisive stroke; the manner in which they talked about it made this undertaking appear the easiest thing in the world. They remarked that they would be naturally the best persons to employ in collecting recruits for M. de Favras' secret phalax, as their daily course

of life threw them amongst soldiers of fortune; these troops were in time of danger suddenly to make their appearance, offer a brave resistance in the first outbreak, and in case they were unable totally to suppress the disorder, to form the nucleus of an army round which all the royalists of France were to gather for the purpose of quelling the storm. But money, they said, must be procured before they could enlist these soldiers. Morel and Tourcaty were acquainted with M. de Favras' position with regard to M. de la Châtre; they knew that through his means he had obtained a pension for his son from M. la Comte de Provence. They insinuated very cunningly that he might with perfect honor procure a loan for so noble a purpose. The Comte de Provence would certainly give his consent to this, and offer to become his security. They told him they knew a banker who would willingly lend the sum of two millions on the mere signature of Monsieur's man of business. M. de Favras was persuaded by these two men, whose trickery was unsuspected by him, and by the hope of speedy success, to go to a banker of Lyons, who happened to be in Paris at that very time. He had not formed any clear notion of the step he was taking; he only wished to feel certain of the possibility of obtaining a loan, and, should it be granted, to ascertain the conditions of the banker before mixing up, even indirectly, the Comte de Provence in the affair. M. Pomaret, who subsequently proved himself a very straightforward and honest man in the Marquis's trial, offered to procure a sum of two millions, provided a reasonable security was given to the lenders. On a second visit to M. Pomaret, M. de Favras spoke vaguely of an important person who would furnish a pledge of future payment on the estate of Saint-Assises, or on the royal treasury. Whether M. de Pomaret suspected that this was not merely a financial transaction, or whether he doubted the integrity of the persons engaged in it, is a matter of uncertainty, but he evidently manifested a strong disinclination to be mixed up in the business, and finally adjourned it. M. de Favras did not apply to him again, and did not pursue the affair. But Morel was not a man to let his prey escape him. M. de Favras had already placed his foot in the trap, it must be effectually closed on him. A similar banking transaction could not be concluded without creating some sensation. To seize a needy gentleman in the flagrant act of borrowing two millions, and at the same time to com-

promise the prince who protected him, was a master-stroke to a man like Morel; he would also gain twenty-four thousand francs, which had been publicly promised as a reward by the Committee of Public Safety, and consequently would be able to pay a debt of eight thousand francs for which he was likely to be pursued. He must now look out for a banker less scrupulous and more accommodating than M. Pomaret. In M. Chomel he at length found the man whom he sought.

M. Chomel was a Dutchman, and this was a very fortunate thing, for M. de Favras, whose former plan with regard to Brabant will be borne in mind, might very naturally now make it serve as a pretext for transacting business with him. In this point of view there would be nothing suspicious in procuring the loan; M. Chomel would, on the contrary, perform a very patriotic act in furnishing the loan, and the Comte de Provence need not entertain any fears of appearing in the matter, or of affixing his name to it. Several interviews took place, and M. de Favras himself arranged the conditions on which the loan was to be obtained. These conditions were at length concluded, and only waited the ratification of Monsieur, and eventually the Comte de Provence did there ratify them; there is very little doubt upon that subject. We now approach an exceedingly mysterious and delicate affair—the presumed opinion that the Comte de Provence was an accomplice in this transaction, and which is the only circumstance which renders the phantasmagorical conspiracy imputed to the Marquis de Favras of any importance. Did Monsieur really conspire with Favras? was Favras merely a feeble instrument in the powerful hands who had employed him only to be destroyed when the hour of danger arrived? These were questions which for a long time agitated both the city and court. They have been solved in divers ways according to the passions of the parties who discussed them. While the prince's friends refused to acknowledge M. de Favras, and spoke of him as an obscure adventurer, whose plans had not even reached the ears of Monsieur, the partisans of the revolution began to display great compassion for him whom they had put to death, and accused Monsieur of being the real culprit. The commander-in-chief of the army in Paris, M. de Lafayette, who always exaggerated the importance of this pretended conspiracy, says, in his memoirs, "M. de Favras died a hero of devotion and courage; but Monsieur, his accomplice,

possesses neither of these qualities." The prince was acquainted with the project of overthrowing Bailly and Lafayette. That there was a plot to assassinate them is not the least doubted, though M. de Favras has denied its existence; at all events the commandant-general Lafayette believed the Comte de Provence to be concerned in borrowing the loan, and perhaps he was well pleased with the idea. The day after Favras' arrest, Lafayette seems to have spoken confidentially of the affair to Governor Morris, one of his American friends. Morris relates, that after dinner, Lafayette took him and another gentleman called Short, into his study, and informed them that for a long time he had been acquainted with a conspiracy, that he had traced it to its source, had finally arrested M. de Favras, and had found upon his person a letter of Monsieur's, which seemed to prove too clearly that Monsieur was implicated in it; that he (Lafayette) went to Monsieur, and placed the letter in his hands, while he assured him that only he (Lafayette) and M. Bailly knew of its existence, consequently Monsieur would not be compromised; that Monsieur appeared delighted with this assurance, but that he went that morning to the commune, and made a speech evidently prepared by Mirabeau, whom he (Lafayette) considered a miserably mean wretch.

The Comte de Provence was deemed as guilty of *lese-nation* as Favras by the party to which Lafayette belonged; on the other side, he was declared to be altogether innocent of the intrigue which was fomented by the use of his name. The truth lies between the two extremes: Monsieur was certainly not the accomplice in a state conspiracy, because no such conspiracy existed, save in M. de Lafayette's and his friends' imagination; but that he was indirectly mixed up in M. de Favras' harmless project is tolerably ascertained, and there is not the slightest doubt that he authorized him to borrow the two millions from M. Chomel—that he was acquainted with the conditions and ratified them, proofs of this circumstance abound. The Comte de Provence, in a speech which he delivered on the subject at the commune, does not deny his share in the business of the loan. "M. de Favras," said he, "was pointed out to me by M. La Châtre, about a fortnight ago, as being able to procure for me through the medium of two bankers the sum of two millions. I gave my security for this sum, which I required to defray the expenses of my household." The Comte de Provence, it will be observed, does not at-

tempt to deny that he was concerned in borrowing the two millions; he was known to be one of the richest private individuals in France; but the representatives of the commune were too elated to see a prince of the blood appear before them in order to excuse himself, not to be satisfied with the absurd reason he had given for borrowing the money, though it was utterly impossible he could ever have been in need of such a sum for his household expenses.

M. le Comte de la Châtre was never deceived for a moment. He understood his master thoroughly, and was well acquainted with M. de Favras. There is no doubt that he guessed the truth when he begged that he might not be mixed up in the business. Monsieur certainly had transactions with M. Favras, encouraged him, too, in his undertaking, perhaps did more, though M. de Favras endeavored so nobly in his last moments to remove all suspicions from his benefactor, when by allowing them he might perhaps have saved his life.

The banker, Chomel, aided by Morel and the Committee of Public Safety, left no means untried to draw the prince, whose secret connivance they suspected, into the same net as that prepared for M. de Favras. The financial negotiation was hurried forward, and M. de Favras was worried in various ways to conclude the arrangement. Instead of visiting him according to appointment, they continually offered excuses for not being able to go to him, and skilfully endeavoured to make him answer, by letter, questions which were put with a view of compromising him and the Comte de Provence. These letters are still in existence—we will place some of them before the reader. M. Chomel's correspondence with M. de Favras may be dated from the 8th of December.

"I have been waiting anxiously, M. le Marquis, for an answer to the letter which I had the honor of forwarding you the day before yesterday. The persons with whom I am negotiating are surprised at the delay. We must conclude the affair without loss of time." On the 14th he writes, "I must beg you, M. le Marquis, to have the goodness to let me know how I am to proceed,—my employers are surprised at this delay."

On the 16th he again returns to the charge, and this time he is more explicit. "I have been thinking, M. le Marquis, that in case you find any difficulty in securing the signature of the principal person, the approval of a few persons whose attachment is well known to the principal person would be

quite sufficient, but above all things there must be no procrastination."

Four days after they seem to have repented this concession,—to fear that this middle course would be accepted, and that the Comte de Provence might not appear in the matter, on account of the loophole which had been thus somewhat awkwardly left him.

M. Chomel writes on the 20th of December: "I have not succeeded in removing the principal difficulty. My friends (one easily guesses who these anonymous friends are) are not satisfied at my begging them to yield this mere formality; they say, and I must confess that I scarcely know what rational answer to give them, that if it was merely a simple financial transaction *that the persons desired to arrange, they would surely in this case willingly have exposed themselves to the risk of losing four or five hundred thousand francs.* From the commencement of my treaty with them, my friends have never been deceived as to the real state of the affair; they maintain that it can only be an eager desire to see matters settled in their own country which can induce persons who are decidedly opulent to expose themselves to such risks." It is not necessary to observe that the country here alluded to is Holland, of which M. Chomel was a native, but great care is taken to avoid mentioning it.

If the following letter, which was written the next day, may be trusted, Monsieur refused to grant the required securities. "All my exertions have been used in vain, Monsieur le Marquis; my friends cannot understand why it should be considered extraordinary that they should desire reasonable securities, or how *some one would be compromised in giving them a bond for the payment of the sum: they remark with justice that, as it is only a matter which concerns two persons and their country, there cannot possibly be any danger in confirming the promises of protection which had been offered to them.*"

MM. de Lafayette and Bailly watched the progress of the negotiation from afar, though they were not at all ignorant of the trickery and cunning employed in the proceeding. They were deceived, however, by some of their agents; these agents purposely flattered their wishes and their pride, and led them into the error of supposing that this plot was

of far greater importance than it really was, though not than they wished it to be. The unjust attacks of which they believed themselves the objects, and the threats of assassination against which they felt they must guard themselves, increased the interest of their cause, and the importance of the part they performed; and the danger which surrounded them animated the zeal of their friends.

To return to M. de Favras' negotiation with the banker Chomel, it seemed likely to prosper; the business was to be concluded on the 24th of December, and on the very same evening M. de Favras would have placed at his disposal the sum of three hundred thousand francs on account; but it appears that when the last day arrived, M. de Favras began to entertain suspicions, and was nearly on the point of throwing up the whole affair. There is a little note in existence which he wrote to M. Chomel on the morning of this day, which proves it: there is no signature to this note, but M. de Favras' hand-writing may easily be recognized, on account of its being so flowing and full of character. "I understand all is arranged," he says, "for winding up matters to-day; in that case, M. Chomel, with the advice of these gentlemen we will proceed in the business. *If there are likely no be any fresh obstacles in the way it will be useless to make any more exertions for obtaining the loan in question.*" If then any more difficulties had offered, M. de Favras would have thrown up the whole affair, though it had already cost him so much labor. M. de la Ferté gives us the following particulars of M. de Favras' proceedings on the evening on which he was arrested. "M. le Marquis de Favras," he says, "came to me on the 24th, at six o'clock in the evening, and introduced M. Chomel to me. I showed him the receipts. M. Chomel finding them duly signed, begged me to allow somebody to accompany him, in order to assist in placing in his *fiacre* forty thousand francs in specie, which he said were ready lodged at M. Sertorius's, another banker, who was unknown to me; the surplus, it was arranged, was to be paid in notes of hand. I thought it was right to represent to them that there might be some danger in removing so large a sum in specie from one place to another in a *fiacre* at that time of night; but as M. Chomel seemed anxious to conclude the business that same evening (he

had very good reasons for wishing this, as will be seen very shortly), I sent for Monsieur's cashier, ordered a fiacre, and saw the two gentlemen set out together. M. le Marquis de Favras awaited them in my study. I apologized to him for being obliged to write some letters while he was with me, but I said it was necessary they should be dispatched that night; he begged me to proceed with them, and began reading some newspapers which were on my mantel-piece. M. de Chedeville (the cashier) returned alone, and told us that the arrangement for paying the first instalment could not be concluded that night, for M. Sertorius had not been informed till too late, and his cashier had left. M. de Favras quitted me, but previously observed that he would come again to-morrow and see the business finished if possible. Five minutes after, M. de Favras was arrested; M. Chomel took care not to appear again that night. The game was played, and the Committee of Public Safety at length grasped its prey; the spy Joffroy, accompanied its agents to M. de la Ferté's door, and eagerly watched for the Marquis de Favras to come forth, while the officers *d'état major*, who were to lend him their assistance in case he needed it, remained concealed in carriages. At a quarter to nine M. de Favras came out; Joffroy called one of the officers and followed M. de Favras as far as the Rue Beaurepaire, when he suddenly collared and arrested him, according to the directions he had received. On the same day, and at the same hour, Madame la Marquise de Favras was arrested, at No. 21, Place Royale, and all the papers of her husband were seized.

M. de Favras was conveyed to the Hotel de Ville immediately after his arrest, and brought before the Committee of Public Safety. He refused to answer any questions which were addressed to him unless the Commandant-général and the Mayor of Paris were present during the interrogation; they were immediately sent for, and came without loss of time.

This was the first time Lafayette had ever seen Favras. During this his first examination, Favras, displayed the greatest firmness and *sang froid*, and did not attempt to conceal his royalist opinions, or his devotion to the Comte de Provence. When the affair of the loan was brought forward, he discovered considerable hesitation in expressing himself, and appeared anxious to keep back something—to avoid saying anything which might by any chance be likely to compromise the

king's brother. There was nothing in his deposition which could serve to criminate the Marquis de Favras; all of which he was so far accused, was the business of the loan, the secret interviews with Marquier, and the vague innuendos respecting a plan which he was said to have formed for procuring Louis XVI. a safe shelter against another 6th of October. But it was Morel, and Morel alone, who, in the presence of the judges of the Châtelet, managed to throw a new and odious light upon the Marquis de Favras' conduct, and on his supposed conspiracy. Morel did not think he had accomplished his task in merely delivering his victim into the hands of the Committee of Public Safety, he felt it necessary to prove that he had done it a service by placing a traitor in its power. He therefore did not scruple to make himself appear an assassin and a traitor. He declared that the marquis was the author of a vast conspiracy, the details of which he invented as he proceeded, and which he laid bare before the judges in the most shrewd and cunning manner. Two hundred thousand men were, he said, to have been employed. He skillfully made the visit to M. de Saint Priest, on the 6th of October, as well as the conversations with Lieutenant Marquier, and the affair of the loan, wear a most suspicious aspect. He declared that M. de Favras had arranged in his own mind, after confessing that he was an accomplice in the matter, that the murder of M. de Lafayette was to the signal of this awful counter-revolution; he went even further, and stated with the most revolting impudence, that he, Morel, had begged for, and obtained the privilege of performing assassin in this tragedy. "I feared," said he, "that a hand less sure than mine might be chosen, so I resolved to strike the blow myself." And then he entered into minute particulars respecting the execution of this atrocious scheme.

Such was the cruel fable, the wicked accusation, unsupported by proof or even the appearance of truth, which served to change the whole course of the trial. Toucraty himself, though he was Morel's colleague, did not dare to confirm his statement. M. de Favras replied to it with so much dignity and pride, that, for an instant, the public and the judges were slightly disconcerted.

"My whole life," he exclaimed, "and my honor as a gentleman, are sufficient proofs against this base slander. I will not deny for a moment that I am attached to the king, and ready to die in his service; but it does not follow that because I feel indignant in

beholding my sovereign kept a prisoner in his own palace, that my opinions are altogether those of a royalist, or that, because I am accused of a plan for assassinating Lafayette by a spy who lives by his roguery, that I am really a cut-throat!" He said he had nothing more to add, but that he should certainly pity any judge who could, on the evidence of such a fellow, condemn an honest man to death.

M. de Favras spoke with great fluency, and his behavior, during the three months of his trial, impressed even his bitterest enemies strongly in his favor. Those newspapers, too, which were the least suspected of partiality to the Court, took the part of the accused; and Prudhomme, who had at first written a whole sheet to recommend that Favras should be put to death, as a wholesome example of national severity, exclaimed, only a few days after, "but we must be just even to M. de Favras, before we condemn him; we must use all the means in our power to discover if he is innocent or not, the scaffolding upon which our belief is founded is so insecure, so incomplete; the more improbable the accusation appears to be, the more particular we should be in accepting the evidence."

M. de Lafayette and M. Bailly, on their part, experienced considerable disgust at the atrocious impudence of Morel; they were anxious to preserve their conscience from future remorse, and it was apparently in consequence of this desire, that they wrote that famous letter, in which they stated that Morel had been the impeacher throughout the whole affair. M. de Favras' friends began to entertain some hopes of his acquittal, for neither the witnesses nor the debates had brought to light any new charge of importance against him. Great pains, however, were taken to prove that M. de Favras had worn a white cockade a few days previous to the 6th of October. Some of the expressions in a few letters which he had written to M. de Foucault, one of his friends, were wilfully distorted, and an unconstitutional feeling was said to pervade them. But though much pains were taken to substantiate a grave charge against him, none could be proved, and it seemed very doubtful what the result of the trial would be.

M. de Favras had been separated from his wife ever since the day of his arrest; he wrote to her each time after he had appeared before his judges. These letters, which have been since published, admirably illustrate his character; they were always given to Madame

de Favras unsealed, and are not many in number; but perhaps a few extracts from them may be calculated to interest the reader. The following is one which was dated the 7th of January, 1790:—

"I shall be removed to the Châtelet to-night, my dearest Caroline, but you will still remain at the Abbey. I do not know why . . . I feel the keenest anguish in quitting the place in which we have both hitherto been confined; it was always some consolation to me to know that I was under the same roof as yourself, and to be able to inquire after you, and to hear of you several times every day! But reflect that honor stands before all things; if mine is unblemished in your eyes, remember it is not so in those of a mistaken multitude, and I shall only be the more worthy of you when I have succeeded in exculpating myself in its opinion. I conclude, my dearest love, by assuring you that your sweet image will be ever present to my mind, that my heart will never cease to sympathize with yours."

At other times he gave her some minute particulars of his trial, though the letters which contained any confidence of this nature were frequently intercepted.

"Comfort yourself," says he, on another occasion, "in thinking that it is far more preferable to be considered guilty in the eyes of men, than to feel oneself so in one's own conscience. I shall spare no pains to expose my actions clearly to their view, and I defy them, however much they may desire it, to charge me with premeditated designs against the nation, or of violence against the king. The other matters of which they accuse me are so abominably out of all reason, that I cannot suppose for a moment that I need any defence against such slander. Oh! my dearest friend, my dearest friend, what perversity, what wickedness there is in men, and what a fatality in circumstances! but we must resign ourselves to Divine grace."

The manner in which he tries to console Madame de Favras is truly touching, and proves that he had much nobility of character.

"What a comfort it is to me, my dear one, to find that my letters soothe your anxiety and grief; for you are so dear to me, and I have so many reasons for loving you. * * Rest assured of my courage and resignation, whatever fate they reserve for me, you will see that you have no cause to blush for having chosen me; I shall never disgrace the noble blood to which I am allied. * * Kiss my poor dear children for me, and show them

my portrait very often; they will more easily recognize me when I see them. They so soon cease to recollect at so tender an age, and that would give me pain, I confess. I shall never forget the pleasure I experienced when on my return, after fourteen months' absence in Holland, my dear boy immediately recognized me, and cried out, 'Oh, here's papa!'

At a later period, M. de Favras was allowed to see this little son; he describes the meeting in a long letter:—"The sight of him occasioned me both pleasure and pain; the poor child's heart seemed quite full, and the tears streamed from his eyes; I appeared not to notice them, in order that I might not make him cry more, and talked to him about lunch, which had the effect of quieting him.

* * Then they brought me my girl; that sweet pretty little creature does not understand her father's situation. Happy age! how she kissed me, and fondled me, and prattled to me! oh, how dearly I love these children! To the affection I bear them is added the devoted tenderness which I have ever experienced for their mother; they share my love, but do not rob her of any of it. * * You always look on the black side of things, my dearest Caroline, but try, I entreat you, to see things through another medium."

M. de Favras no longer entertained the confidence with which he endeavored to inspire his wife; and as his trial proceeded, gloomy apprehensions seemed frequently to cross his mind; these were betrayed in his letters.

On the 2d of February, he writes thus:—"There are moments, my dear Caroline, when I find that my courage yields to the weakness of nature, but it always becomes the conqueror when we are internally sure that we have done nothing with which to reproach ourselves. Fate appears to have a cruel spite against me. What an entangled and extraordinary chain of events is that in which I am mixed up! But, whatever may happen to me, my firmness will never abandon me; we always feel secure in our strength, and proud in our carriage, when we know that we are right. Sometimes, however, I cannot help trembling when I think of my poor children; I love them so very dearly, and they have so much need of me."

The idea that his end was near, seems to betray itself in these last words, and hereafter in all the letters which he wrote to Madame de Favras.

Towards the end of January, the proceedings of the trial began to change; the multi-

tude had been promised a victim, and they eagerly clamored for one. The continual veering of opinion of those newspapers which were at first most hostile to M. de Favras, the uncertainty of the evidence, and the consequent hesitation of the judges, so exasperated the people that were assembled around the Châtelet, and vented their fury in all kinds of violence and threats. They would not lose their show for worlds, and shouted for it to proceed with daggers in their hands.

M. de Besenval had just been acquitted; he had been tried on account of his defence of the Bastille, under circumstances very similar to those of M. de Favras. All the aristocrats, then, would be allowed to conspire against the people with impunity, at this rate! cried the populace; justice displayed partiality to the nobility; things could not go on so, and if Favras was not condemned, the people would bring his judges to trial. Such was the horrible tumult which reigned around the Châtelet all day long.

During the night of the 26th of January, it was thought necessary to employ a strong guard; for suspicions were entertained that an attack on the prison would be made, and that there was a plan for carrying off M. de Favras by force. There is no doubt that the great excitement which prevailed considerably influenced the decision of the judges. M. de Lafayette does not attempt to deny it; but who would imagine that he had the naïveté to suppose that the mobbing of the people round the Châtelet, and their excited gestures was the consequence of a connivance of the accomplices of M. de Favras, and the friends of the court, who were anxious that the depositary of their secrets should perish! Really this is pushing his anxiety to excuse revolutionary excitement a little too far.

The 18th of February was to be the last day of the trial; early in the morning an immense crowd collected round the Châtelet; the Place du Châtelet itself, and all the streets which turned out of it, were lined with people; horrible vociferations resounded on all sides, "Death to Favras!" "To the gibbet with the aristocrat!" "The traitor or his judges!" These gloomy cries formed a kind of accompaniment all day to the pleading of the advocates. M. de Lafayette has been unjustly reproached with having publicly declared that he could not answer for the National Guard, or be sure of maintaining the tranquillity of Paris, if M. de Favras was acquitted. On the contrary, he openly desired the lieutenant-civil, and the king's attorney, to pass judgment without fear, and, whatever

the sentence might be, he would undertake that it should be fulfilled; and he, accordingly, took active military measures to secure the safety of the tribunal and the accused. It was in the midst of all these warlike preparations, and the angry murmurs of the populace, that M. de Favras listened to the latter part of his defence. M. de Corméré, his brother, spoke with much courage and talent, and M. Thilorier pleaded at some length, with the boldness and vehemence of a man who was thoroughly convinced, and without any regard to his republicanism. The accused occasionally broke silence, and declared again and again, with his hand upon his heart, that it would be very blameworthy to involve anybody else in the suspicions with which he had been so unfortunate as to inspire justice; he declared upon his honor, that he had never been employed by anybody upon any mission whatsoever. Night was now approaching, and a few smoky lamps were lighted, the discussion was still going forward, and the judges were exhausted with fatigue, and looked pale and disordered. At this melancholy hour a profound silence reigned among the audience, who could scarcely be discerned in the growing obscurity. Madame de Corméré and Madame de Chitennay, his sisters-in-law, sat opposite the bench upon which the accused was placed, and could with difficulty restrain their sobs. Such was the state of things in the judgment-hall when midnight struck. M. de Favras was then removed by the guards, and his sentence was read aloud; he was condemned to do penance before Notre Dame, with bare feet, uncovered head, and in no other garment than his shirt, with a cord round his neck, and a burning torch in his hand; from thence he was to be conveyed in a dung-cart to the Place de Grève, where "he shall be hung till he be dead."

The execution of a criminal at this period generally took place within the twenty-four hours after his sentence was passed. M. de Favras had been conveyed to the chamber of torture. When M. Quatremère, the reporter, came to read his sentence to him, he found him with his head resting upon his hand, and seated at a small table, upon which was placed a single candle. He rose respectfully at the entrance of the magistrate, and listened to his sentence with great calmness. Two or three times he interrupted M. Quatremère.

"All those statements are false; I never could dream for an instant of attempting the life of those in authority. For whom do they take me, pray?"

M. Quatremère said to him, with much *naïveté*, after he had read his condemnation,

"Monsieur, your life has become a necessary sacrifice, for the security of public peace."

The Marquis de Favras threw upon him a look full of scorn, and said,

"Monsieur, since it is essential that the blood of an honest man should be shed, in order to preserve the tranquillity of this country, I am glad that you have fixed upon me for the victim, for I will show you Parisians that a gentleman knows how to die."

M. Quatremère became a little embarrassed, and scarcely knew what to say. He added, by way of adieu,

"I have no other consolation to offer you than that which religion affords you, and I entreat you to avail yourself of it."

"Monsieur," replied the Marquis de Favras, "my great consolation is to feel that I am innocent. I am the victim of two very bad men; and it is you, Messieurs, who are worthy of my pity. I wish to have M. le curé de Saint Paul for my confessor."

He passed the whole of the following morning with this priest. About eleven o'clock the registrar, Drié, came into his prison, and, according to the directions he had received from the tribunal, required him to give up the cross of St. Louis, with which he was decorated.

"A soldier, Monsieur," answered the Marquis, "cannot be disgraced by a registrar." Then, turning to a serjeant-major, who was called Jacques Bruyant, "Here, comrade," said he, with much emotion, "here is my cross; it was loyally won and loyally worn, believe me."

After this interruption he conversed for two hours longer with his confessor. As soon as the priest had quitted him he sent for the registrar, and asked him if they would permit him to have his hands unbound, and who would perform this office for him? The registrar assured him that this favor would not be granted him; and he proved to be right. He gave M. Drié a sum of twenty louis. This is all that I have," said he; "be sure to give this money to my poor wife when I am dead. She will have great need of it."

The procession was to set out precisely at three o'clock. A great body of troops were employed on this occasion to keep the crowd in order. Directly the clock had struck three the drums began to beat, the door of the Châtelet suddenly opened, and M. de Favras came forth, dressed in white, and closely guarded. His countenance was perfectly

calm and serene; the cries and coarse jests of the populace did not seem to move him at all. When the procession reached the Pont de Notre Dame, the prisoner found himself brought in closer contact with the crowd; and noisy shouts and exclamations resounded more loudly on his ears; he looked coldly, however, on the multitude, and maintained his self-possession, without making any attempt to speak. On several spots large fires were lighted, round which everybody crowded. There, too, were wandering *traiteurs*, who sold *beignets* and brandy to the chilly spectators. A general silence prevailed when the dung cart had passed through the square formed by the soldiers. M. de Favras got out of it. He clasped the burning torch firmly in one hand, while in the other he held the parchment containing his sentence of death. He then walked up to the principal door of the church, and cried out in a clear voice, "Listen, people! I am going to read you the sentence which has been passed on me. I swear to you that I am innocent, as I expect shortly to appear before God; but I am obliged to submit to man's justice." Then kneeling down, he read aloud the doom which had been assigned him. When he had finished, he got into the dung cart again, and desired to be conveyed to the Hotel de Ville; which place they reached at four o'clock. M. Quatremère asked if he had anything to say to relieve his conscience? "Yes, Messieurs," replied he; "write down the last sentiments and confession of an innocent man, who is on the point of meeting death." It was observed that M. de Favras had become pale; but, nevertheless, he dictated his last confession clearly word for word, with an unflinching voice. This confession was published the following day, and was read with such avidity, that the printer declared in a note that it was utterly impossible for him to satisfy everybody who desired to purchase it. It is too long, however, to give to the reader. It took M. de Favras four hours to dictate, for he was very particular in the expressions which he employed, and frequently changed one for another when he imagined the first did not quite convey his idea. Some persons have said that he sought to gain time by this delay, because he hoped, even at the last moment, that somebody would come to his succor. It was thought that the Comte de Provence might have saved him, and that Favras expected he would; but this is most improbable, if Monsieur had in any way been his accomplice.

The night was now far advanced, and the people who waited to see the end began to

grow impatient, more especially as a fine steady rain fell chillingly upon them. They commenced shouting and using the most violent threats; in short, they became so furiously excited, that an officer felt it was his duty to go into the hall and mention that he thought it would be highly imprudent to make the people wait any longer, as their violence was beyond all bounds. M. de Favras had corrected the copy of his confession; he was writing a letter, probably a last adieu to his wife and children. The remarks of the officer did not make the least impression on him; he continued writing very calmly, folded up his letter, and then rising, said, "Messieurs, I am ready." At these words a shiver seemed to pass through the audience, and a general silence reigned among the spectators, even among those outside. But no sooner did M. de Favras make his appearance on the flight of steps, surrounded by torchbearers and armed men, than shouts of applause resounded on all sides.

The same precautions had been taken in the Place de Grève as at Notre Dame; the gallows was surrounded by a large body of troops; lamps had been placed on the pavement, on the rails, and even fastened to the gibbet, so that the wet pavement shone like a mirror. M. de Favras followed the executioner with rapid steps to the gallows. When he reached it, he went up three steps of the ladder, then stopped, made a gesture with his hand. "Wait a moment," cried he, "and beg those around me to hold their tongues for a few seconds." Silence being established, "Brave citizens," exclaimed he, "I am going to appear before God, and at such an awful moment, no one will ever accuse me of falsehood; I swear to you then, in the face of heaven, that I am not guilty—that you will shed the blood of an innocent man;" at the conclusion of these words he mounted the last step of the ladder, and said in a clear, loud voice, "Before God I am innocent;" after which, he turned to the executioner, and told him to do his office. The executioner slipped the noose over his head, and pushed him off the ladder. For an instant he was swung above the heads of the crowd, and a violent convulsion shook his whole frame, and then the long white shadow cast by his body from the ruddy reflection of the lamps remained perfectly motionless, and a deathlike silence ensued.

Madame de Favras did not know of her husband's execution till the next day; and only learnt the sentence which had been passed on him, and the particulars of his

execution from a crier who passed beneath her window. The shock was so great that she fell down in a fainting fit. She was soon after set at liberty; she had been arrested without cause, and was returned to her family

without explanation. For several days, nothing was talked of but M. de Favras' trial; but the general disorder increased, and ensuing scenes of horror swept away all memory of his untimely end.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

USURY AND USURERS.

"There are boundless thefts in limited professions."—SHAKESPEARE.

Thus wrote our immortal Shakspeare, and modern times and modern practices bear full testimony to the truth of the proposition. The limited, that is to signify, the legalized profession of usury, is a striking and elaborate illustration of the Shakspearian axiom. Money-lending is no longer governed by generous intent, worthy motive, or honorable principle; nor is it, as heretofore, controlled in its operation by the wise, wholesome, and reasonable restrictions of the law; on the contrary, it is boundless and unrestrained in its terms, conditions, and impositions, and, as a consequence, too frequently most ruinous and destructive in its results. Legions of usurers now infest our metropolis, preying alike upon spendthrift extravagance and commercial necessity, and that with greedy and rapacious appetite, and with no less heartless, merciless, and oppressive intent.

Usury, in its plain, unsophisticated, and generally understood sense, is the loan of money at high, exorbitant, and ruinous rate of interest for the use thereof, and, in such sense it has not, nor can it ever have, any great claim to honest countenance or moral approval; nevertheless it has the law's sanction and protection for its unhealthy principle, and it is highly patronized and extensively encouraged in its practice. Usury feeds and fattens in rich and abundant pasture, and works wonderful changes in mundane affairs; it is equally effective in bringing the reckless and extravagant from their high and palmy condition, and in elevating the heartless and avaricious money-grubber

to wealth, and investing him with the arbitrary power which wealth creates. Usury is most accommodating in its views, and extensive in its influence and operations; it gives the greatest possible facility to the speedy conversion of property in expectation into actual and immediate, though far from full valuable possession; and in such respect it has a talismanic effect in reconciling spendthrift expectants, prodigal heirs, and remainder-men to the longevity and procrastinated stay of their sires and other life-possessors on the surface of our sublunary sphere, for by its accommodating power the immediate realization of the *solcendum in futuro* is readily achieved.

How different were the notions of usury prevalent in ancient days as compared with the latitude of opinion now given to it! How praiseworthy was the principle that guided, how generous the intent which prompted, and how wise the legislative enactments which governed, the loan and advance of money, as opposed to the motive, object, and unrestricted system of modern bill-discounting! Usury, which is termed also in the ancient statutes *interest* and *dry exchange*, was taken to denote a gain or profit which a person made of his money by lending the same, and even at such early period was looked at in an evil sense, as an unlawful profit made of money, and in such sense it was declared to be forbidden alike by the civil and ecclesiastical law, and by the law of nature.

Use or interest by the civil law was divided into *lucrative* and *compensatory*: *lucrative*

five, where it was paid and where no advantage had accrued to the debtor for the money borrowed, and where he (the debtor) had practiced no deceit. Under such circumstances, usury, or the taking of interest, was forbidden; but in the *compensatory* sense, where money lent had been advantageous to the borrower, and disadvantageous to the lender, by reason that the latter was not sooner paid, interest was permitted by law in compensation for the beneficial loan. There is no denying the fact that this law, making, as it did, the profit and remuneration of the lender to depend upon the successful appropriation, by the borrower, of the money advanced, was more nice and refined in its conception, than it was strictly just in its provisions; it was a law which must necessarily have presented many difficulties in regard to evidence and proof under dispute, but it exhibited, nevertheless, in its intention a vigilant and protective care for the welfare of the community against the grasping views of avarice, and the vindictive practices of oppression. If some such protective principle were to be made applicable to the government and control of the modern system and practice of money-lending, and if bill transactions and all monetary negotiations on loan were to be judged by the intent, and compensated only in proportion to their beneficial results to the borrower, there would be a fearful revolution in the discount market, and a vast return of capital, levied in the shape of exorbitant interest, to its original possessors. The advertising columns of our daily and weekly newspapers would no longer teem with notices announcing that amounts from 100*l.* to 100,000*l.* are ready to be advanced on undeniable security, and on the personal responsibility of noblemen and gentlemen, heirs to, and expectants of, fortune. The covetous usurer and the grasping money-getter would look well to their darling gold and weighty ducats before they parted with them to feed the extravagance of the prodigal, or to encourage the ruinous and fatal propensities of the libertine and the gamester.

On the authority of Swinburne, we are informed that manifest usurers were denounced by the Papal power: that they were prohibited from making testamentary disposal of their goods and chattels, or of benefiting by the wills of others, without first satisfying, or purging themselves from the charge of usury by restoration of exacted interest. The punishment of the civil law was once a penalty of four times the amount of the in-

terest taken: this was, however, mitigated by the milder code of Justinian, whose decree, in regard to usurious exaction, enforced that any excess of interest should be accounted and set off, *pro tanto*, in discharge of the principal advanced; an arrangement embodying the purest principles of equity.

By Canon 109, not only was the testament of a manifest usurer declared to be void, but his body after death was forbidden burial amongst the bodies of other Christian men in any church or churchyard until restitution rendered, a law which was at once declaratory that usury was opposed to, and at variance with, all Christian principle. Were such notions to be entertained, and such prohibitions enforced in our day, it becomes a matter of speculative consideration whether a cemetery for the exclusive inhumation of defunct usurers and their immediate families might not turn out to be a very profitable source of revenue to a company carrying out the project, which might embrace also appropriate monumental designs and poetical inscriptions commemorative of the generous and disinterested qualities of the defunct money-worshippers.

Usury was generally condemned by the early Fathers of the Church as contrary to divine law. Alexander III., in the council of Lateran, prohibited the taking of all interest for money; and it is remarked of Gregory IX., that he placed the chapter of *usury* after that of *theft*, a circumstance to which no extraordinary weight or consideration ought particularly to attach, for the reason that such position may have been the mere result of accordance with alphabetical order and arrangement.

The Mosaic law was distinguished for its more specific and less universal principle; it forbade the Jews to take interest of each other, but permitted the taking of it from strangers. Similar laws and opinions as to usury, or the demand of interest for money lent, prevailed amongst the Romans in the infancy of the republic, but when commerce was introduced amongst them, contracts for the loan of money at a certain profit or interest became frequent. The highest rate of legal interest, from the time of Cicero and Justinian, amounted to about 12 per cent. per annum, but the Roman Satirists inform us that usurious exactions of three, four, and five times that amount of profit were made.

It will be seen, then, that our modern money lenders and bill discounters have classical precedent and ancient example and authority for their 40, 50 and 60 per cent.

principle, now so generally adopted in their loan transactions. Justinian, in his Code, fixed the rate of interest upon a kind of sliding scale, or principle, at 4, 6, 8 or 12 per cent., according to the station of the lender and the nature of the contract; but evasions of the law were ingeniously and successfully practiced, and the Canonists themselves were neither ignorant nor innocent of such practices.

The usury laws may now be said to be all but totally repealed, for, by Statute 2 and 3 Victoria, cap. 37, under any kind of security save that which has reference to, and has charge on, lands or tenements, any rate per cent. for interest may be taken *for the loan or forbearance of money*. This statute has relieved the money-lending and bill-discounting fraternity from all the troublesome shifts and evasions which, before the passing of such act, were constantly had recourse to in order to defeat the law.

Necessity now no longer imposes on the avaricious crew to cloak the enormity of their exactions under the trade of picture-dealing and other specious systems of barter, by which most exorbitant prices were obtained as the value of the commodity given in part consideration and value for the acceptance. In such transactions the veriest dabs were farmed off as *chefs d'œuvre* of eminent masters, and rated at high and unconscionable value. The system was not, however, confined to pictorial traffic, for every kind of commodity and manufacture was made available to the object of usurious gain to the discounteer, and that in a manner to relieve him from the charge of taking interest in cash beyond the limit allowed by law. Coals, wines, cigars, clothes, horses, carriages, plate, furniture, were all auxiliaries to the great business of bill discounting, in evasion of the Usury Laws. Instances of the most absurd and ludicrous arrangement, illustrating the system in its extreme character, are on record, and will perhaps recur to the memory of many readers. Take, for example, the following;

A young and hopeful sprig of nobility, an expectant of fortune, having outrun his allowance, applied to a money-lender for an advance of 500*l.* on his acceptance. The usual doubts and difficulties were at first started as to the practicability of the accommodation, and the ordinary means taken to ascertain the weight of the emergency prompting the application. This done, and the state of the applicant's circumstances and position having been fully arrived at, with the confi-

dential secret that he must have money at any sacrifice, it was politely intimated to him that the loan could be effected, if he would take in part of the amount *two hundred weight of wafers* at a price! Two hundred weight of wafers to a sprig of nobility and fashion was, as may be imagined, a most astounding and staggering proposition. Two or three pipes of wine, or a blood horse at a high figure, might have been entertained as something cognizable in "lonish" society, but two hundred weight of wafers! What, in the name of Beelzebub, was to be done with them? How dispose of them?—No matter—the money must be had, and therefore with it the wafers. The negotiation was concluded, the legal 5 per cent. discount deducted, and a sum, equal to 50 per cent. in addition, for the wafers, as per invoice delivered, and which were to be consigned as the young spendthrift spark should, in due course, direct. Some weeks had elapsed without any direction having been given as to the transport of the wafers, when one morning, about the hour of eleven, a cart or van drew up to the door of the residence of the young scion of nobility, and it was duly announced by the carman to the liveried janitor of the establishment, that he had to deliver two hundred weight of wafers to the young lord of the mansion. The communication took the aristocratic porter clean off his legs with astonishment; he became suddenly seized with hysterical laughter, but, recovering himself, assumed the dignified, and inflating his portly person to its full capability, and his unmeaning visage into an attempted sternness of feature, desired the man, in most grave and admonishing tone, to try his jokes elsewhere. The honest carman was not, however, to be influenced from his duty by such ignorant assumption; presenting, therefore, his credentials or written instructions, he desired that they should be submitted to the party to whom they were directed. The pompous flunkey cast his eyes on the paper, and having taken due time to spell the contents, came at length to the conclusion that there really was no mistake. The wafers were absolutely for his young master, but what earthly occasion he could have for them, or to what collective or individual purpose he could possibly apply them, puzzled his comprehension. The valet was called, and to him it was deputed to announce the advent of the wafers to his slumbering lord, who, it should be stated, was at that time in his first, sound and luxurious sleep, after a night's labor of pleasure

and debauch. After much hesitation to disturb his master, the privileged valet at length screwed his courage to the sticking-point of confidential communication, and, gently waking the young aristocrat, intimated to him that two hundred weight of wafers had arrived for him by van, and were waiting his orders as to their disposal. As soon as he could be made to understand the announcement, the recollection of his bill-discount transaction flashed across his memory, and with it the fact that he had indeed become a large holder of the commodity known as wafers. Up to this moment, from the time of his touching the cash for his bill, he had forgotten the whole arrangement respecting the wafers, and had entertained no more notion of possessing himself of them than he had of eating them when they should arrive. But there they were, waiting his directions as to their deposit, and, in such dilemma, what was to be done? He had no locality for them, and if he had, to take such very peculiar stock on speculation of sale, was a most preposterous idea. A sprig of aristocracy and a captain of dragoons to turn a retailer of wafers would frighten the whole fashionable world from its propriety. What then could be done? "Johnson," said the distracted lordling to his all-attentive gentleman-in-waiting, "are any of your relatives or friends in the stationery line? If they are, for heaven's sake send for them *instantly*, to relieve me from this infernal cargo of wafers! Johnson very respectfully declared that he had no connection whatever with the trade; upon which his connections and the trade were both politely anathematized and sent by steam to heaven's antipodes. After much thought and divers speculative propositions as to the disposal of the van and its contents (amongst which were the gratuitous schemes of turning the wafers out into the open street *pro bono publico*, and of presenting them to the British Museum) it was at length resolved on sending them back to the discounter, with a *carte blanche* to him to dispose of them at any price, or even at no price. This plan was adopted; the carrier received a handsome *douceur* for his trouble, and thus ended the affair of the wafers; for, as may be guessed, the original purchaser of the stock never again troubled himself in the matter, and the discounter, turning again the commodity to his own account, thus completed the measure of his usury; for it may be fairly inferred that the wafers were again made to serve a similar extortionate purpose

with some noble or right honorable contractor, wanting the recommendation of money.

A discount negotiation of like character was once effected by a sporting clergyman, allied to nobility, and having high church preferment. The commodity farmed off upon the reverend borrower, on the discount of his bill, was *some hundred weight of nails, in bags!* No such inopportune or inconvenient consignment of the metallic bargain as that which characterized the wafer affair took place at the parsonage, but the matter terminated in a similar benefit to the discounter by his repossession of the nails at a very reduced price from their original estimate under the discount negotiation. The narrative of this transaction by the reverend divine to his immediate friends served in after-days to afford mirth and entertainment, the worthy clerical being ever ready to admit the incontrovertible fact that *he has been regularly nailed.*

Strange and incredible as such instances may appear, they are, in the main, facts not more strange than true; every species of imposition was practiced, and every kind of deceptive arrangement interwoven with bill-discounting transactions, and every petty money-lender forced his own contemptible ware and trade commodity upon the necessitous party requiring prompt and immediate money accommodation. Now, however, the system is altered; usury stalks through the town and city with bold and unblushing front, and puts up its gold and notes to the highest substantial bidder. It has its agents also, and its emissaries, distributed in all quarters; jackals who cater for the great lion discounters, and ferret out the exact financial prospects and rent-rolls in perspective of the fast-going sprigs of fashion, whose paper is come-at-able. These aides-de-camp of the usurious authorities frequent taverns and other public places, and hold communion and ingratiate themselves with any and every person from whom they can hope to derive information serviceable to their object. When a new bill of character and amount is in the market, they are one and all on the scent for the cream of the agency, and in full cry and pursuit for the negotiation. This general move amongst the craft not unfrequently occasions surmises most detrimental to the party desiring the accommodation of discount, for it often happens that two or three distinct applications are made to some discounting principal, by as many different agents, and hence sometimes arises a notion, that the party whose acceptance is to be discounted is

deeper in bill transactions than is really the case, and that not merely one, but many of his acceptances are abroad for negotiation.

The usurers of the metropolis form a large class of the community, and they vary materially in their grade, character, and system of business. The most rapacious of the tribe are the Jew attorneys, and bailiffs, or sheriff's officers. To their enormity of demand there is literally no bounds; and to look for mercy from a Jew attorney, under disappointment, or temporary inability to honor a bill or discharge a debt on the precise day of its maturity, would be as hopeless as to draw "milk from a male tiger." They observe, however, something of the spirit and practice of the Mosaic law before noticed, and are less rigid with their own people than with strangers; but heaven help the unhappy wight who falls into the discount meshes of a Jew bailiff, or into the legal web of an Israelite attorney. It is not intended, by these remarks, to cast odium or unworthy reflection on the members of the Jewish persuasion indiscriminately. Such unjust prejudices are unworthy an enlightened age, and no less repugnant to every generous and liberal mind; the Jews have no less claim to honor and respectability than those who call themselves Christians, of any other sect or denomination. They have done much to benefit society generally, and have come forward with their influence and their money to encourage art, to promote science, and to further the great object of education for the benefit of all classes and creeds; nor have they been found wanting in most substantial efforts for the great cause of charity. But amongst the Israelitish tribes, as amongst all other classifications, and sectarian distinctions of men, are ever to be found unworthy pettifoggery and degraded members, strangers to every principle of humane, generous, and honorable motive and feeling, and disturbers of the peaceful intercourse of society. To such alone can the present disparaging observations apply. It is no offensive compliment to a Jew (even though of character and respectability in his grade and calling) to say, as a learned and eloquent member of the bar expressed it, that he knows the diameter and circumference of a shilling as well as any man on the surface of the globe; nay, the remark might have extended to the intrinsic value of a farthing; and the fact would have been equally correct and indisputable. No people are more intimately acquainted with money's worth, nor have greater or more ready ingenuity to apply their knowledge to account, and to turn the

quick and ready penny, than the Jews; opportunity of advantage in any manner to themselves or connections, being never lost sight of, or overlooked by them. In illustration of this characteristic peculiarity may be instanced, as immediately connected with the subject of this paper, two striking examples. Two sheriff's officers, both of Hebrew persuasion, and both now numbered with the defunct, were extensively employed in their respective but not over-respectable avocations, and both having large families, conceived the notion of bringing up their male offspring to trades and professions dovetailing in practice and profit with their particular paternal occupations. Accordingly, in each family there sprung up, in the due course and process of time allowed for the education and proficiency of the Mosaic stock, an attorney, a broker, and a bum-bailiff, who was also a discounteur. By this admirable, well-conceived, and subtle adaptation of parts to a whole, or rather various operative means to to one lucrative end, a glorious advantage was achieved to the family. The paternal bum-bailiff, in the first instance, discounted the bill at a high rate by interest and sale of some trashy wine or other worthless commodity; if on maturity, the bill was dishonored, the professional aid and exertions of the filial attorney were restored to, who forthwith commenced the law's process, and having run the full length of his professional tether, and obtained judgment against the debtor, issued execution of *fiery facias* against his goods; then stepped in the broker son of the family to levy and make inventory and sale of the effects under the sheriff's warrant; but, if it so happened that the defendant had no tangible effects, or, as it is termed in law, *nulla bona*, then the ever-active and vigilant son, the attorney, issued a *capias ad satisfaciendum* against the person of the unhappy debtor, and again turned him over to the custody and merciful management of the original man, the patriarch bailiff, to be dealt with in his lock-up mansion or temporary prison, as special circumstances and weighty considerations should warrant. Thus he was either fleeced to the skin, and turned out until his wool should grow again, or coolly consigned to the region of the county jail, to do penance for his misfortunes. This is no imaginary relation; the instances adduced are true to the letter. It is no less a fact that, one of the sheriff's officers alluded to recently died, leaving behind him a sum of money exceeding fifty thousand pounds; and it is believed, nay pretty widely known, that

his hopeful progeny are still working upon the old principle; and that having been trained up in the way they should go, they will not be easily tempted to depart therefrom. The other example of the system flourished for a time, in great style and extravagant display; but speculations in trade, and some heavy hits or losses in discount outlays, together with certain ill-advised and injudicious proceedings, are supposed to have subverted his interests, and lessened his resources, so that at his death he left but little of the world's goods behind him.

"Men," saith the racy and immortal

Punch, in his unrivalled epistolary admonitions to his son, "are divided into two classes—the men who eat, and the men who are eaten."

"Qui captant aut captantur."

Usurers may certainly rank with the former division, for the great end and object of their lives appear to be to feast continually on the life-blood and substance of their fellow-men, "without contributing, in their own persons, a single mouthful to the banquet of the anthropophagi."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE LATE DR. LINGARD.

WE cannot do less, while presenting a portrait of the learned and amiable historian, recently deceased, than furnish our readers with the few brief particulars of his life, which we have been able to obtain.

The biography of a man of letters, whose hours have been chiefly spent in his study, can only be satisfactorily written by one who has been admitted into an intimacy of friendship with him. Such biographies are sometimes extremely interesting. The projects of the author—probably dwelt upon for years—of works which he may not have lived to accomplish; his predilections, his prejudices, his tastes, his manner, his social peculiarities,—the delineation of these, when the picture is earnestly and graphically executed by one who knew, and revered, and had a warm affection for the subject of it, has frequently a charm which he looks for in vain in more exciting narratives.

Such a biography of Dr. Lingard we are rejoiced to have reason to anticipate from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Tierney. This gentleman has already distinguished himself in literature. He is favorably known to the world as the learned editor of Dodd's "Ecclesiastical History," and his elaborate work, "The History and Antiquities of the Castle and Town of Arundel," displays great and painful research, which has had its reward in the

production of very curious and interesting matter. But, perhaps, the best guarantee of Mr. Tierney's ability, as certainly it is his best title, to write a life of the late Dr. Lingard, resides in the fact that he was honored with the friendship of that illustrious historian. If we remember the great work on which his fame is firmly established, we shall not be accused, when we employ the word "illustrious," of using the language of hyperbole.

John Lingard was a native of Winchester, and was born on the 5th February, 1771. Whilst yet a child in the Catholic congregation at Winchester, the piety of his disposition, and the quickness of his abilities fell under the observation of the celebrated Dr. Milner, who conceived such hopes of him, that he sent him to the secular college at Douay. He was in the third year of his divinity at that seminary, when, in October, 1793, the first French revolution broke out. The dangers which threatened so many at that perilous period did not altogether pass him by, as we learn from the following anecdote, which he was accustomed to relate to his friends, and which we have borrowed from a contemporary. On one occasion, when the disaffection of the populace had risen to such a degree that the military were under arms in the street, the young Lingard was

looking out, when he observed an orderly ride rapidly up the commanding officer, and in a few moments every trooper vaulted into his saddle. Shortly after came a counter order. The authority of the "sovereign people" was declared, and a Mons. de Baix, who had rendered himself obnoxious, was hurried amid yells and execrations *à la lanterne*. The student knew this gentleman, and penetrated the crowd to inquire the cause of his summary punishment; when, his dress attracting attention, he heard the cry of "*La Calote*," and presently, "*Le Calotin à la lanterne!*" He took to his heels, darted down a narrow lane, and, thanks to his fleetness of foot, our eminent historian escaped. On another occasion he was compelled to sing the "*Ca ira*," with a bayonet at his breast. The young divine left the town before his superiors, and the majority of the students were hurried away to Escherquin.

Early in 1795, when the community found means to return to their native country, several of the members established themselves at Old Hall Green, near St. Edmund's Herts, where Dr. Douglass, Vicar Apostolic of the London district, had secured them a residence under the Rev. Dr. John Daniel, their old superior; whilst others repaired to Crooke Hall, near Durham, where Dr. Gibson, Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, and the sixteenth president of Douay College before his promotion to the episcopacy, had provided them an asylum. Amongst these was the subject of our memoir, and it was here that he completed his course of divinity, and received holy orders. It was now that his ability for teaching the higher studies of philosophy and divinity were to be tested, and the singular efficiency he displayed obtained for him the appointment of vice-president.

Notwithstanding his arduous avocations, the active mind of Dr. Lingard employed itself upon the development of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and the result of his extensive and laborious researches was his "*History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*," which was given to the world in 1806, from the Newcastle press, and which was published in two octavo volumes. This work reached a second edition in 1810, and a third edition was published in 1846, by Mr. Dolman.

The agitation of the Catholic question gave full activity to Dr. Lingard's pen. In 1807 he published in the *Newcastle Courant* a series of letters on Roman Catholic loyalty; and his tracts on the Charges of Dr. Shute Barrington, the Bishop of Durham, and his

replies, amongst others, to Dr. Philpotts (now Bishop of Exeter,) with his reviews of Protestant, or Anti-Catholic, publications by Dr. Huntingford, Bishop of Gloucester, by Dr. Tomline, and by Lord Kenyon, were read extensively at the time.

Dr. Lingard prepared the "*Lessons of the English Saints*," which were approved for insertion in the Breviary. He supplied a preface to Mr. Coyne's fourth edition of "*Ward's Errata of the Protestant Bible*;" and in 1813, at the request of the late William Talbot, Esq., he furnished a preface to that gentleman's "*Treatise on the Faith and Doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church*." He also made a translation of the "*Four Gospels*," edited the "*Sermons of the Rev. Thomas White*," and wrote several articles for the "*Dublin Review*" and "*Dolman's Magazine*."

But the great work of Dr. Lingard, and by which his name will be familiarly known to posterity, is his "*History of England, from the first invasion by the Romans to the accession of William and Mary in 1688*." The first two volumes of this work were published in 1819, and it was completed a few years later. It was materially altered, improved, and enlarged as it passed through three editions, but the best edition is the last, which was published by Dolman, in the winter of 1849, and is in ten octavo volumes.

For the last forty years of his life Dr. Lingard held the small preferment belonging to the Roman Catholic Church in the village of Hornby, near Lancaster, where, on the 17th of July of the present year, after a lingering illness, he breathed his last, at the age of eighty years.

Immediately after the death of Lingard, some person, actuated, we suppose, by a sort of stupid malignity, proclaimed in a journal that the venerable priest was so afraid of death, that he was alarmed at the thought of being overcome by sleep. This statement, absurd as it is, might find credence among those who delight to be told of any evidence of weakness on the part of a great and good man, and therefore we are glad to be able to give it a complete refutation, which will be found in the subjoined letter, by Dr. Lingard's medical adviser.

"LANCASTER, July 1, 1851.

"Sir,—The late Dr. Lingard is represented in some newspapers as afraid of going to bed, because afraid to die.

"For many years, probably thirty or more, I have had the confidence of the venerated historian, as his medical adviser and friend. I beg to state

that he never manifested, on any occasion whatever, an unreasonable fear of any kind. He was, in my humble judgment, as wise and good a man, his mind as highly cultivated and as thoroughly disciplined, as is attainable in this life.

"During the whole of his last illness he was uniformly cheerful, tranquil, and resigned. Not a word or gesture betrayed complaint, impatience, or dread of any kind.

"My religious creed is different from his and yours, and I am personally unknown to you; but I know that you were esteemed by Dr. Lingard, and am sure you will take an interest in his posthumous character. You will use this note, or any part of it, with or without my name, as you think proper.—I remain, Sir, yours very faithfully,

"CHRISTOPHER JOHNSON."

"Mr. DOLMAN."

Dr. Lingard's private virtues were worthy of his eminent abilities. His habits were attractively simple, his disposition was affectionate, and his nature most benevolent. Many profitable hours might of course be passed in the society of a man of such varied knowledge; but many pleasant hours were likewise spent by those who had the happiness of his acquaintance, for his fund of anecdote was inexhaustible, and his conversation at all times pervaded by pleasantry and good humor.

The Doctor was no conversational controversialist. He would speak without reserve when he was questioned, touching points of his own faith; but members of our Protestant Church, or of any sect, never had cause to feel restraint in his society out of any expectation that he would allude to their tenets in an acrimonious spirit. In person he was rather above the middle height, and slender; but although he had attained fourscore years, his dark brown hair was only slightly tinged with grey. His eye, although small, was exceedingly expressive, and his countenance bright and animated. The portrait we have prefixed is engraved from Mr. Scaife's miniature, taken in 1849.

The house in which Dr. Lingard lived for so many years was a most unpretending residence, having a small chapel behind it, a door of communication opening into it from the house. In his garden, which was a long strip taken off a small grass field, he passed much of his time. It was the chief recreation of his leisure to attend to his fruit trees, which were trained and pruned by his own hand. His garden was the burial-place of his favorites,—his spaniel *Ætna*, his cat, his tortoise, and his horse, which last was laid beneath the shade of a flourishing oak tree, reared from an acorn brought by himself

from the shores of the Lake of Thrasymene in 1817. Over the grave of "*Ætna*," his faithful companion of many years, the doctor, it is said, has been seen to stand until his eyes were suffused with tears, and he would exclaim, "Ah, poor Etty!" No anecdotes are trivial when, as in this instance, they display so clearly the nature of a man.

We quote the following extract, taken from a Roman Catholic journal, because, while it pays a just tribute to the excellence of Dr. Lingard, it alludes to a point which has been the subject of some dispute.

"The vast increase of fame and the enlarged income which his '*History of England*' brought to the author, had not the effect of enlarging his ambition for ecclesiastical preferment, or of drawing him from his beloved seclusion; and the immortal historian of England died as he lived and where he lived, the humble priest of Hornby. He loved literature and privacy; and neither the presidency of Maynooth College, nor the Episcopal rank, nor even the dignity of the Purple, which it is generally understood he might have attained, could lure him from his quiet retreat—made glorious by the priceless gem it contained."

That the Pope ever had the least intention of making Dr. Lingard either a cardinal or a bishop is denied by Mr. Dalton of Northampton; but the editor of the "*Catholic Standard*," to whom he has sent his letter, says: "As to the '*purple*' we will not be positive; but we can state upon the authority of those who had spoken to Leo XII. on the subject, that that Pontiff was desirous of raising Dr. Lingard to the episcopal rank." Nothing is more likely than that a bishopric at least had been offered to Dr. Lingard, or virtue, talents, and learning are less valued in the Roman Catholic church than they ought to be, and than it is her interest to appreciate them."

We have now to speak, which we must do very briefly, of the works of Dr. Lingard. The "*History of the Anglo-Saxon Church*" is, undoubtedly, the fruit of great labor and research, containing a vast amount of most curious information which had lain buried for centuries. Others have since labored in this field, or rather, worked in this mine, but they have added little to the mass which had been accumulated by the patient assiduity of our author.

The controversial pamphlets of the doctor we have looked into, but we are not ashamed to say, we have not read them. Dr. Oliver, no mean authority on the Roman Catholic side, proclaims Lingard to have been the

ablest controversial writer in the Catholic body. It may be so; for in his controversy with Dr. Philpotts, we find (the points in dispute out of the question) that whilst he is, perhaps, equal to his most able antagonist in clearness, force, and vivacity of style, he is certainly greatly superior in temper, and that moral dignity, which so well become a Christian ecclesiastic. But we hope these clever controversial tracts are on their way to oblivion, whither so many thousands of their like have gone before. Would that the spirit which sometimes animates such performances, and which they often seek to perpetuate, were on its way thither likewise! Alas! the expression of such a hope in these days savors of enthusiasm and wildness.

To Lingard's "History of England" too much praise cannot be awarded; and it has already had no ordinary share. It is, unquestionably, the very best, not only because it is the most impartial, but because it is the fullest and the completest history of this country that has ever been given to the world. As a mere writer, Lingard is certainly not equal to Hume, whose style, so easy, so simple, so idiomatic, is inimitable, and perhaps hardly to be excelled; but it is small praise of Dr. Lingard, that in all the higher qualities of an historian, in his "knowledge of the spirit of antiquity, in exactness and circumstantiality of narration," he is immeasurably superior to the great Scotchman. Hume's "History of the Stuarts," that portion of his work which he published first, ought to have condemned him forever as a writer of history; and throughout his work, wherever his passions or his prejudices are awakened, no reliance whatever can be placed upon him.

He adopted a practice, too, utterly abhorrent to the spirit of historical composition, which practice has been highly praised by an eminent critic in the "Edinburgh Review." We quote the passage, and shall presently give an extract from Dr. Lingard's preface to his work, that the reader may see at a glance how a history should not, and should, be written.

"It was a practice of that great historian (Hume), on grave and important questions, where the justice or expediency of the course to be taken was doubtful or disputed, to bring forward the arguments that might be used upon both sides; and to give a more historic form to these discussions, it was not uncommon for him to state them as having been actually proposed and urged at the time by the contending parties. Dr. Lingard appears to

disapprove of this practice, and calls it fiction. We are sure that no fraud was intended by it on the part of Mr. Hume, and doubt whether he has ever had readers simple enough to believe that the controversial discussions carried on in his history, took place in the form and manner there related. Like the speeches in Livy, we have always regarded them as political disquisitions, applicable to all times and places; and believing it to be the object of history to store the mind with knowledge, and not merely to load the memory with events, we have studied them, we confess, with attention, and, we flatter ourselves, with profit. Mr. Hume, to be sure, did not extract them from the Monkish Chronicles, where Dr. Lingard has probably sought for them in vain, but drew them from the recesses of his own mind: and so true and just are his reflections, and yet so natural and obvious do they appear, when presented to us in his admirable sketches, that though no authority may be found for them in contemporary annals, we cannot help believing that they contain the sentiments and views, not only of the statesmen and parties to whom he ascribes them, but of politicians and nations at all times and on all occasions, when similar questions have arisen, since men were first united in society and governed by their reason and reflection."

Need we ask whether this is a practice that ought to be endured in history? It is very well for the critic to tell us that he doubts whether Hume ever had readers simple enough to believe that these imaginary discussions ever took place. If that were really his opinion, why should he have said that Dr. Lingard probably sought in vain for them in the Monkish Chronicles? Be it observed, this is not said in irony, for the critic has bestowed abundant praise upon Dr. Lingard, and pays a tribute to his acuteness and sagacity.

We see no earthly use in endeavoring to bolster up the fame of Hume as an historian at this time of day. His authority on many of the most important and disputed matters is irretrievably gone.

Let us now hear Dr. Lingard. He says:—

"It is long since I disclaimed any pretensions to that which has been called the philosophy of history, but might with more propriety be termed the philosophy of romance. Novelists, speculatists, and philosophists, always assume the privilege of being acquainted with the secret motives of those whose conduct and characters they describe; but writers of history know nothing more respecting motives than the little which their

authorities have disclosed, or the facts necessarily suggest. If they indulge in fanciful conjectures, if they profess to detect the hidden springs of every action, the origin and consequences of every event, they may display acuteness of investigation, profound knowledge of the human heart, and great ingenuity of invention; but no reliance can be placed on the fidelity of their statements. In their eagerness they are apt to measure fact and theory by the same visionary standard; they dispute or overlook every adverse or troublesome authority, and then borrow from imagination whatever may be wanting

for the support or embellishment of their new doctrine. They come before us as philosophers who undertake to teach from the records of history; they are in reality literary empirics, who disfigure history to make it accord with their philosophy. Nor do I hesitate to proclaim my belief that no writers have proved more successful in the perversion of historic truth than speculative and philosophical historians."

We cannot do better than close this short paper with a passage of such masterly sense and manly eloquence

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

PROFESSOR BOND'S CLOCK FOR REGISTERING ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

THE great globe on which we dwell spins round in space with an even movement from day to day and year to year. It has not made any important change, either in the direction of its revolution or in the rate with which it goes, since the dawn of human history. Out of this unvarying uniformity the most exact of all the sciences springs. For man, having learned to trust to its enduring steadiness, plants his telescope firmly upon the revolving surface, and looks out through its tube as it sweeps along in its circular course. Again and again he sees the same star returning across the visual area of his instrument. He fixes a delicate thread in the centre of this, and counts the minutes and seconds that intervene between the periods when the star appears to make its recurring contacts with the thread. If those intervals are always of equal amount, he calls the star a fixed one; but if they are of varying length, he notes the difference as the measure of the wanderings of the star; and the telescope thenceforth becomes the observatory of an astronomer.

The great object of astronomical observation is the exact determination of the times when certain important luminaries pass be-

hind threads placed within the tubes of fixed telescopes. From multiplied observations of this nature a knowledge of the planetary and stellar systems is deduced. But in order that the deductions may be sound, it is necessary that even seconds shall be split into fractions. The observer must be able to say, not only in what second, but also in what part of the second, the star has been observed behind his thread. Both his eye and his ear must be trained by long custom to a state of exalted activity. The threads within the visual field of his instrument must also be of the utmost degrees of fineness; for fifteen spider-threads, held three feet and a half away from the eye, will cover the breadth which a star seems to move through in a second. Dr. Wollaston has succeeded in drawing out platinum wire for the use of astronomers to such extreme tenuity, that 150 of them may be twisted together to make up the thickness of a silk-worm's fibre; and yet one of these will suffice to cover the point of a star when placed behind it under favorable circumstances. But the better to understand how it is that such gossamer material can be employed in the solid work of the observatory, let us enter for a little while into

the interior of one of those interesting temples of science during the performance of its ordinary rites.

It is night, and the fixed transit telescope is just about to sweep over the star Arcturus. Through a slit, which rises in the opposite wall high into the roof of the room, we perceive a galaxy of twinkling stars. As our eyes grow accustomed to the dimness of the light which alone is allowed to pervade the space in which we stand, we notice before us a grave-looking telescope, supported by means of a firm, transverse axis upon two solid piers of stone, and pointing up towards the higher portion of the slit. An observer in a loose coat and close cap has already taken his place in a comfortable reclining-chair, which enables him, without fatiguing effort, to keep his eye before the end of the telescope. He holds his tablets and pencil in his hand, and a large clock—the living genius of the place—is audibly ticking near. The beats of this clock the observer is mentally counting. Before he placed himself in his chair he took the second from the clock face—that is, he began his enumeration by noting the number of seconds that had already elapsed in the current minute. His ear is now strained to catch with precision each succeeding beat, and his eye is strung to concentrate its attention upon the star as soon as it impinges upon his sight. The earth moves on with its almost imperceptible and stately pace, and carries the telescope and observer with it, until at last the expected object is found within the range of the tube, and the advancing star appears at the margin of the visual field.

The circular space in which the star is seen is illuminated by a subdued tinge of artificial light thrown in from a lantern at the side of the telescope. By means of this light fine upright threads are discerned crossing the illuminated field at equal distances. Towards the first of these the star advances with a twinkling gait, but with its whitish hue, nevertheless, distinct on account of being contrasted with the yellower field. Onwards it moves; the observer following it carefully with his eye, and counting the clock-beats as they fall. "Thirty-two" was the last reckoning: "thirty-three" follows as the next. Then for an instant the star disappears behind the thread—appears again, and beat "thirty-four" is heard. The obscuration has taken place not half-way between the beats, but nearer to the following than the preceding one in the proportion of four to six: 33.6 seconds is therefore jotted down upon

the ready tablets as the period of the occurrence. By the time the record has been made the star has approached the second thread. The observer is therefore again on the alert, and counting the clock-beats that he may register the transit behind it. This process he repeats afterwards with the three remaining threads. The five recorded numbers are then added together; the sum-total divided by five; and the result, with the hour and minute taken from the clock-face inserted before it, is registered as the exact time at which the star passed the central wire.

The five threads are used, and five observations taken, simply that any error incident to the process of observation may be diffused among the five. If the observer has estimated and jotted down the fractional second of one observation a little too soon, the chances are that the error will lie in the other direction with the next; and the one inaccuracy will thus tend to correct and neutralize the other. By this contrivance the process of observing has been brought to so great a nicety, that even personal errors are taken into account. The eye of one man sees quicker than that of another. The peculiar power of the observer's organ is therefore tested by comparative experiment, and a refined correction in accordance with this is made in the record of the observation.

Notwithstanding all that has been thus done to perfect the process of observing, the astronomer still continues to find cause for dissatisfaction. It is not enough that he has made his instruments analyze and define their own faults of construction; it is not enough that he has fitted them with optical powers that magnify hairbreadths of space into vast areas; it is not enough that he has split the errors incident to his own inexactness into fragments by causing them to divide themselves; it is not enough that he has entered into successful competition with spiders in forming fine threads for the visual fields of his instruments; it is not enough that he has made his own rate of perception to enter as an element into his estimate;—for there yet remains the important fact, that the eye and the ear are not themselves in perfect accordance with each other. When the eye notes an occurrence, and marks it as simultaneous with a sound that is recognized by the ear, the two perceptions are caused by phenomena that are perhaps some fraction of a moment asunder from each other in time. The message that comes through the ear takes longer to pass into the seat of perception

than that which enters by the eye. Every observation therefore includes a residuary error dependent upon this source, which is sufficient to distort, to a certain extent, the symmetry of the deduced results, making cycles to seem longer or shorter, and causing suns to give in an erroneous account of themselves.

The Americans have taken the initiative in attacking this source of inaccuracy: they have invented a plan for making electricity register upon paper instantaneously, both the clock-beats and the exact time of observation. The observer makes the record of the latter by merely pressing an ivory key which he holds in his hand. This gives a more exact result, because the consent between the eye and the sense of touch is much more intimate than that between the eye and ear. When the eye is engaged in observing, the hand can obey almost instinctively a suggestion coming through it, and indelibly register the instant by a grasp; for this is a form of obedience that it is practising all life-long. The hand becomes wonderfully skilled from habit in effecting rapidly the purpose that has been willed under the influence of the quick sense of sight; whereas the mental comparison of a sound with a visible sign, involves the necessity of a far slower and less familiar process. It is this principle that constitutes the value of the American contrivance. Professor Bond, of Harvard University, United States, is the inventor of the instrument by which the electrical register is proposed to be made; and this was exhibited in operation at one of the sectional meetings of the British Association, at Ipswich, on the Thursday morning during the visit of Prince Albert.

In one corner of the council-chamber of the town-hall, in which the meeting was held, stood a small square frame of mahogany, supporting a cylinder covered with paper. This cylinder was kept revolving by means of a weight-and-clock movement, so that it completed each revolution in a minute. Upon its top the point of a glass-pen rested, whose interior cavity was filled with ink, so that, as the cylinder turned beneath it, a continuous trace appeared upon the paper, which was lengthened out into a spiral line by a slow shifting of the cylinder sideways. Upon any given portion of the paper this ink-trace appeared, after the cylinder had made a few turns, in parallel columns somewhat thus—

Behind the frame containing the revolving cylinder peered forth the face of an astronomical clock. From this

connecting wires might be seen passing backwards into a cupboard containing a charged galvanic battery, and forwards to the registering cylinder. The steady click, click of the clock was telling off the seconds in the usual way; and so long as no electrical communication was established between it and the registering apparatus, the cylinder continued to move on with stolid indifference, covering itself with parallel columns of even lines; but as soon as the clock and the cylinder were brought into electrical relation by an altered arrangement of the wires, the aspect of affairs was strangely changed. The pen, before so quiet and sedate, became all at once convulsed with a paroxysm of twitches, which of course registered themselves upon the paper of the cylinder; so that the parallel columns produced by a few successive turns of the apparatus now presented this appearance—

Each little offset in each column had been made simultaneously with a beat of the clock, and was in fact the permanent record of a corresponding second. The eye and ear could easily trace the connection while the operation was in progress. Each twitch of the pen was evidently instantaneous with a sonorous beat of the pendulum: some mysterious sympathy connected together the movement and the sound.

The secret of the sympathetic connection was simply this: the pen was fixed to an armature of steel, placed close to the extremities of a horse-shoe of soft iron. This horse-shoe was surrounded by a coil of the connecting wires. Whenever a current of galvanic electricity was passed along the coil, the horse-shoe iron became a magnet, and attracted the pen and armature into close contact with itself. Whenever the galvanic current was interrupted, the magnet lost its power, and allowed the armature and pen to spring away for a short distance under the influence of an elastic force. Each springing away of the pen registered itself by an offset upon the paper. Whenever the pen was held in close contact with the magnet, the even line was traced. The clock itself was placed in the line of connecting wires, so that each time the pendulum swayed from side to side it broke the contact of the conducting line, and thus arrested the passage of the electric current for an instant: and thus each effect formed by the pen, when the horse-shoe ceased to be a magnet, came to be simultaneous with the beat of the clock which arrested the galvanic current that sustained the magnetic power.

When an observation is to be recorded by

the aid of this instrument, the observer takes a small key of ivory, attached to the end of a wire in his hand. He places the clock and registering-cylinder in communication, and then fixes himself at the telescope. Concentrating his attention upon the star, he gives a momentary pressure to the key, when the luminous point disappears behind the thread: by so doing he breaks the galvanic circuit for an instant, and this break is registered among the clock-breaks. An additional offset is interpolated among the ordinary second offsets, and the result appears somewhat thus—

The observation is here recorded as having been made at thirty-three seconds and six-tenths. The fractional part of the second line at which the interpolated offset is found, is measured off as the exact estimate of nine.

In the old mode of observing by the ear, the fine threads of the telescope were necessarily placed so far asunder, that the observer had time to record the passage of the star behind one, and prepare himself for its contact with the second, before that occurrence could take place. But in observing by the aid of Professor Bond's apparatus, the wires may be so close that the successive star-contacts may be made almost in consecutive seconds, for the hand will be ready to register them as quickly as they can happen. In this way a considerable saving of time will be effected in making each observation—an important piece of economy when many are to be taken in the course of a day.

It has been proposed that this instrument shall be made a means of ascertaining the rate with which the electric current travels. Suppose, for instance, the case of a break-circuit clock working at London, and registering its time simultaneously upon two cylinders at once—the one placed close by in London, and the other at the end of a long connecting wire in Liverpool; and let it be assumed that the electric influence that ran along the wire to register the seconds in Liverpool took a quarter of a second to travel to its journey's end; then, although each clock-beat was registered a quarter of a second later in Liverpool than in London, there would be no possible means of ascertaining the fact. But now, again, imagine that in this state of affairs, an observation is made in Liverpool of the passage of a star behind the transit-thread of a telescope, and that the observation is registered simultane-

ously upon both the Liverpool and London cylinders by an offset, effected through the instrumentality of a break-circuit wire held in the observer's hand, then the record in London would be made a quarter of a second later than the record in Liverpool, owing to the time taken by the transmission of the recording influence. And when the records upon the two cylinders were placed side by side, and compared together, this would become immediately apparent: in fact, there would be found a difference of half a second between the registers. The effect would have been doubled, for the second was registered in Liverpool a quarter of a second later than the second was in London; and the observation made in Liverpool was registered another quarter of a second later in London than in Liverpool. It was therefore registered later, and, so to speak, by earlier time, so that both the lateness of the register and the earliness of the time became elements in the result. It will be understood that the rate assumed for the velocity of the electric influence, is greatly exaggerated for the sake of familiar explanation. It is well known that it would not need anything like a quarter of a second for its transmission from London to Liverpool. But it is anticipated that its velocity is by no means so great but that it may be detected by the break-circuit apparatus when the longest possible circuit of wires has been selected for the performance of the experiment.

The astronomer-royal is contriving a modification of the break-circuit apparatus for the use of the National Observatory. He proposes, for economical reasons, to give the signal by the formation of an electric current instead of by breaking one already established. The record will then appear in interrupted dots instead of in continuous offsets. He also proposes ultimately to make the same clock both drive the cylinder and record the seconds. The cylinder, which is already prepared, is twenty inches long and twelve in diameter, and is to be made to revolve once every two minutes, affording space upon its surface for a six hours' record. For the present, the rotation of this cylinder is to be effected by a separate train of wheelwork, and is to be kept uniform by means of a mercurial pendulum revolving in a circle of 20 degrees diameter, instead of oscillating backwards and forwards. The driving power is to be transmitted to this radial arm by a modification of the steam-engine governor, which will be able to shut off any accidental excess of the force that would otherwise disturb the uniformity of the result.

From Hogg's Instructor.

MEMORIES OF GREAT MEN.

WHAT a wonderful and beautiful thing is the gift of genius! How it enshrines its possessors in the minds and memories of men! How it creates a home for itself in hearts which have long felt, but could not express, its breathing thoughts and burning words! How its interests and sympathies go on circling and widening, like the ripples around the stone cast into the water, till they become as 'household words' or 'old familiar faces,' in all tongues and in all lands! How it grows—never older, but ever younger; the mighty men of yore speaking more powerfully to the generation of to-day, than to the past of yesterday!

Beauty has power, and it, also, is a gift from Heaven; but it passeth away, and its place is known no more; for who treasures the defaced and vacant casket, or the flower of the morning, when it lies on the cold ground? The easel of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor, may preserve the lineaments of loveliness, but only as a sight to the eyes, no longer as a voice to the heart.

Riches, too, have power, but they have also wings, and oftentimes they flee away. And even when they remain till the rich man is obliged to flee from them, they leave no memories, they create no sympathies.

Rank is mighty over the minds of men, and proudly does it rear its ermined form and jewelled brow; but the time soon comes when no voice sounds. No power emanates from the crimson pall and escutcheoned tomb. How different is genius from all these!

True, it has its waywardness, its follies, its eccentricities; but these are lost in, or perhaps only enhanced by, the charm of its truth, its earnestness, its humility. Yes, genius is true; it is a reality; it has truth to inculcate, and work to do, were it only to bring down a sense of beauty or a power of vision to closed hearts and filmy eyes. Genius is earnest; it flutters not like the white-winged wanderers of the summer, idly and uselessly, from flower to flower; but, like the bee, it perceives, and earnestly extracts, use with the beauty, food with the perfume.

Genius is humble: striving after something far higher than itself, which it never reaches, gazing into brightness and into beauty which it cannot emulate, it forever sees its own littleness, its own darkness, its own deformity, and shrinks from occupying the pedestal assigned to it by its day and generation. Of course, these qualities form the golden setting of the real gem, fresh from the depths of the ocean or the recesses of the mine, for never do they surround the mock jewel, created out of the dust and tinsel of the world.

It is not, however to the fulfilled thoughts, and words, and works of great men—it is not to their name and their fame throughout the land—it is not to the incense showered upon them in the halls of the crowned and the circles of the beautiful—that our hearts turn with the deepest understanding and sympathy. No, it is to their homes and their hearths, to their joys and their sorrows. Yonder are the walls which have looked down upon the midnight vigil and noonday languor. Yonder is the window whence the eye, gazing up to the heavens, has caught something of their inspiration. Lo, here the board which has echoed to the sweet sounds of household jest and homely tenderness. Lo, there the sleepless couch, where the sufferings of life, if not more bravely borne, have been more deeply felt, than by other men!

It has been our lot to catch occasional glimpses of the homes of great men, and perhaps, our readers may not weary for a little of the oft-told tale, while we recall these memories of 'a long time ago.'

One May morning, we found ourselves at the door of a small dwelling, cheerless and commonplace looking, like most houses in the streets of gloomy London. We passed within, and there was a change: the fresh green of the stately Park trees, and the flowers and shrubs of the little garden which had once harbored pet nightingales, looked brightly and kindly upon us, while the early summer's sun came smiling through the windows, lighting up and glorifying the choice and

beautiful pictures, and what was better than pictures, the genius-lit features of an octogenarian poet. A social and hospitable board is spread, and surrounded by some of kindred spirit. Men of science, men of genius, men of practice are there, gathered from the northern Tweed banks, and from the lands beyond the Atlantic. Gravely and gaily does the converse hold on its way, now hither, now thither, like the bird amongst the forest branches; one moment in the recesses of the heart's sympathies, the next sporting on the parterre of wit and anecdote, and again soaring into the region of intellect. But, ever and anon, there was that in the old man's words and bearing, which woke up yet deeper and more sanctified feeling. The touching emphasis with which he would repeat, as a sample of musical diction and exquisite pathos, such lines as these—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone.
Leads to the world where sorrow is unknown;"

or the text of Scripture, reverently spoken; or the words of thanksgiving to "my Saviour for having so loved little children;" uttered with hands folded and eyes solemnly raised to heaven, could not but fill the heart with the precious hope that the poet had sought and found a more blessed reality than all his gorgeous visions. Very long hath been thy path of life, O thou venerable man! and thy songs of sunny "Italy" are now the songs of the olden time; solitary is thy hearth, which, has never been surrounded by the sweet youthful sunshine which thou lovest so well; yet art thou not to be pitied, for all hearts love thee, in thine old age and solitude!

One very rainy day, when even bright, clean Paris looked dirty and miserable, we found ourselves at the entrance of a stately edifice. Up stairs we went, we and our companion, and were speedily ushered into the presence of one, who, it was easy to discover, had in some way or other "left footprints on the sands of time." We sat down within a lofty library, surrounded by authors of every age and country, and by prints of contemporary savans; pamphlets were heaped on every chair, and the whole chamber was in a sort of orderly disorder. As we sat there, the rain dashing against the windows, our ears assailed by a mingled torrent of French and English, which was as an unknown tongue to our unsophisticated intellects, our hearts softened by letters from beloved ones, in "a far countrie" which had just been put into our hands; it was natural that our

thoughts should fix themselves tenderly and earnestly upon the lonely man before us. The tall bent frame, the deeply furrowed cheeks, the nearly sightless eyeballs, the matted, grizzled locks, the touching expression of intense melancholy and disappointment, told of a strangely memoried and chequered existence. And it was so. Those eyes had wept the bitterest tears of bereavement, and gazed unmoved upon pointed cannon; that hand had directed the heavenward telescope, and signed senatorial mandates; that voice had instructed from the chair, and rebelled upon the tribune! It was Arago—the widower, the biographer, the philosopher, the statesman, the republican! and as we rambled through the spacious halls of the Observatoire, built by Louis Quatorze, and gazed from its summit upon the noble view of that strange, incomprehensible, rebellious, crimestricken, beautiful Paris, lying so peacefully stretched out before us, we felt it was just the sort of home we could have imagined for that lonely and majestic man; and we longed earnestly that the eye-nerves which had been scathed by the shock and lightning of the cannon, levelled against them, might be restored by the great Light-giver, and that the heart, again and again bruised and broken, might be tenderly bound up by the Healer and the Comforter.

A few nights after, when rumors of approaching battle and bloodshed filled the ear and the mind, without exciting the terror with which in dear old Scotland we had imagined such a possibility, we drove along the pretty and gaily-lighted streets and boulevards of Paris. There was a strange contrast and fearful significance, however, in the mounted guards at each corner of the streets, telling of increased danger and increased vigilance; and our thoughts and conversation were unavoidably led to the horrors of the past and the probabilities of the future, till, upon finding ourselves in the midst of a cheerful home, it was like awaking from a painful dream. Yes—it was that rare thing, a home in Paris—a home in France! There stood the statesman, the guider of kings, the ruler over the interests of France, deposed from his high estate, it is true, and voiceless and nameless in the cabinets of Europe, but surrounded by loving and beloved, graceful and accomplished sons and daughters, and by attached and admiring friends and relatives. The rooms, though neither large nor lofty, were elegantly furnished, and contained a few good pictures, some of them presents from crowned heads, and a fine musical instrument, sweet

sounds from which doubtless more frequently cheered the ex-minister's heart, than in the brilliant, but unmusical hurry of prosperity. The simple, polished, and urbane manners of the author of "Civilisation," and the almost Scotch frankness and kindness of his family—all of whom worship in a Presbyterian temple—might have made us doubt whether we had really crossed the channel, had it not been for the rapid sounds on all sides of that language which is pre-eminently the language of conversation. Another circumstance also recalled us from the dream of home security, and sent us through the dark night to our hotel, with a relapse into gloomy foreboding and melancholy remembrance. In one corner of the room hung a portrait of a venerable lady, the mother of our host, who had died but a short time before, at a very advanced age, and who, during a long life, had worn perpetual mourning in memory of her gallant husband, Guizot's father, who had perished upon a Parisian scaffold.

Then, on another day, we entered the house of that strange medley of poet and patriot, Lamartine. We had seen and watched him in his place in the National Assembly, and now we gazed very earnestly around his dwelling, and carried away many thoughts with us. With all his affectation, and sentimentality, and *Frenchness*, the heart clings to the little child learning and loving the Bible stories at his mother's knee, to the idolizing and motherless son of later years, to the sorely-stricken and bereaved father, to the author ever and anon striking some innermost chord of the soul and spirit, to the lonely eastern traveller, to the fearless orator, standing with folded arms amidst infuriated thousands. The beautiful rooms were adorned with masterly paintings, by the English wife of Lamartine—the mother of "Julia"—who spoke to us with simple but dignified affection of her absent husband, once the idol of the multitude, then in comparative neglect and obscurity. She showed us a magnificent picture and noble-looking bust, both bearing a strong resemblance to the man of the present; but how different, in their proud beauty, to the young weeper over the strains of Tasso, to the merry gatherer of the vineyard grapes, and the tender of the wild goats upon the mountain!—a dreamer it is true, but little dreaming of all the vicissitudes of feeling, of position, of action, which have since been his lot. Something better, we trust, than our national vanity, made us earnestly wish that Lamartine had been born among the heathered

hills of Scotland, with an earnest Scottish soul within him.

Genius, without religion, is but as the bird shorn of its wings, as the arrow chained to the earth, as the crown stripped of its gems and gold. Genius, to be all-powerful, all-beautiful, must be clothed with the beauty of holiness, with the diadem of righteousness; it must drink at the Fountain of Light, in whose light alone it can see light; it must wonder and adore at the shrine not only of the God of nature, but of the God of salvation; it must recount the august and heroic deeds of Him, who died for and loved the unlovely and the unloving, and it must work the works of Him who sent it. O! what sight is so beautiful, and alas! so rare, as genius and religion united—the rich gift given back in joy and gratitude—the ten talents traded with to the uttermost—the vivid perceptions of gladness and grief subdued and chastened, till they meekly wait for the time of fullest joy and no sorrow—and the mighty influence over heart and soul, friend and brother, stranger and alien, wielded for the winning of unsaved souls?

It is indeed true that the homes of living genius are instinct with thrilling thought and expression, each sight and sound acquiring a strange power, from having been seen and heard by those so nobly dowered from heaven. Yet is there a home which excites a deeper interest still—a home with narrow walls, within which there is no blazing hearth-fire, no social jest, no cradle song—the long home of the dead! In one sense, genius can never die; its words are like the fabled sentences in the frozen regions, which though inaudible at the moment of utterance, resounded wondrously through the air in the time of thaw. Its works are like the stately lions and winged bulls of buried Nineveh, which gaze as majestically upon other ages and other countries, as when first hewn from the rocks of a thousand years ago; its names are not born to die, but, like the floods and the hills, will last while the world lasteth. But the body can die. The eyes that so pierce into our souls with their living light will be quenched; the lips which speak such thrilling words will be for ever silent; the brow of loftiest look and deepest expression will be unclothed and ghastly. And the soul can die. Ah, upon none will the second death—the everlasting chains and darkness—come with more vivid and frightful power, than upon those whose very being seemed to consist of light, and life, and liberty! Who

will mourn over the past so acutely as those who "lacked but one thing"—so near and yet so far? Who will suffer so keenly where there is no enjoyment, as those who suffered and enjoyed upon earth like none others?

Who will know so fearfully, and learn so rapidly, as those who had followed hard after all knowledge but that of God? Alas, alas, for unsanctified genius!

From Frazer's Magazine.

PEPYS'S DIARY.*

THERE is no darker period in the English annals, than that which is embraced by the twenty-eight years which elapsed between the restoration of Charles II. and the expulsion of his brother James. Public virtue and private morality seem to have sunk to the lowest level compatible with the maintenance of society, and the reaction from the compulsory decorum of the commonwealth to the unbridled licence of the monarchy, has been the subject of more remark than any other incident in our history. We are invited to contrast the gloomy formality of Cromwell, with the careless libertinism of Charles; and the stern propriety of the Protector's court with the dissoluteness of the King's. The fanatical dictator in his chamber at Whitehall, with his immortal secretary by his side, must have offered a very different spectacle from the same chamber when occupied by his successor and his mistresses; and never, perhaps, in the fitful drama of human life did the same walls encircle a set of men and women of the highest rank, more thoroughly opposed to each other in outward manners and inward feelings. In some respects this was inevitable. The cord had been drawn too tight in the one case, and was too suddenly relaxed

in the other; and making every allowance for the irregularities which always attend upon the transitionary states of life, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that much of the gravity under the protectorate, and not a little of the folly and absurdity so conspicuous under the monarchy, were rather assumptions, or affectations, than realities. There was nothing natural about either; and as both were excesses in one direction or the other, they had the fate which awaits all extravagances in every age, and were gradually repressed by the force of reason, time and humanity. Oliver had one way of governing a kingdom, and Charles another. Neither was good: but if we confine ourselves to the mere fact, it may be doubted whether the popular estimate of the superiority of the former over the latter can be sustained. Cromwell was essentially a despot, though a republican one. There have been many such in times past, and there will be many more in the times that are to come. He did actually what Charles only desired to do, but could not accomplish—he ruled without a parliament, and was virtually an absolute sovereign. England owes much to his temperament, but little to his political fidelity. He was cold, crafty and energetic; and one of the most accomplished statesmen of our own age, described him as a "mean and insolent tyrant."† He toyed not with women, and despised men except in so far as they administered to his ambition; and though

* *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F. R. S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.* The Diary deciphered by the Rev. J. Smith, A. M., from the original shorthand MS. in the Pepysian Library. With a Life and Notes, by Richard Lord Braybrooke. Third edition. 5 vols. London: H. Colburn. 1851.

† Marquis Wellesley.

not cruel in the common sense of that term, he did cruel things. His religion was "tainted with the most odious and degrading of all human vices — hypocrisy;"† and yet, such is the weight which belongs to example enforced by authority, that he succeeded in impressing on a whole nation the image at least, of his own saturnine theology. In his eyes the CONSTITUTION was, like the mace, a "bauble," and he kicked it aside, replacing it by his own stern will, and the pikes and musketoons of his legionaries. The pressure on the free energies of society of such a man, armed as he was with the full and undivided powers of the state, must have been terrific; and the proof that it was so, is seen in the eagerness which was displayed by his countrymen, to escape from it when death had removed him from the scene of his triumphs. Lord John Russell has speculated in one of his works, on the probable consequences which would have followed the erection of a Cromwellian dynasty in the person of his son; but, to say nothing of Richard's unfitness for the kingly office, the thing was *ipso facto*, impossible. Oliver, like Buonaparte, was the creation of his age, and the representative of its harsher features, and the fabric that he reared necessarily fell with himself. Of course there can be no comparison instituted between his capabilities and those of Charles, any more than between the talents of Louis XVI. and the talents of Napoleon; and yet nothing but the incurable vices and the impenetrable selfishness of Charles, prevented him from rendering to his country, more solid services than were ever effected by Cromwell. That it was otherwise we cannot help, though we must regret it.

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of the work, the title of which is prefixed to this article, and which has been before the world in a less accessible form for the last five-and-twenty years. The noble editor has collateral claims on the blood of Samuel Pepys, and the strange mixture of sense and nonsense, who performed the functions of Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. has the honor of enrolling among his remote descendants, a peer of the realm and a true hearted and highly educated English gentleman. Lord Braybrooke is precisely the kind of man to be entrusted with the duty of editing such a work as *Pepys's Diary*. His ample knowledge of life qualifies him in a peculiar manner for the task he has imposed upon him-

self, and he has executed it with great skill and judgment. The brief memoir prefixed to the first volume is compiled with much taste, and tells us all about the personal history of the man that can be now recovered; while the foot-notes with which the several volumes are enriched, assist the reader greatly both as regards events and individuals. So far, then, as Lord Braybrooke is concerned, the Diary is complete, and a very curious performance it is.

The name Pepys is a peculiar one, and would not seem to have belonged to any considerable family, though it has been latterly ennobled in the person of a distinguished lawyer, lately deceased. We are told that the ancestors of Samuel Pepys were originally of Norfolk, but that they settled early in the sixteenth century at Cottenham in Cambridgeshire. He himself was the son of John Pepys, a citizen of London, who carried on the business of a tailor in the metropolis till the year 1600, when he retired to Brampton, near Huntingdon, to a small property, with a rental of 40*l.* a year, which he inherited from an elder brother, and where he died in 1680. Whether his son Samuel was born at this place, Brampton, or in London, appears to be doubtful; but not so the date of his birth, which is, 23d February, 1632. His rudimentary education he received at Huntingdon; but he was afterwards removed to St. Paul's school, where he remained till 1650, in which year he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a sizar. He was subsequently transferred to Magdalen, where he obtained a scholarship on Smith's foundation; but how long he remained at the University or what proficiency he attained to in literature, is not recorded; though we may infer from the facts, that his name is found in the College register for 1653, and that he married in 1655, that he resided at Cambridge in all four years, and there acquired those higher tastes which he was enabled to gratify in after years. His wife was Elizabeth St. Michel, of a good family in Somersetshire, but of French original. At the time of their union, she was fifteen, and he twenty-three; and as he had been educated to no profession, and the lady was without fortune, the marriage belongs to the class usually denominated imprudent. How the London tailor's son came to be the cousin of so important a person as Sir Edward Montagu, the first Earl of Sandwich, we are not told; but so it was; and in the house of that distinguished officer the young and friendless couple found an asylum, and to the connex-

† Mr. Fox.

ion thus accidentally formed Pepys owed his future rise. In what capacity he served Sir Edward Montagu is not stated—probably as a private secretary, possibly even as a domestic tutor; but there can be no doubt that through this circumstance he was introduced into the naval circles of the day, which ultimately led him to the Admiralty. In 1658, three years after his marriage, and when he was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was cut successfully for the stone, an uncommon malady in one so young; and he ever afterwards kept the anniversary of that occurrence, as one which he was bound to commemorate by a sense of gratitude to Divine Providence. The lithic diathesis in his case was obviously very strong; but it did not openly manifest itself again during his life, though after death his kidneys were found to be impacted with calculi, and to be adherent to the spine.

His first public employment was as a clerk in the Exchequer office; but having, in 1660, accompanied his patron, Sir Edward Montagu, to Scheveling, to bring home the king and the Duke of York, he was, on the advancement of the admiral to the peerage, and doubtless through his influence, promoted to the place of Clerks to the Acts of the navy, a situation which we presume to have been equivalent to the Under-Secretaryship of the Admiralty in our days. In the reign of James II. he was made Secretary to the Admiralty, and his official connexion with that board lasted for the long term of eight-and-twenty years, when the Revolution of 1688 threw him out of employment for the rest of his life. He survived that event fifteen years, and died at Clapham, on the 26th of May, 1703, in the seventy-first year of his age. He left no direct issue, but bequeathed what property he possessed, which was not great, to his nephew, Mr. John Jackson, with directions, that on the decease of that gentleman, his books, prints, paintings, and manuscripts should go to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where they remain to this day. His *Diary*, written in short-hand, was begun in January, 1659-60, and was continued till May, 1669, when failing sight compelled him to abandon it. *Pepys's Diary*, then, contains the jottings and reflections of a man who had access to the court, and the highest personages of the realm, for the first nine years of Charles II.'s reign; and we are now to inquire shortly into the character of the writer, and the value of his contributions to contemporary history.

Pepys was undoubtedly a vain and a sel-

fish man, and temperamentally addicted to pleasure in its most accessible forms. He loved good eating, had a Saxon capacity for drink, which he freely indulged; and, like his royal master, he was a somewhat promiscuous admirer of beauty. His abilities, though not high, were respectable, and his business habits good; for, considering the large portion of his time which he devoted to mere amusement, and especially to the playhouse, he must have regulated his hours of labor with great exactness to get through the work which he did perform. He was industrious, curious, and in a certain sense, sagacious; but his sagacity was a kind of personal quality, if we dare use the expression, and seldom busied itself about matters that did not immediately concern himself. He talks frequently of the warmth of his nature, as hurrying him into indiscretions of speech and action, which he afterwards regretted; but we have remarked of these fiery ebullitions, that they were expended chiefly upon the inmates of his house, and were carefully suppressed in the presence of his equals or his superiors. His littlenesses, by his own account, were innumerable; but they were associated with a sort of generous grotesqueness, which, if it could not confer dignity upon them, effectually relieved them of any alloy of malignity. Yet this man, with all his frivolities, had many fine and even elevated tastes, and some by no means despicable attainments. Besides his classical knowledge, which was respectable as to Latin, he read, and probably spoke, three of the modern languages—viz. French, Italian, and Spanish. He was a lover and a collector of books, which he valued for something more than their gilt cover. He delighted in engravings, in which he would seem to have had considerable skill; and was not indifferent to painting. He appears to have had an aptitude for some branches of physical science, and he was not only an admirer of music, but a composer on a small scale, and an occasional performer, both instrumental and vocal. He is said to have rendered essential service to the navy, and it is stated by his biographer,—though we confess to some incredulity on the subject,—that the regulations now in use for the government of ships of war were drawn up by him, and not by the Duke of York, as had been heretofore believed. It is difficult to find out what his politics were, or even whether he could be said to have had any. In early life, he probably gave himself little concern about the matter, or went with the stream; but it is only naked justice

to state, that, though attached in after life to the Duke of York, from whom he had received many substantial favors, he does not appear to have been insensible to the dangers, which were likely to accrue to the nation from the profligate habits of the king, and the abominable corruptions which his example tended to encourage.

In his religious profession Pepys was a member of the Church of England, in the tenets of which he had been reared, and in communion with which he died; but his churchmanship sat somewhat loosely on him, and there peeps out now and then a rather vulgar contempt for ecclesiastics and their calling. Yet, strange to say, he was accused in his old age of a leaning to popery—a formidable charge in those days—and sent to the Tower by the House of Commons as a religious recusant! To his kindred he was considerate and affectionate after his own way, and in his own time he was a recognised patron of literature, and a liberal promoter of useful undertakings. We shall not err much, then, if we represent him as a not altogether unamiable specimen of a public man of the age of Charles II., who affected on more morality than it was convenient to carry about with him, and who was guilty of no very gross violations of public or private decency, in either his official or his personal capacity.

So much for the man. And now for the book—that book which every body reads who can get hold of it; and successful travesties on the style of which, may be found in the humorous literature of the day.

The Diary is undoubtedly an old variety of annotation, and in all probability it preceded the composition of formal histories. Traces of its existence among the ancient Persians and Phenicians may be detected, as we think, even in Herodotus. The *Memorabilia* of Xenophon belong partly, and the *Commentaries* of Cæsar wholly to this class of writings, of which we have an illustrious example in the *Journal* of Nearchus, Alexander the Great's admiral, the fragments of which have been preserved by Arrian; and it is by no means impossible, that much of what we call tradition in reference to very remote times, may once have had a more stable shape than it now presents. Active-minded men would naturally seek to record their impressions of contemporaneous events for their own gratification; and the use made by Diodorus Siculus, of the memoranda of the Greek physician, Ctesius, shows that this practice can boast of a great antiquity. We

confess, however, to a prejudice against that modification of it in modern times which deals solely with the individual and his feelings; for, if we mistake not, it will generally be found that it is not those who, from their position or their experience have something worth telling, that are most prone to this habit; but those whom a latent craving after posthumous notoriety, urges to the transference to paper of well-dressed sentences and holiday reflections. No such motives as these, however, could have influenced Pepys, though it may be difficult to tell at this distance of time what could have induced him to record in an unreadable character, the daily occurrences of what must be regarded as an uneventful life. It was the practice of his age, and was, perhaps, resorted to by those who felt that it was dangerous in an unsettled state of society, to express too freely what they thought of public men, and on public affairs.

Pepys had a great deal of quiet cunning about him, and looked steadily to the effect which his several actions would have on his personal well-being; he was, therefore, not likely to transgress the established limits of speech in his oral discourse; but as he was garrulous and restless, the double cover of the diary and a cipher would effectually conceal from the ill-natured world, his political and social heresies, if he had any. A man of first-rate ability, with his opportunities, might have bequeathed a treasure to posterity. But Pepys was unequal to an effort of this kind; and though his Diary does afford us some curious and even interesting pictures most inartificially drawn, of a very peculiar style of manners, with an occasional portrait worth looking at, still it is a meagre performance historically speaking, and so thoroughly egotistical, that it is with the utmost difficulty the writer escapes from himself under any circumstances.

Thus: it commences with the Restoration—an event of no common magnitude; but in so far as the worthy Samuel is concerned, it resolves itself into his emotions on the voyage to Holland; the honors which were unexpectedly bestowed upon him, on board the admiral's ship; his surprise at what he saw and heard in Dutchland, and his safe return to Britain after so perilous a voyage.

The plague visited London while he was writing (1665), and he behaved nobly during the existence of that terrible visitation, remaining at his post, while others—including, we grieve to say, the immortal Sydenham—fled in dismay; but the history of that mys-

terious malady, and a description of the fearful scenes which it generated, were reserved for a novelist of the next generation, whose wonderful pen had the power of investing with an air of reality whatever it touched.

The great fire of London followed the plague, and the two together seemed to fill up the measure of wretchedness of the doomed city; but all that we learn about it from Pepys is, that he gazed from the leads of his dwelling-house at the mighty conflagration, as it rolled on from street to street, day after day,—that its approach alarmed him, and terrified his wife,—and that, lest it should imperil his goods and chattels, he removed his furniture to Deptford, and his gold to Brampton, where he buried it in his father's garden.

The first Dutch war, with all its humbling accompaniments, we have at greater length, obviously because the details belonged to his office at the Admiralty, and he was personally affected by the result. Here the Diary is really useful in exposing the executive incapacity, the corruption, and the disunion, which were the prominent characteristics of that profligate reign; but if we take these four great incidents, all occurring within a few years, and following each other in regular succession, we shall at once perceive, that in the hands of a man of genius, they might have been made the groundwork of a national epic. Let us be just, however, to the memory of one who, at the distance of two centuries, re-appears amongst us, not only unexpectedly, but in his strictly private capacity; and let us not forget that, after all, a diary is not a history, and that we should be grateful for what we do get, though it may not be all that we could desire, nor all that we need.

Pepys was, in some senses, an embodiment of his age and class, and a vivacious, if not a profound commentator on such passing events as he chose to notice. There is enough of scandal in the Diary to make it piquant, and enough of occasional sobriety to impress upon it a graver character; but it is the man himself, drawn by his own hand, and represented in *puris naturalibus*, who is the chief attraction. It is his vanities, his simplicities, and his moral pruderies,—to term them by a gentle name,—which constitute the charm of the book, and account for its popularity. He conceals nothing, but details his peccadilloes with an exquisite contempt of consequences; nor do we know to what personal secrets he might

not have introduced us, had not Lord Braybrooke's pruning-knife lopped off the "indelicacies," (see Preface) which were too gross for even "the licentious days to which they relate." The celebrated Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, set the first example of this kind of anatomy, in which a man undertakes to dissect himself, and Rousseau pushed it to a hideous length in his celebrated *Confessions*,—the one to demonstrate the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, the other to glorify himself and make the world stare: but honest Pepys wrote seemingly to please himself, and not to astonish or instruct anybody. His candor is certainly most exemplary, and ought to disarm criticism and destroy suspicion, since such a portraiture as he has left behind him, could not have been the composition of a hypocrite. His wife, "poor wretch," would not appear to have been as companionable as she should have been, according to his rather enlarged notions of sociality, nor was she the sort of woman to trust with small, which are sometimes dangerous secrets; for Samuel was a discreet man in such matters, and acted on the principle that it was wise to reserve some portion of one's own confidence for one's own use. Whether, therefore, he flirted obstreperously with Knipp in her husband's presence—or gallantly entertained Mrs. Pearce, the surgeon's wife, in her husband's absence—or squeezed the hand of a "pretty maid" whom he did not know, but whose beauty inflamed him, and whom he accosted on his way to church—or saluted freely and frequently "Rebecca Allen," the storekeeper's daughter at Chatham,* he judiciously

*Some of his junketings with this lady were amusing enough. She appears first, in 1661, on the occasion of an official visit paid by him to Chatham, in conjunction with Sir William Batten, commissioner of the navy, who entertained, amongst others, "Mr. Allen and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly." (Vol. i. p. 207.) On the following day he met the fair damsel at an evening party; he accompanies her home to her father's house, she seeming "to be desirous of his favors." He stayed there till "two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceedingly merry, and had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often." (Idem. p. 210.) Pretty well this for a married man on a second day's acquaintance! In the second volume she is "Becky Allen," and in the fifth (1669) we meet with her as Mrs. Jowles, "who is a very fine, proper lady, as most I know, and well dressed. . . . She and I to talk, and there had our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often, and she might free in kindness to me; and had there been time, I

concluded that such passages in his history were best confided to the stillness of a cipher and a sealed book, if they were to be recorded at all: the only wonder is, that any man of mature age should have thought it worth his while to give a permanent, as well as "a local habitation," to such undisguised juvenilities.

This celebrated Diary, then, is read for the most part for amusement. The style is quaint, the incidents generally trifling, and sometimes comical, and the tone not troublesomely elevated in any way. Few men will feel themselves rebuked by its loftiness, or abashed by its austerity, which is a comfort in its way. It is therefore an admirable companion over a good fire, or in a comfortable arm-chair, when one would choose to forget the vexations of actual life; and if it should occasionally provoke a smile, it probably does more than a recondite treatise could accomplish. If we want philosophy, we must go elsewhere; but for a chat with an eccentric gentleman of the age of the second Charles, we must take to Pepys, and after that, "to bed, mighty content." We are not surprised, therefore, at the popular reputation which this book has obtained; but let us try whether we can extract from it a fragment or two of knowledge, historical or otherwise.

In glancing over these volumes, we meet

might have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my pressing it, was very willing to go." (v. 156.)

Mrs. Knipp was an actress at the king's house, and the contemporary of the fair and frail Nelly Gwynn, and was one of Pepys' most intimate female acquaintances, though it is not easy to decide on the character of the intimacy, which, to say the least, was strong. He describes her husband as "an ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow," (iii. 134.) and elsewhere as a "brute" and a "horse-jockey." She was a lively actress, and, according to our author, a sweet songstress, her style being the ballad. Few names occur more frequently in the *Diary*, and she was obviously the cause of much disquietude to Mrs. Pepys, but whether justly or unjustly, it is impossible now to determine. "After the play, we went into the house and spoke with Knipp, who went abroad with us to the Neat Houses in the way to Chelsey; and there, in a box in a tree, we eat and sang, and talked and eat; my wife out of humor, as she always is, when this woman is by." (iv. 147.) The work abounds in similar passages, of which take one other. "At noon comes Knipp with design to dine with Lord Brouncker, but she being undressed, and there being much company, dined with me: and after dinner I out with her, and carried her to the playhouse, and in the way did give her five guineas as a fairing, I having given her nothing a great while, and her coming hither sometimes having been matter of cost to her." (v. 10.)

some curious traits of manners, and some instructive illustrations of the constitution of society in the seventeenth century. Pepys, for example, was officially a gentleman, and personally, an educated man. His wife, also, was a woman of good extraction, and, we are to suppose, of cultivated habits, and they both had access to the best society: yet we detect in their *menage* evidences of a homely style of living, strangely at variance with their avowed ambition, and their occasional ebullitions of grandeur. According to modern notions, there is an extraordinary familiarity with the domestics, male and female, particularly when the latter chance to be "mighty pretty;" but we read with some astonishment of the maid-servant sleeping in a trundle-bed in the same apartment where her master and mistress lay;* and, what is more primitive still, of the maid sleeping with the mistress, and Samuel himself occupying the "trundle-bed" beside them!† This is not common, certainly, as a domestic arrangement in our time, and was no doubt a deviation from established usage even then; but the fact that it was resorted to by persons in the condition of life of Mr. Pepys and his wife, shows that it was a tolerated practice. Its convenience is as questionable as its decency; but we are unwilling to deny that it had its origin in amiable and kindly feelings, though the learned secretary was wont to cuff the ears of his wenches when they displeased him, and his lady to administer the strop pretty freely when she waxed wroth. There is nothing perfect any more than new under the sun.

The frequent *tavernising*, if we may coin a word, is another peculiarity. Pepys was a giant in this way, and sang and roystered with his wife and his female friends in the public houses of the day to a prodigious extent. They seldom return home from a walk, or a drive, or a sail on the river, without some jolly incident of this kind, diversi-

* This occurred twice;—first on the road to Brampton, at the Reindeer Inn, Bishop Stortford, kept by a notorious person, of whose early history at Cambridge Pepys had some knowledge; and secondly, at his father's house in Brampton, when he went to bury his gold in the garden. "We to supper, and so to bed; my wife and I in one bed, and the girl in another, in the same room, and lay very well." (v. 217.) "My wife and I in the high bed in our chamber, and Willet (the maid) in the trundle-bed, which she desired to lie in by us." (Id. 220.)

† "I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being gone to bed to my wife." (v. 224.) This was at Brampton.

fied by dancing, fiddling, and piping; and the details given in the Diary unconsciously impress the mind with the idea of a coarseness bordering on downright vulgarity. We cannot quote proofs without giving half the book, the fact being, that no inconsiderable portion of the five volumes of which the Diary consists, is made up of these, almost daily, and certainly weekly episodes, in which roast mutton, venison pasties, and fat capons, washed down with store of "good drink," figure conspicuously. For a pilgrim, a philosopher, and a sinner, Samuel was one of the most jovial dogs who ever lived; and he has all the look of it, if the frontispiece may be trusted, his bluff cheeks and ample double chin denoting anything but an anchorite; but we suspect that the poor wife was an unwilling contributor to these revelries, and that not a little of the discomfort of her lot, which peeps forth in bickerings innumerable, was the consequence of her husband's fondness for these bacchanal pastimes, joined to that old and inveterate source of female misery, *spretæ injuria formæ*, for the lady was assuredly jealous, and not without reason—whereat "I greatly troubled, but did presently satisfy her!"

Tea was a novelty in those days, and as the matter is not without historical interest, we subjoin in a note the few passages in which it is mentioned by Pepys.* This leaf is supposed to have been first introduced into Europe by the Dutch, probably about the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it was so little known in England in the middle of that century, that, in 1664, the East India Company presented two pounds two ounces of it to the king as a rare, and therefore valuable offering. Tobacco was probably in general use by this time, having been introduced into England in 1583; but it was not one of Pepys' luxuries, though he speaks of its cultivation at Winchcombe, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1667, (iv. 199) and talks of it in 1665 as a sort of antidote against the plague.†

* 25th Sept. 1660.—"I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink of which I never had drank before." (i. 137.)

13th Dec. 1665.—"To Mrs. Pierce's, where he and his wife made me drink some tea." (iii. 186.)

28th June, 1667.—"Home, and there find my wife making of tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions." (iv. 100.)

† "This day, (7th June, 1665,) much against my will, I did in Drury-lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy on us!" writ there, which was a sad

The general impression left upon the mind, by the picture of life presented in these volumes is, that in the rank to which the writer belonged, there was much substantial, though it may be rude, comfort,—lots of "cake and ale," but no great refinement; and that, upon the whole, there was a marked discrepancy between the pretensions of the people of his condition and their personal habits; the former being grand, and the latter not unfrequently mean. We have little doubt, however, that the tone of society was freer than it is now, and that though the feudal distinction of ranks might be more rigidly observed, the inequalities of social position were less conspicuous, among the middle classes and less oppressively felt. Pepys himself was a lover of dress and finery, and carried this passion to a ludicrous height—a peculiarity which his biographer thinks he may have inherited from his father the tailor: but we discover through this weakness that male attire of the better sort was a costly article in those days, and that a lady in her holiday suit was a very expensive affair, and nearly as imposing as a three-decker under sail. Much of the time of both sexes was spent out of doors, and, as we had occasion already to remark, was not occupied either profitably or elegantly; and the perusal of the Diary would perhaps justify the conclusion, that the domestic life of the age of the second Charles was neither so complete nor so blameless as that of our own day, though, with fashionable clubs and minor enormities of the same kind before us in all directions, we have, after all, little to say on the subject.

A practice prevailed in the age of Pepys, which only expired within our memory, of under-paying public officers, who were allowed to make up a deficient income by the imposition of fines or fees, and, as it would seem, by the acceptance of bribes, or, as they were euphemistically termed, "gifts." Of these, our secretary obtained a fair share, and from the openness with which he deals with the subject, there can be little doubt that he looked upon the usage as being perfectly compatible with the honest discharge of his duties. Still he had manifestly no wish that the extent of these gratuities should be generally known, nor the persons

sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me in an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco to smell and to chew, which took away the apprehension." (iii. 23.)

from whom he received them: and it is amusing to witness the mixture of dread of discovery, and of pleasure at the increase of his hoards, which his secret notices of them indicate. He liked the money, and took it without scruple; but he had a salutary horror of publicity in this matter, and though probably no worse than his neighbors, he wisely consigned the history of these pecuniary transactions to the safe-keeping of his Diary. Great abuses also prevailed among the contractors for the navy, who would seem to have been a thoroughly dishonest set; and it is but justice to Pepys to add, that he did his best to control their disgraceful rapacity. We find likewise that much irregularity existed in the allocation and distribution of prize-money, and we read with a blush that this was looked to as a source of national as well as individual revenue. If we understand him rightly, the moneys thence derived, were all that the commissioners had to count upon for equipping a fleet in 1667-8, but he is somewhat cloudy here: not so, however, as to the troubles he and his principal, Lord Sandwich, got into about the Dutch prize-money for the year 1665, which, by an order from the commander, was summarily appropriated by the captors, and applied exclusively to their own benefit. This is expressly stated to have been according to the established usage of the service, but for some reason or other it was otherwise esteemed by the parliament, who made a noise about it, whereupon Pepys was "mighty troubled;" yet he ate, drank, and was merry, and ultimately wriggled himself out of the difficulty.*

The custom of appointing a distinguished land officer to the command of a fleet, which prevailed during the Commonwealth,† was continued in the reign of Charles II.; and in the year 1666, the Duke of Albemarle (Monk,) who had no previous experience of maritime affairs, was appointed admiral of the fleet, and under him Prince Rupert served, who, though a soldier by profession, was not wholly unskilled in nautical matters. Admiral Montagu, now Earl of Sandwich, who had served with credit as a sea-captain under Oliver, and had been the companion of Blake, seems to have been a brave and an able seaman; but he was at this time the victim of a faction, and having been super-

seded in his command, and sent into honorable banishment as ambassador to Spain, the charge of the fleet devolved on Monk and Prince Rupert, who fought that doubtful battle with the Dutch, in June, 1666, which has been so much commented on ever since. There is an excellent account of it in Pepy's third volume (p. 200,) from which it appears that the popular dissatisfaction with the result ran high, and that both the commanders were much blamed, for doing so much less than the nation expected.

The truth, however, is, that the fault, if any there was, lay in the system, which was thoroughly bad, and not in the men; everything connected with the public service being conducted in a careless and ruinous manner. This extended even to the payment of the sailors, which was neglected, and the Admiralty was beset by clamorous applicants for those wages they had won and fought for; but poor Pepys had none to give, and a perfect disorganization of naval discipline followed. The seamen not only deserted their ships, but joined the enemy, because, according to Pepys's informant, they were "better used by the Dutch than by the king," (iv. 124,) and are said to have assisted at the capture of the *Royal Charles* at Chatham in the previous year, when the boom was broken, and the Dutch admiral passed Upnor Castle, and attacked the ships lying off the dock-yard. We meet also with frequent notices of the disobedience of captains, and with comparisons between the old and rough and the new and gentlemanlike set, the latter being the especial abhorrence of the Duchess of Albemarle;‡ but all leading to the conclusion, that the affairs of the nation were never more cruelly neglected than in the reign of Charles II. To do him justice, the Duke of York is seen to much greater advantage than the king in these several transactions. He had a natural aptness for business, and he loved and would have cherished the naval service; but the royal necessities absorbed the moneys voted by parliament, and the royal selfishness was too strong to be vanquished by any consideration for the public good.

Of public men, with historical names of greater or less value, we have a complete

* See vol. iii., and the references in the Index.

† Blake was fifty years of age when he was transferred by Oliver from the command of a regiment of dragoons to the command of a squadron of ships, and was ever afterwards known as Admiral Blake.

‡ "The duchesse cried mightily out against the having of gentlemen captains with feathers and ribbands, and wished the king would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea captains that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim in blood, though they could not make leagues (i. e., treaties) as captains now-a-days can." (iii. 145.)

galaxy, and numerous anecdotes, to which historians, great and small, and male and female, have been not a little indebted. Foremost in the group stand the royal brothers, two men whom the bounty of a confiding nation raised from the depths of misery, and who repaid the mighty favor by disappointing every hope that was formed of them. We have read much about them, first and last, from Burnet down to Hallam and Macauley; yet no writer has left so disagreeable an impression upon our minds of the character of Charles as Pepys, who knew him personally, and had no motive for recording anything to his disadvantage if he could have helped it, and who, when he did so, was apparently not aware that he was guilty of any kind of posthumous lese-majesty. We find nothing in the Diary of that easy gaiety of which we have heard so much, and which tended to relieve the harsher features of the king's temper in the estimation of his contemporaries, and even to obtain for his memory a certain degree of popularity from posterity, but the undeniable evidences of a systematic and heartless moral corruption, which tainted everything that it touched. His conversation he stigmatizes as weak; and in six years after the Restoration, it was the deliberate conviction of Sir William Coventry and other men of unimpeachable loyalty and integrity, and apparently coincided in by Pepys, that he would speedily bring the nation to ruin. His court was distinguished for nothing but rank profligacy; nor did he attempt, like his more circumspect brother of France, Louis XIV., to throw a veil of decency over the irregularities of his private life; and it admits of no doubt, that he and his brother did more to break down the tone of the English female mind in the higher walks of life, than any two men who ever tried it. Pepys's devotion to beauty amounted to a mild delirium, and extended even to the admiration of Lady Castlemaine—"a woman," to use the language of Hume, "prodigal, rapacious, dissolute, violent, revengeful," (vii. 392;) and in the Diary there are numerous fragmentary anecdotes of that imperious dame, which, while they astonish us by their extreme simplicity, attest the degraded standard of taste which Charles had succeeded in establishing.* Hume, with that indifference to the

moral aspects of a question, which is one of the chief blemishes of his work, calls him "a civil, obliging husband;" while Pepys, in more homely phraseology, describes him as an undutiful and unkind one. "He loves not the queen at all, but is rather sullen to her; and she, by all reports, incapable of children," (ii. 286.) "I did hear that the queen is much grieved of late at the king's neglecting her—he not having once supped with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine," (id. 140.) This was within a year after her marriage, and was part of the system of tyranny pursued by Charles, to break down the determination of Catherine not to receive Lady Castlemaine as one of the ladies of her bed-chamber; and in this unchivalrous attempt to degrade his wife the first gentleman of England succeeded, and from that moment she became a cipher in her own court. Charles afterwards treated her with that easy politeness that was natural to him where his feelings were not interested; but he bestowed his affections upon others, and declined an offer of a visit from her in his last illness, preferring to die in the arms of his mistress, Louise de Querouaille, the Duchess of Portsmouth. He would have been the monster that some have chosen to describe him, had he entered into the vile intrigue for a divorce, at one time seriously meditated by the profligate set who surrounded him;† and still more so had he

sorry to hear, though I love her much," (ii. 140.) "To the duke's house, and saw 'Macbeth.' The king and court there, and we just under them and my Lady Castlemaine, and close to a woman that comes into the pit, a kind of loose gossip that pretends to be like her, and is so, something. And my wife, by my troth, as pretty as any of them: I never thought so much before: and so did Talbot, and W. Hewer, as I heard, they said one to another. The king and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me: but it vexed me to see Moll Davis, in the box over the king's and my Lady Castlemaine's, look down upon the king, and he up to her: and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who she was: but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire which troubled me." (v. 70.) This shameless woman was the ancestress of the Fitzroys, Dukes of Grafton, and died, neglected and despised, at Chiswick, in 1709, by which time she must have reached the age of 60. One of her grand daughters, Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, married Dr. Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*.

† Buckingham offered to rid the king of her altogether, by carrying her off to the Plantations, in order to make way for La Belle Stewart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, of whom he was enamored, and whose scruples he could only overcome by making her his wife; but the king rejected the odious proposal with horror.

* There is no end to Pepys's garrulity on this favorite theme. Let the following samples of his fascination suffice:—"My Lady Castlemaine is removed as to her bed from her own home to a chamber at Whitehall, next to the king's own, which I am

become a party to the conspiracy against her life and honor, which grew out of Titus Oates's foul plot; but the charges of that despicable miscreant, led to her permanent separation from her husband, and her removal from Whitehall. No one knew better than he did, that the accusations of Oates against his neglected queen were worthless calumnies; and it is creditable to his memory that, cold, selfish, and sensual man as he was, he resisted the epidemic madness, and stoutly declared that he would not "stand by and see an innocent woman abused." This ill-used lady, who had, according to Mr. Hume, so civil and obliging a husband, resided at Somerset House, as queen dowager, after the king's death; and in 1692 returned to Lisbon, where she died, in the year 1705, at the age of sixty-three.

Peppys was a follower of the Duke of York, to whom he was personally, as well as officially attached. We have, consequently, numerous notices of him, and generally in a commendatory strain; for there can be no doubt that the duke possessed good business habits, and was attentive to his duties as Lord High Admiral. He would appear, also, to have been accessible to the parties with whom he had to deal, and to have taken a deep interest in the naval prosperity of England: and as he was not then the very important political personage that he afterwards became, his conduct had a less direct bearing at that time on the well-being of the nation, than the behavior of his brother. He had not yet acquired that fatal celebrity which must now ever adhere to his name, neither had he sacrificed three crowns for a mass;* and it must be admitted that, upon the whole, and considering the manners of the age, he appears in creditable colors in the Diary. At any rate, we are not called upon to enter on a minute analysis of the Duke of York's character, in the earlier years of Charles's reign; but as the memory of that unhappy prince has been pursued with remarkable bitterness, we may stop for a moment to inquire shortly into the insinuation of cowardice, sometimes rising to the form of a direct charge, which has been urged against him in his naval capacity. James has enough to answer for without the addition of a doubtful infirmity; and, unless the accusation can be substantiated on better evidence than is afforded by tradition and

lampoons, it were wiser to discard it altogether.

The Duke of York commanded the English fleet in the furious action with the Dutch, in June, 1665, with Prince Rupert and the Earl of Sandwich under him. The defeat of the Dutch was complete; but, as happened afterwards to the Duke of Albemarle, and with much less cause, the public was discontented with the result.†

It is affirmed (says Hume), and with an appearance of reason, that this victory might have been rendered more complete, had not orders been issued to slacken sail by Brouncker, one of the duke's bed-chamber, who pretended authority from his master.‡ The duke disclaimed the orders; but Brouncker never was sufficiently punished for his temerity. It is allowed, however, that the duke behaved with great bravery during the action.—(Vol. vii. p. 403.)

The historian subjoins in a note the substance of what King James afterwards stated in his Memoirs about this affair, which amounts to this, that the House of Commons having taken up the matter, he could do no more than dismiss Brouncker from his service, otherwise he would have tried him by martial law for disobedience of orders. Let us now turn to Peppys, and see what he says about it.

This day (3 June 1665) they engaged, the Dutch neglecting greatly the wind they had of us, by which they lost the benefit of their fire-ships. The Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle, killed on board the duke's ship, the "Royall Charles," with one shot, their blood and brains flying in the duke's face, and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the duke, as some say. Earl of Marlborough, Portland, Rear-Admiral Sansum, to Prince Rupert, killed, and Captain Kirby and Ableson. Sir John Lawson, wounded on the knee, hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again.§ Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the duke for another to command the "Royall Oake." The duke sent Jordan out of the "St. George," who did brave things in her. Captain Jeremiah Smith, of the "Mary," was second to the duke, and stepped between him and Capt. Seaton of the "Urania," 76 guns, and 400 men, who had sworn to board the duke; killed him 200 men, took the ship, himself

† This is a good old English habit, of which Byng was the victim in the middle of last century, and Sir Robert Calder early in the present. The battle of Trafalgar is the only naval action of modern times, that satisfied the requirements of the nation.

‡ Harry Brouncker, we presume, brother to Lord Brouncker, who was afterwards made comptroller of the navy. Of the character and occupations of this Mr. Brouncker, something may be learnt in vol. iv. p. 89, of the Diary.

§ He died of his wounds.

* The contemptuous remark of Louvois, Archbishop of Rheims, at St. Germain, when James retired to France in 1688: *Voilà un bon homme, qui a quitté trois royaumes pour une messe.*

losing 99 men, and never an officer saved but himself and lieutenant. His master, indeed, is saved, but his leg cut off. Admirall Opdam blown up, Trump killed, and said by Holmes; all the rest of their admiralls, as they say, but Everson, whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, killed. We have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-four of their best ships; killed and taken near 8 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world. They are fled; some 43 got into the Texell, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest.—(Vol. iii. p. 24.)

Such is the narrative of this great battle, written by an officer of the Admiralty five days after it was fought, and before any public clamor could be got up about it; and as he was writing in cipher, there was no reason why he should not have recorded rumors to the duke's disadvantage had any such reached him; for Pepys was not troubled with too much squeamishness in these matters. On the 23rd, however, three weeks after the action, he relates a conversation with his old patron, the Earl of Sandwich, who, whatever his military virtues may have been, was undoubtedly a querulous and a vain man; and in it we find something like an allusion to backwardness on the duke's part, which was probably the origin of the defamatory reports that have come down to us; for what Lord Sandwich told to Pepys he probably communicated to others. He was not noticed in the public despatch so conspicuously as he thought he deserved, and complained bitterly of the slight that had been put upon him.

Lord Sandwich did take me aside in the robing-chamber, telling me how much the duke and Mr. Coventry did, both in the fleet and here, make of him, and that in some opposition to the prince: * * * *yet that all the discourse of the tonen, and the printed relation, should not give him one word of honor, my lord thinks very strange: he assuring me, 'that, though by accident the prince was in the van in the beginning of the fight for the first pass, yet all the rest of the day my lord was in the van, and continued so. That notwithstanding all this noise of the prince, he had hardly a shot in his side, nor a man killed, whereas he had above thirty in the hull, and not one mast whole, nor yard; but the most battered ship of the fleet,*

and lost most men, saving Captain Smith of the "Mary," That the most the duke did was almost out of gun-shot; but that, indeed, the duke did come up to my lord's rescue after he had a great while fought with four of them. How poorly Sir John Lawson performed, notwithstanding all that was said of him, and how his ship turned out of the way, while Sir John Lawson himself was upon the deck, to the endangering of the whole fleet. It therefore troubles my lord that Mr. Coventry should not mention a word of him in his relation."—(Vol. iii. p. 32.)

Here the mischief is out, and the Duke of York suffers in such good company as to bravery, that little more need be said about it, the courage of Prince Rupert, at least, thus indirectly assailed, being beyond all suspicion, and that of Sir John Lawson, who lost his life on this occasion, equally so. We should probably have had none of these disparaging reports, had Lord Sandwich not been overlooked in the despatch, and where the character of a conspicuous officer in command is at stake, we are not disposed to rest much on the testimony of a disappointed subordinate. The duke was not a hero, that may be granted; but it has been well remarked, that "it is not likely that in a pursuit; where even persons of inferior station, and of the most cowardly disposition, acquire courage, a commander should feel his spirits to flag, and should turn from the back of an enemy whose face he had not been afraid to encounter."*

We had intended to have said something about Clarendon, Penn, Middleton, and others, who enjoyed a greater or less share of notoriety in their day; but our remarks have already extended beyond the limits of conveniency, and we must refer those who are curious in literary gossip to the work itself, which contains, though in a fragmentary form, the germs of much reflection on the past history of this monarchy. Upon the whole, its revelations need not excite envy, even in a political point of view; and a *laudator temporis acti* may, perchance, if it so like him, find a cure for many respectable prejudices in a perusal of PEPYS'S DIARY.

* Hume, *ubi supra*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ROYAL AND ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.*

The "march of intellect" is a favorite theme of self-gratulation with us of the nineteenth century. We pride ourselves on being much wiser than our fathers, and accord to their attainments a smile of contemptuous pity. In mechanical science we have undoubtedly made vast progress; but have we surpassed the minds of former ages in the solution of those much more mighty moral problems which have alike influenced the destinies of civilized and of barbarian man? In Art the ancients have been our teachers. The world has grown aged, and still must despair of rivaling, or even equalling, the noble artistic achievements of her youth. "There were giants in those days" in learning also, compared with whom our own generation are but pigmies in mental stature; and to come more directly to the subject before us, we doubt much if the most cultivated lady of our acquaintance, could boast of so extensive a list of accomplishments as a really well-educated gentlewoman of the sixteenth century. Look at the acquirements of Lady Jane Gray—one illustrious example taken from an age rich in cultivated and intellectual women. Her short and chequered life was yet long enough to make her mistress of eight different languages! Prodigious as this may seem in our ears, the Duke of Northumberland's daughter was no prodigy in her own era, so universal then was the spread of education among ladies of rank and station.

Let not these remarks be ascribed to a

desire to disparage the gifted women of our own day. That there are many such—learned and laborious, indefatigable in research, and felicitous in their manner of communicating its results—the works to which we would now direct our readers' notice afford ample proof. The theme selected for the exercise of their literary talents is happily chosen, judicious, and appropriate—the biography of illustrious members of their own sex, Queens and Princesses—women to whom birth and station have given conventional pre-eminence, and who have consequently been called on to perform distinguished parts in the history of Europe.

Among these pleasing and instructive biographers the name of Miss Strickland takes honorable precedence, not only because she was the first laborer in this field for literary exertion, but also because the first fruits of the harvest have undoubtedly been reaped by her. Her subject—the Lives of the Queens of England—was of the highest importance; and the mine from whence she drew her materials had not previously been worked. The archives of continental cities; the manuscript riches of our great national libraries, were diligently ransacked; and a vast mass of facts of extreme interest and importance, hitherto unknown, or very imperfectly investigated, was communicated to the public, and recommended to their attention by the vivid style and graceful composition of this most pleasing writer.

But Miss Strickland's work has been too long before the public to require a notice at our hands. There are few, probably, who have not pursued it with delight, throwing as it does, a new light on obscurities in our history, and often illustrating that of other European States. The "Queens of England" has already passed through several editions. We shall not therefore reiterate what is doubtless fresh in the memories of most educated people; but devote ourselves to a notice of biographies which have more

* "Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest." By Mary Anne Everett Green. Vols. I. and II. London: Colburn. 1850.

"Memoirs of the Queens of Spain, from the Period of the Conquest of the Goths to the Accession of her present Majesty Isabella the Second; with the remarkable Events that occurred during their respective Reigns, and Anecdotes of their several Courts." By Anita George. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe. Vols. I. and II. London: Bentley. 1850.

"Memoirs of the Queens of France." By Mrs. Forbes Bush, Second Edition. In two volumes. London: Colburn. 1848.

recently issued from the press, and may be hitherto unknown to our readers.

Mrs. Everett Green has worthily followed in the footsteps of her predecessor. Her "Princesses of England," of which three volumes are already made public, is in every sense a companion work to the 'Queens of England.' She has been equally faithful and diligent in her searches among original records and authorities; a work of extraordinary labor, when it is remembered that these obscure and scattered documents are couched in obsolete dialects of the olden time, and require an intimate acquaintance with these, as well as with all the languages of Europe—the harsher tongues of the Teutonic or Scandinavian North, no less than the mellifluous southern speech of the Italian and the Spaniard.

Mrs. Green commences her memoirs of the Princesses of England from the Norman Conquest. The first volume opens with the daughters of William the Conqueror; and the third and last published ends with the daughter of the fourth Edward, comprising in these biographies an incidental, but highly graphic portraiture of the manners, habits, modes of life, and phases of thought prevalent in the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. We shall allow Mrs. Green to speak for herself. She says in her preface:—

"The present field is, moreover, an untrodden one. Of the numerous ladies memorialized in these volumes, only one, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, has hitherto been made the subject of a consecutive biography; whilst of the others, little more than their names and marriages are mentioned by the general historian. These royal daughters of England have entered upon the stage of existence, from which some of them have early passed away, and others have graced foreign courts, and played an important part abroad, yet they have remained as unknown to the generality of English readers, as though they had not formed scions of that princely tree, round which English hopes and affections are so closely entwined.

"To the public in general, and to her fair countrywomen in particular, the author now commends her work, in the confidence that she could not readily have introduced to their notice a series of memorials, the subjects of which present, in their domestic as well as in their public character, so much to admire and respect, and so little to censure, as the Princesses of England."

We must express our regret that the plan which Miss Strickland and Mrs. Green proposed to themselves, did not admit, in its execution, of any notice of the romantic his-

tories of the Saxon period. The misfortunes and sorrows of the beautiful Elgiva; the devotion of her fond, but weak husband, Edwy; the stern inflexibility of the ambitious, but intellectual Dunstan; with the strange and stirring incidents in the life of the fair, but false Elfrida, would have furnished material full of romance, incident, and picturesque situation, and susceptible of the highest dramatic colouring; the simple facts of history having all the interest of the most imaginative fiction.

The authoresses who have selected for their subjects the memoirs of the Queens of Spain and France, have included in their design, the lives of sovereigns from the earliest historic period to the present time. The conquest of the Goths is the starting-point from whence the Senora George commences her labours. This lady has found an able annotator and editor in Miss Julia Pardoe. In the brief narrative of the Gothic Queens, we find little to interest until we arrive at the important occurrence of the eighth century, when the unhallowed love of Roderick for Florinda, the beautiful daughter of his vassal, Count Julian, cost the enamored monarch his honor, his crown, and his life. The outraged father, in his thirst for vengeance on the betrayer of his child, forgot the patriotism which should have characterized a noble of Spain. He leagued himself with the foes of his country, the inveterate enemies of the faith he had professed, but to which he became a renegade. We need not dwell on the results of Count Julian's defection: the genius of Southey has made these events familiar to each of us. His greatest poem has for its subject the Moorish invasion and conquest of Spain, and the tragical fate of "the last of the Goths." The destiny of Egilona, the lovely, but unloved wife of Roderick, is less generally known. She attracted the regards of the Moorish commander Abdalasis, and reascended, as his bride, the throne from which her former lord had been hurled by his victorious arms. The scattered Christian leaders, rightful heirs of the kingdom thus wrested from their grasp, maintained their faith and national independence for some centuries, in the inaccessible mountain fastnesses of their country. Skillfully availing themselves of every opportunity, they gained inch by inch on their infidel rulers, till they finally drove the Moors to the southern provinces of Andalusia and Grenada, and reunited to the petty territory of Navarre the rich provinces of Leon, Castile, and Arragon.

The rulers of Castile and Arragon con-

tented themselves with the title of Condado, until the early part of the eleventh century. These important provinces were erected into kingdoms in the year 1034, Castile having for her monarch Ferdinand I. son of Sancho, the fourth king of Navarre and Donna Nuna his wife, heiress of Castile; and Arragon being bequeathed by Sancho to Ramiro I., his illegitimate son. If we may believe the account of the chroniclers, Ramiro was indebted for his kingdom to the good offices of his father's wife, who preferred, from motives of gratitude, his interests to those of her own sons. Donna Nuna's story is highly interesting and romantic.

"Ere he departed on this expedition" (a war with the infidels), "Don Sancho earnestly commended to the Queen's care a horse, by which he set great store. In those days the Spaniards considered their horses, hawks, and arms, as their most valuable property. During the king's absence, Garcia, the eldest son, requested the queen to lend him his father's favorite steed, and she was on the point of acceding to his desire, when Pedro Saez, Master of the Horse to the King, interfered, representing to her how much incensed the sovereign would be by her so doing. Her denial so much infuriated the rash youth, that he immediately wrote to his father, accusing Donna Nuna of criminal intercourse with the Master of the Horse. Surprised at the extraordinary tidings, the king hastened home; but, though the previous conduct of the queen gave the lie to this infamous charge, on the other hand, it seemed utterly improbable that a son would coin this fearful tale without some foundation. Ferdinand, indeed, did not corroborate his brother's statement, but neither did he contradict it, and, when questioned, replied in so dubious a manner, as to increase the king's perplexity. The unhappy queen was imprisoned in the Castle of Nejera, and the assembled nobles decreed that, according to the customs of the age, her guilt or innocence should be decided by a duel, and that, should her champion be defeated, or should she find no knight willing to do battle in her behalf, she should perish at the stake. The chances in Donna Nuna's favor were small indeed, the high rank of her accuser deterring many, who, convinced of her innocence, would, otherwise, have been willing to peril their lives to vindicate her honor; and the fatal day arrived, bringing no hope of rescue to the doomed victim. In this extremity, when a cruel and lingering death seemed inevitable, an unexpected champion entered the lists and accepted the slanderer's defiance. The bold, knight, who compassionating the wretched mother, convinced of the futility of the accusation, or actuated by some feeling of private animosity against the accuser, espoused the cause of Nuna, was Don Ramiro, a natural son of the king by a Navarrese lady of rank. Whatever might have been the issue of the combat, it could not but prove a sad one to the monarch; but it was happily pre-

vented by the interference of a monk, a man of great eloquence, and held in high repute for his sanctity. Horror-struck at the sight of two brothers arrayed in arms against each other, the holy man descended into the lists, and so wrought on the minds of both Garcia and Ferdinand, that, casting themselves at the king's feet, they proclaimed the queen's innocence and confessed their own guilt. After the most severe reproaches, Don Sancho left the punishment of the culprits to the queen, giving her full authority to act towards them according to her pleasure. Overcome by the entreaties of the nobles, who interceded for their pardon, Nuna forgave her unnatural sons, but exacted from the king that he should name her gallant champion heir to the Condado of Arragon, his noble conduct amply atoning for the stain upon his birth."—*Senora George's "Queens of Spain,"* vol. i. pp. 48–50.

Mrs. Forbes Bush also commences her notices of the Frankish Queens from the earliest historical period. Her first volume, which is occupied with this part of her subject, and which treats of the sovereigns of the middle ages, is undoubtedly much more interesting and important than the succeeding one. As the memoirs approach our own days, she indulges in digressions extraneous to her subject, and which appear to us highly reprehensible and displeasing. It is well known that the state of morals at the court of France, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was corrupt in the extreme. Widespread depravity characterized all classes of society. Autobiographies, written in the most candid spirit of unblushing effrontery, were then the rage, the fashion, the prevailing epidemic; and consequently a vast mass of easily accessible material exists, from which those curious in such matters can chronicle the scandals of a licentious epoch. It may, perhaps, be necessary for the philosopher, acquainting himself with the depths of fallen human nature, to study the ample revelations which these memoirs afford of the degradation and sensuality of that abandoned age—an age whose crimes provoked the fearful retributive vengeance inflicted on the noble classes by the great French Revolution; but we would protest against these prurient details as topics on which to employ the pens of our lady-writers. "Whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report," these are the fit subject for female composition, and surely they will be found sufficiently comprehensive. Mrs. Forbes Bush would, therefore, have done well, in our opinion, had she omitted the very full and ample information she obligingly communi-

eates on the matrimonial infidelities of the Kings of France. Not a single link in the chain of royal mistresses is overlooked or forgotten; nay, more, she favors us with occasional comments, very unfeminine in tone and sentiment, and allows herself to speak contemptuously of the just anger evinced by some of the injured Queens, jealous of the open infidelities of their royal husbands.

Having said thus much by way of censure, let us thank Mrs. Bush for the interesting information given us in these volumes. We shall presently extract some passages which will afford pleasing specimens of the book itself.

The great western empire, established by Charlemagne in the ninth century, soon fell to pieces under his degenerate successors. The expiring and feeble Carolingian dynasty would have succumbed sooner than it did to the bold Capetians, had it not been for the firm and resolute character of a woman, Gerberge, Queen of Louis d'Outremer. Hugh le Grand had besieged her in the tower of Rheims; she defended the fortress; repaired the breaches made by the enemy—undaunted by the number and courage of her assailants, or the pangs of approaching maternity, for in the midst of her warlike achievements she gave birth to a son. Hugh Capet appreciated the indomitable courage and fortitude of Gerberge, granted her honorable terms of capitulation, and when she was left a defenceless widow, upheld her son on his father's throne. Gerberge had attracted the regards of Louis d'Outremer by a not dissimilar occurrence.

"Louis was pursuing his enemy, Gislebert, Duke of Lorraine, who was drowned in attempting to swim with his horse across the Rhine. The Duchess Gerberge, his widow, vigorously defended her fortress in the country of Liege; Louis raised the siege, and possessed himself of the town, but conceived such a high esteem for her intrepidity that he asked her hand in marriage, and obtained it in 940. Gerberge was daughter of the Emperor of Germany, Henry I., surnamed l'Oiseleur or the Fowler."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. p. 87.

The Church was all-powerful in those early ages. Though an important agent in civilizing Europe, its yoke was often one of severe bondage. The reign of the second monarch of the Capetian race—that daring and hardy dynasty who had so recently supplanted their Carolingian predecessors—affords an illustration of the tyrannical exercise of ecclesiastical authority, for the powerful King of France resented in vain the in-

tolerable interference of the then Pontiff, Gregory the Fifth; and, after long but ineffectual resistance, found himself obliged to succumb to the mandates of the holy father. Robert the First had married Bertha, widow of the Count de Chartres:

"The union, though one of affection, was very unfortunate. According to the laws of the Church then in vigor, a marriage of two persons, between whom there existed what was called a *spiritual alliance*, was not permitted. Robert had stood godfather at the baptismal font for one of Bertha's children by her first marriage, and this rendered them *spiritually allied*.

"Abbon, abbot of Fleury, was opposed to the celebration of the nuptials, but his efforts to prevent it having been fruitless he appealed to the Court of Rome, as at that time the popes exercised unbounded sovereignty. Robert omitted to request a dispensation from Pope Gregory V., which would have insured his alliance, but this neglect wounded Gregory's pride, and he excommunicated the erring pair, as well as those members of the Church who had authorized the union. The execution of this sentence was opposed to the rights of the French people; and the King and Queen, who were tenderly attached, and dreaded the dissolution of a bond which formed their happiness, appeared indifferent to the thunder of Rome, and refused to submit.

"Gregory V. assembled a council, before whom he pronounced the marriage between Robert and Bertha incestuous and null; fulminated an anathema upon Archambaud, Bishop of Tours, who gave the nuptial benediction, condemned him to seven years of penitence, and placed the kingdom under an interdict until the king should dismiss Bertha. . . . The sentence of interdict consisted in closing the churches, refusing the sacrament, and denying Christian burial to the dead; the church bells ceased, the pictures in the sanctuaries were covered with black cloth, the statues of the saints were taken down, clothed in black, and placed on beds of cinders and thorns; everything wore an aspect of gloom in France, and the terrified people paid such humble deference to the orders of the Pope, that the king was universally abandoned; two devoted servants alone remained with him, and these threw everything which the hands of the royal pair had touched into the fire, or to the dogs.

"The king must have had great energy and determination, as well as sincere conjugal affection, to remain with Bertha through all these evils. She was not less devoted to Robert, who united an elegant person to most rare and amiable qualities, and who, although sought by all the princesses of France and the neighboring countries, preferred Bertha, whom he had known from her infancy; so that the bishops, in consenting to the marriage, were actuated by the love of their country, for which they anticipated great advantage from this union.

"Although very devout, Robert was too much attached to his wife to yield to the will of the Pontiff. In the retired château of Vauvert, near

Paris, the unfortunate pair braved the Roman curse, wandering together unattended through the groves and meadows, and admiring in the pure sky the image of a mild and beneficent Creator.

"The irritated Pope had the following formula proclaimed against the king, with the sound of the trumpet, throughout France:—Cursed be he in cities; cursed be he in all countries; cursed with him be his children, his cattle, and his lands. No Christian shall consider him as his brother, or return him the salute of peace; no priest shall pray for him, or permit him to approach the altar to receive divine grace. Friendship, and the consolation of hope shall not visit him when on his death-bed; neither shall any beloved hand close his eyelids; his entrails shall burst from his body; his corpse shall remain unburied on the dismayed soil, and no pilgrim shall be suffered to throw a little earth upon his miserable remains; his name shall be held in opprobrium and horror by all future generations, or rather, his memory shall be abolished from among men; and the aurora of another life shall never dawn to rejoice his spirit.' The mutual affection of Robert and Bertha consoled them in their grief; but the porticoes of the Château Vauvert were constantly filled by the unhappy people, who, on their knees, entreated Robert to restore them the exercise of the religion they so much loved and so superstitiously practiced. The good king was desirous of satisfying his desolate subjects, but when he gazed upon his affectionate wife, he rejected the idea of separation; till at length Bertha, more courageous than the king, voluntarily resolved to submit to this generous sacrifice, which was to restore peace to the kingdom and dignity to the throne. Accordingly, she quitted the court in 998, and the grief she endured, caused the premature birth of a still-born infant, which the ignorant people attributed to a just punishment from heaven."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. pp. 96–101.

Although these formidable weapons in the Church's arsenal were occasionally directed against the pure and good, this mighty artillery of interdict and excommunication was more frequently used to hold in check the evil passions of mankind, which would have been let loose on society, had they not been restrained by the dreaded censures of the ecclesiastical power, the only tribunal which could be brought to bear effectually on the minds and consciences of a lawless age. Man, in a state of barbarism, or semi-civilization, requires to be subjected to a despotism which can coerce his proud will, repress his otherwise ungovernable passions, and fetter his power and inclination to do evil. The spiritual despotism which Rome has exercised has undoubtedly impeded, to some extent, the march of enlightenment and freedom; but in the middle ages its influence was highly beneficial. In those dark eras when might

constituted right, the Church proved herself the protector of the weak when overmastered by the strong, the judicious encourager of learning, and munificent patron of the arts, as well as the fearless foe of the tyrant, the oppressor, and the abandoned sensualist. Two hundred years later than the reign of Robert, his descendant Philip Augustus—who had repudiated his innocent and modest wife, Ingborge of Denmark—was compelled, by the Papal thunders, to restore her to her rights and dignities. The interdict launched against the all-powerful monarch by Innocent III. was only withdrawn, on condition that the Queen should have a fair trial, before any sentence of divorce could be pronounced, or carried into effect by the king.

"Ingborge had the privilege of choosing the place of assemblage, and fixed on Soissons, where she appeared in the court, as also did the king. The case was proclaimed with solemnity and regularity, when a young stranger advanced and asked permission of the queen to undertake her defence. Philip himself could not refrain from admiring the lofty courage and simplicity of this unknown orator, who pleaded the cause with so much warmth and energy that the judges were persuaded, and the audience loudly applauded, but not before the mysterious defender had disappeared. Philip foreseeing the issue of the proceedings, and not choosing that royal majesty should be submitted to human judgment, hastened to the convent to which Ingborge had retired, embraced her, placed her on his horse behind him, and conducted her to Paris, where he publicly acknowledged her as wife and queen in the year 1201."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. pp. 146, 147.

But we must not lose sight of our fair English Princesses; and already we find ourselves engrossed in the fortunes of the French Queens of the twelfth century. Let us revert to the previous century, and glance at the family of the great Norman ruler of England.

Of the numerous daughters of William the Conqueror, the youngest, Adela, was the most distinguished. She has another claim on our notice, for her son, although he had no hereditary right, yet filled for a time the throne of his maternal grandfather. The character and destiny of Adela were alike remarkable. While still very young, and on the eve of marriage, her betrothed lover, Simon Crispin, Earl of Amiens, was seized with an earnest longing for the cloisteral life. His imagination had been affected by the sight of his father's corpse, exhumed three years after death; and the brave young baron, yielding to the impressions produced on his mind by the appalling spectacle, re

solved to forego his brilliant prospects and youthful bride, for the devotional exercises and rigid penances of the monastery. Many years afterwards the deserted Adela became the wife of Stephen Count of Blois. He also was a victim to religious enthusiasm, for he joined the ranks of the Crusaders, and in his second expedition perished on the field of battle. Then, Adela herself resolved to devote the remainder of her life to the service of God. She retired to the priory of Margny, where she assumed the veil. Here, though dead to the world, her ambition—an element largely developed in her character, and one which never slumbered—was gratified by the distinguished position of her two sons, Theobald, the great Earl of Blois, and Stephen, who successfully usurped the crown of his cousin, Maud, daughter and heiress of King Henry the First of England.

A long and very interesting biography of this princess—the Empress Queen—is given by Mrs. Everett Green in her first volume. The adventures of the Empress Maud are already familiar to all students of English history, so that we shall pass her by, and devote our limited space only to those less prominent characters among the English Princesses, with whose story we are made acquainted by this agreeable writer.

The grandchild, and namesake of the Empress Maud, Matilda, eldest daughter of Henry the Second and Eleanor of Aquitaine, has peculiar claims on our regard. "She is the direct ancestress of the House of Brunswick, to which England is indebted for its last, and as every British heart must earnestly hope its longest, and greatest, and best dynasty of Sovereigns." Eleanor of Aquitaine, mother to this young princess, played an important part in European history, and we must glance at her fortunes before tracing the career of her daughter Matilda.

Eleanor was the most beautiful woman, and the greatest heiress of her time; inheritor of the most fertile provinces of France, which, as her dowry, became appanages to the Crown of England. She also forms a doubly-connected link between France and England. Her territorial possessions appeared to be secured to the former crown by her marriage with its monarch Louis le Jeune, at that time considered a most successful piece of statecraft. The lovely and youthful bride assumed the cross, and accompanied her lord to Syria; but yielding to the seductions that surrounded her at Antioch, then owning the sway of her near relative, Count Raymond, Eleanor forfeited the esteem and affection of

her husband, who repudiated her on his return to France in consequence of the levity of her conduct while sojourning in the East. Scarcely was the divorce pronounced, when she wedded Henry Plantaganet, afterwards Henry the Second of England, and transferred by this act to the dreaded rival of the French monarch the provinces with which she was so richly dowered. By her second husband Eleanor became the mother of a numerous family; but strife and discord reigned among her children, and the infidelities of Henry made her experience the same acute pangs of jealousy which she had herself inflicted on Louis the Seventh.

But to return to her eldest daughter, the Princess Matilda.

This little lady was only nine years old when her hand was sought in marriage by Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria. He was then in his thirty-sixth year, and by a former marriage had one child, the Lady Gertrude. His power, and the extent of his territories, are described in the distich or motto which we subjoin:—

"Heinrich der Low bin ich genannt
In aller Welt und weit bekannt;
Von der Elbe an den Rein
Vom Harz bis an die See war mien."

The marriage of Matilda and Henry was celebrated with due splendor; £63 13s. 7d., an immense sum in those days, having been expended on the trousseau of the bride.

"A picture representing this marriage scene was painted at the time, and afterwards hung up in the Church of St. Blasius at Brunswick, which is engraved by Scheidins in his *Origines Guelficæ*. In spite of her juvenality, Matilda is represented as tall and womanly in her appearance, and Henry being young looking, considering his years, the difference between their ages is less strikingly apparent. The dress worn by the Duke on the important occasion is a richly embroidered tunic reaching to the ankles, surmounted by a cloak of white satin or velvet, the border all round cut into deep scollops and embroidered, thrown open in front, and having a deep falling cape which covers the waist; on his head is a low cap with a broad band richly set with gems, from the centre of which rise three ostrich feathers. Matilda's dress is not quite so picturesque, her features are remarkably regular and well formed, but round her face she wears a full white frill, and not a particle of hair is to be seen. A coronet of strawberry leaves and pearls adorns her brow, from behind which depends a long white veil, wrapped rather ungracefully round her throat and bosom; her under-robe she wears very long, trimmed with fur, and confined at the waist by a narrow zone, and over this a large white mantle of silk or satin

nearly enveloping her person in its folds, finished at the neck by a deep frill."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 224.

Matilda remained in Germany while her gallant lord waged war in Syria with the Infidels. She was soon to experience the sorrows and joys of maternity. After a long absence Henry returned to his wife and child, laden with spoil and glory. The gifts conferred upon him by the Turkish Sultan of Iconium were splendid in the extreme:—

"After presenting him with a gorgeous caftan of the most costly manufacture and workmanship, eighteen hundred war-steeds were brought in, and each of the attendants of Henry was ordered to select that one for his own use which best suited his fancy; after which thirty beautiful chargers, whose bits were of silver, their saddles of ivory, and their trappings of velvet inwrought with gold and gems, were given to the Duke; as also two leopards and an immense lion, animals then almost unknown in Europe, with many slaves, all provided with horses for their own riding, and six camels, loaded with gifts of every description."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 234.

Trouble and sorrow, however, were in store for Matilda and her gallant lord. Henry the Lion, after experiencing various fortunes of war, in a contest with the Emperor Frederick, became an exile from his native land:—

"The situation of the once powerful Duke of Saxony, stripped of his extensive possessions, reduced to comparative beggary, banished as a disgraced exile, raised so much sympathy, that many of those nobles who had not joined in the recent decrees against him flocked to shew him respect, by accompanying him to any place where he might choose to retire. . . . With heavy hearts the Duke and Duchess, in the latter part of the year 1182, prepared for their departure from their own proud halls, to throw themselves as pensioners upon the hospitality of others. All their children went with them, excepting the infant Lothaire, who, on account of his tender age, was obliged to be left behind in charge of his nurses; and attended on their journey by a gallant train of nobles, they made their way to Argenton, where Matilda remained for several months an inhabitant of that palace which, sixteen years before, had re-echoed with the rejoicings of her bridal."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 249.

Matilda having faithfully adhered to her lord in all his troubles and reverses, and enjoyed, spite of the disparity in their years, unalloyed domestic bliss, left him to mourn her irreparable loss:—

"Though Matilda had passed through such

varied fortunes she had only attained her thirty-third year; and her early death is generally attributed to the wearing effects of anxiety and sorrow for the misfortunes of her gallant husband. She was interred with much pomp in the Cathedral Church of St. Blasius, of which she had been the co-founder, and was followed to the grave by the sincere regrets of the people, to whom her many virtues had greatly endeared her.

"Her statue, carved in stone, was afterwards placed over her tomb by the care of her husband. The figure is tall, and the countenance bears the same regularly beautiful features with which she is portrayed in the picture already alluded to; her brow is encircled by a coronet, unadorned save with a single rose in the centre, which denoted her descent from the houses of Normandy and Aquitaine; the hair is braided down each side of the face, and the long white veil flowing behind is gathered in folds on the bosom. She wears a full under garment confined at the waist, and over all a mantle which nearly envelops her person; her hands are clasped in the meek attitude of prayer, so touchingly expressive, which is almost universally adopted in ancient statues."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 257.

This is a pleasing sketch of the fortunes of the ancestress of the House of Brunswick. The story of her sister Leonora, second daughter of Henry and Eleanora, is not less interesting. She was more beautiful in person than her elder sister, and was wedded at an equally tender age. She was alike fortunate in her choice, being fondly loved by her husband, Alphonso the Good, King of Castile, and blessed with a numerous and promising progeny.

"She lived to see her only surviving son a king; and her four married daughters each in due time wore the regal circlet, so that of the Princess Leonora it may be truly said, that she was the daughter, sister, wife, mother, and grandmother of kings, and the ancestress of the races of mighty monarchs who, even now, occupy two of the most powerful thrones of Europe."

Blanche of Castile, third daughter of Alphonso and Leonora, bears an honored name in history, and will long be remembered as the mother of Saint Louis, and the able regent of his kingdom during his minority, and afterwards during his absence in his crusading campaigns in the East. The marriage between Blanche and Louis the Eighth of France was skilfully negotiated by Eleanora of Aquitaine, maternal grandmother of the young bride. This Queen of England, more wise in her old age than when actuated by the passions of her youth, sought to heal those breaches she had herself created; and by this fortunate alliance connected the royal families of England, France, and Spain, in

the amicable bonds of near relationship. Blanche is said to have owed her selection from among the daughters of Alphonso and Leonora, to her soft and musical name. Her elder sister, Urraca, was equally beautiful and attractive, but her Spanish name sounded harshly to the ears of the ambassadors sent to negotiate the marriage on the part of Louis the Eighth.

The events of her after life are familiar to all. Blanche of Castile has left behind her a very high reputation for virtue and wisdom. Her prudent administration as regent; her patriotism, her untiring energy, and her maternal devotion, have gained for her the favorable verdict of posterity; and so high was the opinion entertained of her by her successors, that several of the Queen Dowagers of France assumed the surname of "*Blanche*," as the Roman emperors did that of "*Augustus*."

Her son, Louis the Ninth, is pre-eminently the Hero of Christian Europe. History does not record, nor is it possible to conceive of a more perfect character than that of the self-sacrificing Saint and King. Noble and magnanimous, yet filled with the most profound humility of soul; wise and learned, yet single-minded and simple as a child; ardent, daring, impulsive, and enthusiastic, his heart was more gentle and tender than that of the softest woman; while he united to all these characteristics, fervent and practical piety, and energetic activity in administration and in war.

We follow his short career with untiring interest from his cradle to the grave; and see before us, in imagination, the ingenuous and thoughtful child, sole hope of the French nation, and solace of his widowed mother, proudly presented by her to the assembled people. Again in his early youth we behold him painfully impressed with the sufferings of the Christian pilgrims of Palestine, at that time groaning under the ravages of the Tartar invasions; and kneeling at the altar in earnest prayer—*Deliverer-nous, Seigneur, de la fureur des Tartares*. We follow him to the couch of pain where the fevered monarch lies in mortal agony; while anxious crowds, surrounding the palace, offer up earnest petitions for his restoration to health,—the rumor passes from mouth to mouth that the beloved one has breathed his last sigh,—and tears and sobs burst forth uncontrolled from all that vast assemblage. But "*heaven*," to use the expressive words of the chronicler, "*could not withstand the prayers and tears of an entire people, and reopened the gates*

of the tomb," and restored the patient sufferer for some years longer to his faithful people. But, alas! for France. Her monarch on his sick-bed vowed to assume the cross, and only awaited his convalescence to perform his covenant with Heaven.

Very strenuous exertions were made by his counsellors to dissuade Louis the Ninth from this rash undertaking. His mother, in especial, urged every argument—but in vain; the King was irrevocably fixed in his determination, and his gentle wife, Margaret of Provence, heroically resolved to share his fortunes, whatever might betide. The appeal of Queen Blanche is touching in the extreme. We shall quote her arguments from the narrative of M. Michaud, who has given us a graphic picture of the subsequent crusades:

"Mons fils, lui dit-elle, si la providence s'est servie de moi pour veiller sur votre enfance et vous conserver la couronne, j'ai peut-être le droit de vous rappeler les devoirs d'un monarque et les obligations que vous impose le salut du royaume à la tête duquel Dieu vous a placé; mais j'aime mieux faire parler devant vous la tendresse d'une mère. Vous le savez, mon fils, il ne me reste que peu de jours à vivre, et votre départ ne me laisse que la pensée d'une séparation éternelle: heureuse encore si je meurs avant que la renommée ait apporté en Occident, la nouvelle de quelque grand désastre! Jusqu'à ce jour vous avez dédaigné mes conseils et mes prières: mais, si vous ne prenez pitié de mes chagrins, songez du moins à vos enfants que vous abandonnez au berceau; ils ont besoin de vos leçons et de vos secours; que deviendront-ils en votre absence? ne vous sont-ils pas aussi chers que les chrétiens d'Orient? Si vous étiez maintenant en Asie et qu'on vint vous apprendre que votre famille délaissée est le jouet et la proie des factions, vous ne manqueriez pas d'accourir au milieu de nous. Eh bien, tous ces maux que ma tendresse redoute, votre départ peut les faire maître. Restez donc en Europe, où vous aurez tant d'occasions de montrer les vertus d'un bon roi, d'un roi le père de ses sujets, le modèle et l'appui des princes de sa maison. Si Jesus-Christ exige que son héritage soit délivré, envoyez en Orient vos trésors et vos armées; Dieu bénira une guerre entreprise pour la gloire de son nom. Mais ce Dieu qui m'entend, croyez-moi, n'ordonne point qu'on accomplisse un vœu contraire aux grands desseins de sa providence. Non, ce Dieu de miséricorde qui ne permet point qu'Abraham achevât son sacrifice, ne vous permet point d'achever le vôtre et d'exposer une vie à laquelle sont attachés le sort de votre famille et le salut de votre royaume."

Queen Margaret of Provence, as we have said, accompanied her husband to Palestine. She was devotedly attached to him, and very much afraid of her mother-in-law—a feeling which doubtless influenced her determination to undertake the perilous journey with Saint

Louis. Margaret bore up nobly under the disasters which befel the Christian host in Egypt:—

"She was pregnant when the King was taken prisoner at Saint John d'Acre, in 1250, and was informed of this new catastrophe before her accouchement at Damietta, which place the King had confided to her government, and where she was besieged by the Saracens. It would be difficult to paint the desolation of the Queen on hearing of the captivity of her husband, and the dread of being-exposed to the brutality of the licentious Asiatic soldiery threw her into despair.

"The cavaliers and soldiers from Genoa and Pisa, who formed part of the expedition, were enclosed in the town with her, and being without food, the auxiliaries desired to quit the place; but Margaret summoned their captains, and promised to bring a sufficient quantity of provisions, if they would remain in Damietta, which was the king's last resource. The town was more and more surrounded by enemies, and in the difficult position in which she was placed the queen feared the consequence of an assault; she therefore retained but one soldier near her person, who was a distinguished chevalier, upwards of eighty years of age. In one of her moments of alarm she threw herself at his knees and entreated him to grant the request she was about to make; the old cavalier swore to do so. 'Sir Chevalier,' said the queen, 'by the faith you owe me, I conjure you to cut off my head if Damietta is taken by the Saracens.' 'I intended to do so,' replied the veteran. No record in history can afford a more heroic incident. Some hours after Margaret gave birth to a son, whom she called Tristan, on account of the unhappy circumstances which occurred at the period of his birth."—*Mrs. Bush's "Queens of France,"* vol. i. pp. 169-171.

Well might the afflicted queen call her babe Tristan. The ill-starred name was prophetic, for the circumstances attending his death were as mournful as those amidst which he was ushered into the world. The young Duke de Nevers, for so he was called, was tenderly beloved by his father, and with him, assumed the cross when St. Louis undertook his second and last crusade. It was terminated by the death of the hero-king at Tunis; but he lived long enough to see his young bud of promise prematurely blighted—cut down by the fell disease which swept off thousands of the Christian army. The Crusaders had to contend with the disorders incidental to the unhealthy climate of Northern Africa, still more than with opposing infidel hosts. Tristan was among the first to sicken and die. He had shared his father's tent, and never left him until his removal was rendered necessary by illness; and then he was carefully transported on board one of

the French vessels lying at anchor in the Bay of Tunis. The king's anxiety to hear tidings of his state was intense; but his inquiries met with no response from the attendants, and Louis truly divined that his son was dead. Nature gave way, and the bereaved father wept abundantly: then kneeling before the cross he sought for consolation and strength whence alone they can be found, even from the Friend of the mourner—the compassionate Saviour and Redeemer of the world.

Louis the Ninth was destined soon to follow Tristan to the grave. When attacked by the fatal fever, he summoned his children to his dying-bed, and addressed them most impressively with his last breath. The maxims which he then inculcated on his son and successor Philip may even now be consulted; that young prince having had them carefully preserved as guides for the future regulation of his conduct, and to remind him continually of the duty he owed to his subjects. We cannot read these maxims without emotions of love, veneration, and respect for the upright nature which dictated them.

"Cher fils, si Nostre Seigneur t'envoie aucune persécution ou maladie ou autre chose, tu la dois souffrir debonnairement et l'en dois remercier et sçavoir bon gré; car tu dois penser qu'il l'a fait pour ton bien, et tu dois encore penser que tu l'as bien mérité, et plus encore s'il le veut pour ce que tu l'as peu aimé et peu servi et pour ce que tu as fait maintes choses contre sa volonté."

"Si Nostre Seigneur t'envoie aucune prospérité ou de sante du corps ou d'autre chose, tu l'en dois remercier humblement, et tu dois prendre garde que de ce tu ne te desries, ni par orgueil, ni par autre tort, car c'est grand peché que de guerroyer Nostre Seigneur de ses dons."

"Cher fils, aye le cuer compassant envers les pauvres et envers tous ceulx que tu penseras qu'ont souffrance de cuer ou de corps, et suivant ton pouvoir, soulage les volontiers de consolations ou d'aumosnes."

"Cher fils, s'il advient que tu parviennes au royaume prends soing d'avoir les qualités qui appartiennent aux rois, c'est-à-dire que tu sois si juste, que tu ne t'écartes de la justice, quelque chose qui puisse arriver. S'il advient qu'il y ait querelle entre un pauvre et un riche, soubtiens de preference le pauvre au riche jusqu'à ce que tu sçaches verite, et, quand tu la cognoistras, fais justice."

"Cher fils, je t'enseigne que les guerres et débats qui seront en ta terre ou entre tes hommes, tu te mettes en peine, autant que tu le pourras, de les apaiser."

"Cher fils, prends garde qu'il y ait bons baillis et bons prevosts en ta terre, et fais souvent prendre garde qu'ils fassent bien justice, et qu'ils ne fassent à autrui tort ni chose qu'ils ne doivent."

"Cher fils, je te donne toute la benediction que

le père peut et doit donner a son fils, et prie Notre Seigneur Dieu Jesus Christ que, par sa grande misericorde et par les prieres et par les merites de sa bienheureuse mère, la Vierge Marie, et des anges et des arch-anges, et de tous saints et de toutes saintes, il te garde et defende, que tu ne fasses chose qui soit contre sa volonté et qu'il te donne grace de faire sa volonté, et qu'il soit servi et honoré par toi; et puisse t'il accordu à toi et à moi, par sa grande generosité qu'apres cette mortelle vie nous puissions venir à lui pour lavie éternelle, la où nous puissions le voir, aimer et louer sans fin."

Love to God and man, impartial justice, and thoughtful consideration for his poorer subjects are here impressively urged on the future ruler of France. We have made these garbled extracts almost at random from the maxims of the dying monarch, and preferred quoting them in the quaint old French of that day, to rendering them into their less expressive English equivalents. The reader who may wish to peruse this important document will find it given at full length in the appendix to the third volume of M. Michaud's *Histoire des Croisades. Pieces Justificatives*, n. 8, p. 489.

Beatrix of Provence, sister of Queen Margaret, was married to Charles of Anjou, the younger brother of St. Louis. The cruel but successful career of conquest pursued in Sicily and Southern Italy by this adventurous prince was occasioned, it is said, by his Countess's petty jealousy of the superior rank of her crowned sisters, the Queens of France and England. The story runs, that Charles on one occasion unexpectedly entering his wife's apartments, found her bathed in tears, which she endeavored to conceal, but ineffectually. The husband's quick glance of affection detecting these traces of recent emotion, he questioned her, and found that jealousy and ambition contended within her breast. Charles passionately loved his fair Beatrix, and tenderly kissed away her tears. "Grieve not, my beloved," he said to her, "you also shall be queen. The regal circlet would grace your brow no less brightly than the fair heads of Eleanor and Margaret. I swear by your beauteous self that your wishes shall be accomplished—and speedily too—for, fondly as I love you, I here vow to forego your society until I have conquered a kingdom, and can ask you to share with me a diadem and a throne!"

In pursuance of this singular vow, Charles entered on his Italian and Sicilian wars, but only attained success by the perpetration of such cruelties as entailed the dreadful retribution of the Sicilian Vespers.

We now resume our notice of the English Princesses, children of Henry II. and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Joanna, their third daughter, was solicited in marriage by William II., King of Sicily. Their union was a happy one. William the Good, as he was fondly surnamed, was a beneficent ruler to his people, and kind and faithful in his conjugal relation. Joanna had to lament his early death, which left her a widow when only twenty-four years of age. She subsequently became the wife of Count Raymond of Toulouse, a man of a very different character from her former husband, and mother of his ill-starred successor, Raymond, the seventh and last earl.

"The name of Raymond VI. of Toulouse will be forever immortalized by his association with the persecuted sect of the Albigenses. It was about the period of his marriage that these simple-minded men first became sufficiently formidable to attract the notice of the Church; but, however deeply Raymond himself, either now or in his after life, became impregnated with the new doctrines, they do not appear to have had any effect upon the mind of his consort, for Joanna died as she had lived, a true member of the Catholic Church, though hitherto she had not shown herself either a very devout or a very liberal one. It was far more congenial to this spirited dame to encourage by her presence the hosts of the Crusaders, amidst the clang of trumpets and the waving of banners, by the side of her brother Richard, the lion-hearted, than to patronize grave old monks or sedate abbots; and the almost entire absence of all records of monastic benefactions on her part, gives plain intimation that she paid little attention to the then sacred duty of enriching the Church. This circumstance does not speak favorably for the literature of the Princess Joanna; for the monasteries were in those days the sole receptacles of learning, and therefore uniformly patronized by all its admirers. Almost the only ecclesiastical gift of hers on record is that of half the proceeds of the fishery of Mirmanda to the Church of Paranocto, in the diocese of Agenois."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 362.

Although Joanna's life was little devout, her last moments were highly edifying:—

"As the hour of death approached, and the solemn realities of eternity were opening before the view of one, who, through a busy existence, had paid but little attention to them, conscience became vividly alarmed. The account of her last hours is given us by a monk, called Jean de la Mainferme, who had it from an eye-witness, and we subjoin the whole scene in a literal translation of his own words.

"Trusting," says our chronicler, "to His truth and mercy, who will give a penny to him who works only at the eleventh hour, as well as to those who have labored from the first, she greatly de-

sired to assume a religious habit, and commanded the Prioress of Fontevraud to be summoned by letters and messengers; but when distance delayed her coming, feeling her end approaching, she said to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then present, "O! my Lord Father, have pity on me, and fulfil my earnest desire; furnish my body with the arms of religion to fight my adversary, that my spirit may be restored more pure and free to its Creator, for I know and believe that if I might be joined in body to the Order of Fontevraud, I should escape eternal punishment. But the Archbishop, trembling, said that this could not be lawfully done without her husband's consent; but when he saw her constancy, and the Spirit of God speaking in her, moved by pity, and conquered by her prayers, he, with his own hand, consecrated and gave her the sacred veil; her mother and the Abbot of Tarpigny, with other monks, being present, and offered her to God and the Order of Fontevraud. She, now rejoicing, and unmindful of her pangs, declared she saw in a vision the glorious Mother of God, and as the abbot told us, she cast her veil at the enemy, saying, 'I am a sister and a nun of Fontevraud; thus strengthened, I fear thee not.'—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. i. p. 366.

Such was the superstitious faith of those remote ages. Innumerable instances might be adduced in illustration of the belief entertained at that time of these personal conflicts with the enemy of mankind: the monkish legends abound with these marvellous stories. Saint Dunstan, to whom we have before referred, was very successful in his contest with the archfiend, whom he seized by the nose with red-hot pincers, Satan, in consequence of his vigorous onslaught, having to make a precipitate retreat. Good angels and patron saints were almost as troublesome personages to have to deal with. A ludicrous instance occurs in the history of Pedro the Second of Arragon, and his wife Maria de Montpellier. The choice of a name for their son, the infant heir to the crown of Arragon, was a matter for mature consideration:—

"Maria, desirous of selecting for her babe a patron saint from among the Holy Apostles, yet unwilling that her preference of one should give offence to the others, ordered that twelve wax-tapers, bearing each the name of one of them, should be lighted and placed around the table. That which bore the name of the warlike patron-saint of Spain having far exceeded in brilliancy and duration the other tapers, the prince was christened Santiago, or, as the Arragonese call him, Jaime (James)."—*Senora George's "Queens of Spain,"* vol. i. pp. 60-1.

We have seen how brilliant were the alliances formed by the children of the power-

ful and politic Henry Plantagenet. The daughters of his son John were less fortunate in this respect. The eldest, Joanna, was betrothed to Hugh de Lusignan, formerly the affianced lover of her beautiful mother Isabella of Angoulême. Before the marriage was consummated, King John died; and Queen Isabella, once more free, gave her own hand to the lover of her youth, Earl Hugh, the intended husband of her little daughter. Joanna was afterwards wedded to Alexander the Second of Scotland—a prince whose poverty was so extreme, that the expenses of his wedding had to be defrayed by his brother-in-law, Henry the Third of England. Joanna's married life was not happy; she died of consumption in her thirty-fifth year.

The destiny of her sister Isabella was more splendid, but scarcely more enviable. She became the third wife of the Emperor Frederick the Second—a man of loose morals, though of great genius and extensive learning. He treated her with severity and harshness, and kept her secluded from court in a state little better than that of a prisoner. Isabella died in child-bed, and left two children—a son who did not long survive her, and a daughter who became the ancestress of the noble houses of Saxe-Cobourg and Saxe-Gotha.—"So that the blood of the Empress Isabella now runs in the veins of England's Queen, and, through her illustrious consort of the house of Saxe-Gotha, blends in a twofold stream in those of the royal infants—the hope of the nation—the princes and princesses of England."

Eleanora, third daughter of King John, possessed far greater energy of character than her elder sisters: indeed no lady of the middle ages plays a more prominent part in history than this proud, ambitious, and able woman. She was married, when very young, to William Earl Marshall, fourth Earl of Pembroke, the eldest of the five sons of the great Earl of Pembroke, Regent of England during the minority of Henry the Third, and possessor, in right of his wife, of the province of Leinster in Ireland. This powerful subject had secured for the infant son of his late master, King John, the wavering allegiance of the great feudatories, many of whom, indignant at the tyranny and duplicity of this monarch, had invited Prince Louis of France to assume the Crown of England. The sudden death of the detested king preserved his crown for his young son; for the barons, thus rid of the tyrant, listened to the overtures of the Earl of Pembroke on behalf of the youthful heir. He represented to them

the inexpediency of aiding in the establishment of a foreigner on the throne of England, and, by timely concessions made to their just demands, induced them to offer their oaths of fealty to Henry the Third. The Earl of Pembroke was unanimously chosen Lord Protector of the Realm, and proved himself well qualified for this weighty trust by his faithful performance of its important duties. This remarkable man left behind him five sons and five daughters, his children by Isabella, sole child of Earl Strongbow and Eva, daughter and heiress of Dermot Mac Murrough, King of Leinster, who had invited the English invasion of Ireland, and rewarded the successful and adventurous Strongbow with the hand of the inheritor of his kingdom.

William, the fourth Earl, son of the Earl of Pembroke and Isabella heiress of Leinster, inherited his father's power and high position, and was not considered an unworthy aspirant to the hand of the king's sister:

"The marriage of an English princess with a mere subject was a circumstance very unusual in the annals of royalty, and is in itself a sufficient illustration of the all-but regal state of the powerful house of Pembroke. The titles of Earl of Pembroke, Lord of Streguile, Chepstow, Caerwent, Leigh, Wexford, Kildare, Kilkenny, Ossory, and Carlow, accompanied as they were by the essentials, as well as the mere show of power, would not sound insignificantly even in the ears of a maiden of royal blood. The grants of lands made to Earl William by the King, in addition to his extensive hereditary estates, were most munificent. Some of them were situated on the borders of Wales, and with the princes of that country this powerful noble frequently waged an almost even-handed conflict. Others were in Ireland, over which, with the title of justiciary, he exercised an almost viceregal jurisdiction; for all the principal fortresses were placed in his hands, and the then ample revenue of £580 per annum was assigned him from the Dublin Exchequer."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. ii. p. 62.

Eleanora was left a widow at the tender age of sixteen. The Earl Marshall died suddenly under peculiarly afflicting circumstances. He had been sharing in the festivities occasioned by the marriage of his sister to the Earl of Cornwall—brother of King Henry, and presumptive heir to the English crown—when he was seized by mortal illness. The young king was greatly shocked at the sudden death of his brother-in-law, and is said to have exclaimed, on beholding the corpse—"Alas! is the blood of the martyred St. Thomas à Becket not yet fully avenged?"

William Earl Marshall was successively succeeded in his titles and estates by his brothers Richard, Gilbert, Walter, and Anselm, who all died without having issue; so that the vast Irish estates of the great Earl of Pembroke passed to his five daughters, made co-heiresses by the deaths of their brothers. Matthew Paris assigns as a reason for the extinction of the male line of the house of Pembroke the following story:

"During the Irish wars, two manors, belonging to an Irish bishopric, had fallen into the hands of the Earl of Pembroke, which he afterwards refused to restore. On his death the prelate who then held the see came over to England, and endeavored to obtain restitution from William Marshall the younger; but the Earl, declaring that the lands belonged to his house by right of conquest, expressed his determination to retain them. On which the bishop visited the grave of the father, uttering over it the most bitter execrations against the spirit of the departed Earl; and, not thus satisfied, pronounced the withering sentence of untimely blight upon all the noble scions of the house of Marshall. This reached the ears of King Henry, who remonstrated with the bishop on the subject. "Sire," said he, "what I have said I have said, and what I have written is not to be reversed. The sentence, therefore, must stand. The punishment of evil-doers is from God, and the curse which the Psalmist hath written shall surely come upon this Earl of whom I do thus complain—viz., his name shall be rooted out in one generation, and his sons shall be deprived of the blessing—*increase and multiply*. Some of them shall die a miserable death, and their inheritance shall be scattered, and this thou, O King, shalt behold in thine own lifetime, yea, in thy flourishing youth!"

The partition of Leinster among these co-heiresses (daughters of Isabella and the great Earl Pembroke) and its consequences, are thus quaintly given by Baron Finglas, Chief Baron of the Irish Exchequer in King Henry the Eighth's time, in his "*Breviat of Ireland*:"

"*Item*.—All the aforeseyd five Daughters during the Life of ther Father and Brethren were all married in *England* to Lordes, whoe after the Death of ther Brethren made Partition betwixt theme of all *Leinster*, in Fourne followinge: the eldest had the County of *Katherlogh*, the second the County of *Wexford*, the third the County of *Kilkenny*, and the fourth the county of *Kildare*; the fifth had the Manor of *Donnemaue* in *Leix*, with othir certene Lordes in the County of *Kildare*.

"*Item*.—The aforeseyd Lordes, Husbands to the seyed Ladyes, having grete possessions in *England* of their owne, regarded little the defence of their Lordes in *Ireland*; but took the Profits of the

same for a while, as they could, and some of them never saw *Ireland*; and when their Revenues of the same began to decay, then he that had *Donnemaue* in *Leix* retained an Irishman, one of the *Moore*s, to be his Capitaine of Warr in *Leix*, in defence against *Irishmen* upon that Borders.

"Item.—The othir two Lorde that had *Katherlo* and *Weixford* retheyned cone of the *Kavenagh*s, that remained in *Idrone*, to be Capitaine of Warr for their defence, and took no Regard to dwell themselves; so that within twenty yeres after or thereabouts, in the beginning of Kyng *Edward* the II. hys reign, the sayd *Moore*, that was Capitaine of *Leix*, kept that portion as his owne, and called himself *O'Moore*, and the seyd Capitaine of the *Kavenagh*s kept a grete Porcion of the County of *Katherlogh* and *Weixford*, wherein he was Capitaine, as his owne, and callid himself *M'Morough*. And so within a little space after he, the seyd *M'Morough*, grewe in strength, raised up the *Byrnes* and *Tobills* in his aide; so that hitherto they have kepted all the Countrey betwixt *Katherlogh* and the East Seas as ther owne, which is thirty miles and more; and soe began the decalaie of *Leinster*.

"Item.—The successors of the said *M'Morough*, being in grete strength in the latter end of Kyng *Edward* the III. hys dayes, the Kyng gave him Wages eighty Marks yerely out of the Exchequer.

"Item.—Yt is to be considered, and true yt is, that in everie of the seyd five Porcions, that was conquered by Kyng *Henry Fitz-Empresse*, and souche Lorde and Gentilmen as cam with him into *Ireland*, and by his License and Commandement, left undir Tribut certen *Irishmen* of the principall Blood of *Irish* Nacion, that wer before the Conquest inhabitants within every of the seyd Porcions; as in *Leinster*, the *Kavenagh*s, of the Blood of *M'Morough*, some tyme kyng of the same; in South Mounster the *M'Carties*, of the Blood of the *Cartyes*, some time kyngs of *Corke*; in the othir Porcion of Mounster, by West the River of *Shenynne*, where *O'Brien* is, which, as I reade, was never conquered in obedience to the Kyng's Laws, *O'Brien* and hys Blood have contynued there still, which *O'Brien* gave Tribut to Kyng *Henry Fitz-Empresse*, and to his Heirs, by the space of one Hundred Yeres; and the Lorde *Gilbert de Clare* Erle of *Glowcester*, had one of the best Mannors in the seyd *O'Brien*'s Countrie, and dwellid in the same, and *Connaught* was left undir Tribut certen of the Blood of *O'Connor*, some time kyng of the same, certen of the *Kellys*, and othirs."

It is a singular fact that the conquests made by the English adventurers in *Ireland* passed, in the next generation, in almost every instance, into other hands, by the failure of male heirs to the possessors of these vast estates. *Leinster*, as we have seen, descended to Earl *Strongbow* by his marriage with its heiress, *Eva MacMorough*; and, through their daughter *Isabella*, vested in the great Earl *Marshall*. Failing the issue of his five

sons, it was partitioned among his five daughters, and so broken up into petty states as the property of their respective husbands. *Hugo de Lacy* inherited *Connaught*, by his marriage with the daughter of its King, *Roderick O'Connor*. His two sons, *Walter*, Lord of *Meath*, and *Hugh*, Earl of *Ulster*, left no male issue: *Margaret* and *Maud de Lacy*, daughters of the elder son, brought the fertile territory of *Meath* to their respective husbands, *Sir Theobald Verdon* and *Geoffry Geneville*; while the daughter and sole heiress of the Earl of *Ulster* brought this northern province of *Ireland* to *Walter de Burgho* as her dower. Ere many generations had passed, this vast territory became again centred in a female inheritrix, *Elizabeth de Burgho*, whose marriage with *Lionel*, Duke of *Clarence*, son of King *Edward* the Third, led to the annexation of the Province of *Ulster* to the Crown of *England*; and through this lady, the heir-apparent to our throne claims, in addition to his title of Prince of *Wales*, the scarcely less princely dignity of Earl of *Ulster*.

But we have wandered far from *Eleanora*, the widowed Countess of *Pembroke*, and must return from these prospective inquiries to resume her eventful history.

Six years of comparative seclusion passed over the head of the young widow, and served to develop more fully her ripening charms. Her wounded heart had ceased to bleed, and forgetful of a vow made in the first gush of sorrow, that she would from henceforth be the bride of Christ, her heart opened once more to the sentiment of earthly love, and she consented to a private marriage with *Simon de Montford*, Earl of *Leicester*. This nobleman was younger son to the celebrated *De Montford*, who conducted the crusade against the *Albigenses*, and wrested the province of *Toulouse* from Count *Raymond*, husband of *Joanna* of *England*, of whom we have already spoken. *Almaric*, eldest son of *Simon de Montford*, inherited his French estates, and surrendered his claim on the Earldom of *Leicester* to his younger brother, now become husband to the Countess of *Pembroke*, and brother-in-law to the King of *England*.

Eleanora bore the Earl of *Leicester* a large family of promising sons, and one gentle daughter, destined to great sorrows in her after life. The Countess had retired, upon her marriage, to her lord's princely castle of *Kenilworth*, and devoted herself to the care of her children, and the exercise of hospitality during his frequent absences abroad. "The

providing of garments for every member of her establishment, attending to her larder, buttery, and poultry-yard, entertaining the poor, and occasional guests, especially those of the monastic orders, and her correspondence, which appears to have been extensive, occupied her time, and afforded scope for her energies." The castle was favorably circumstanced; it was capacious, yet so strongly fortified as to be well nigh impregnable; its banquetting hall alone was capable of containing two hundred persons.

"Kenilworth was also privileged to hold its own courts of justice. It had its assize of bread, beer, &c., to regulate the prices, and weights and measures of these and other provisions; its court-baron, for the recovery of debts and punishment of minor trespasses, and its court-leet, to judge more serious crimes. From the sentence of this tribunal there was no appeal; for a gallows, which frowned from the walls of the castle, stood ready to execute the last sentence of the law upon the convicted offender. This last appendage is strongly characteristic of the period when might was so often substituted for right, and when a proud baron could, under a show of justice, take summary vengeance on those who had offended him."

But these pursuits of peace were to be succeeded by a time of excitement and alarm. Simon de Montford having gained the confidence of the barons and people of England, and, actuated by the love of power, or patriotism—perhaps both—made himself virtual ruler of the kingdom, and dictated to King Henry, and his son Prince Edward, the "Provisions of Oxford." Hume, in his narrative of the reign of Henry the Third, briefly expresses the nature of these changes in the English Constitution:—

"They," (the barons, headed by Simon de Montford) "ordered that three sessions of parliament should be regularly held every year, in the months of February, June and October; that a new sheriff should be annually elected by the votes of the freeholders in each county; that the sheriffs should have no power of fining the barons who did not attend their courts, or the circuits of the justices: that no heirs should be committed to the wardship of foreigners, and no castles entrusted to their custody; and that no new warrens or forests should be created, nor the revenues of any counties or hundreds be let to farm. Such were the regulations which the twenty-four barons established at Oxford, for the redress of public grievances."

"But the twenty-four barons, not content with the usurpation of the royal power, introduced an innovation in the constitution of parliament, which was of the utmost importance. They

ordained that this assembly should choose a committee of twelve persons, who should, in the intervals of the sessions, possess the authority of the whole parliament, and should attend, on a summons, the person of the king in all his motions. But so powerful were these barons, that this regulation was also submitted to; the whole government was overthrown, or fixed on new foundations; and the monarchy was totally subverted, without its being possible for the king to strike a single stroke in defence of the constitution, against the newly invented oligarchy."

Civil war became inevitable; and soon ensued. At first signal success attended the arms of the Earl of Leicester. In the battle of Lewes he made himself master of the persons of the king, and of Prince Edward; but the subsequent escape of the latter rendered these advantages nugatory.

Edward found means to communicate with the Earl of Gloucester, and induced this nobleman to send a horse of extraordinary fleetness to a certain appointed place of rendezvous near Hereford, where the Prince then resided, under the vigilant surveillance of the Earl of Leicester. The Prince, while taking the air on horseback, closely surrounded by the guards and adherents of Simon de Montford, contrived to engage them in running races, of which he was to be the umpire. Having sufficiently blown their horses, he put spurs to his own, and, gaily waving his hand to the attendants, bade them a courteous adieu. Having exchanged his steed for the horse provided by the Earl of Gloucester, he soon distanced his pursuers, and made good use of his recovered liberty by summoning to his banner the royalist troops, and marching to the succor of the king, and the attack of the Earl of Leicester's forces.

This nobleman promptly prepared for the inevitable combat. He sent for immediate reinforcements to his son, the younger Simon de Montford; who, on his part, lost no time in assembling a formidable army. Prince Edward, foreseeing the importance of preventing a junction between the father and son, intercepted, by a forced night march, the contingent of the young de Montford, who narrowly escaped being made prisoner amid the slaughter of his discomfited troops. The victorious Edward hastened to improve his victory by a decisive battle with the Earl of Leicester's forces. The encounter of the hostile armies is given with great animation by Mrs. Green:—

"Expecting to join his son's forces, Earl Simon marched from Hereford, across the Severn, to—

wards Worcester, and staying two days near Ramsey, arrived on the third at Evesham.—Scarcely had he reached this spot, than the floating of banners, approaching from the north, gave token of the arrival of troops in the direction in which those of young Montford were expected. Considerable excitement prevailed concerning the advancing host, which was not allayed until Nicholas, the barber of the Earl, who blended some knowledge of heraldry with the medley of medical and other miscellaneous learning, which then appertained to his profession, positively declared, from the blazonry on the banners, that they belonged to the party of young Simon. The Earl, however, had still some vague suspicions floating in his mind, and he ordered his barber to mount the steeple of the Abbey of Evesham, to obtain a more commanding view of the host. On approaching nearer his enemy, Prince Edward, who had at first displayed the colors taken at Kenilworth, in order to deceive the Montfords, changed his tactics, and the royal banner of England, with those of the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Roger Mortimer, were unfurled to the breeze, and filled the heart of the worthy Nicholas with dismay. 'We are dead men,' he exclaimed to his lord, as he communicated his tidings. De Montford himself was not sanguine as to the result of a contest with such unequal forces; but he assumed a cheerful air, and encouraged his soldiers with confident expressions, telling them it was for the laws of the land, and the cause of God and justice, that they were to fight. He himself led one part of the little host, and his eldest son Henry the other; and to give countenance to their cause, they placed King Henry among their ranks. As the royalist troops advanced, their number and martial array struck terror into the heart of the brave de Montford. 'By the arm of St. James,' he cried, 'they approach in admirable order; they have learned this style from me, and not themselves'—adding mournfully, 'let us commend our souls to God, for our bodies are theirs.' His son Henry endeavored to cheer him, by exhorting him not to despair so soon. 'I do not despair, my son,' replied the Earl; but your presumption, and the pride of your brothers, have brought me to this crisis, and I firmly believe that I shall die for the cause of God and justice.'

"The fight commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of August (1265); but the daring valor of Prince Edward's troops, and the pusillanimous conduct of the Welsh soldiers who were in the army of the Earl, soon showed how the scale of conflict was to turn. The Earl and his son performed prodigies of valor; they exerted themselves to stem the torrent of disaster, and each led their men to a renewed charge, in which young Montford, bravely fighting, fell. The news of his death was forthwith communicated to his father. 'By the arm of St. James,' he cried, vociferating for the last time his favorite oath, 'then it is time for me to die!' and, grasping his sword with both hands, he rushed upon his assailants, striking with such rapidity and vigor, that a witness of the scene asserted, that had he had but eight followers like himself, he would have changed the fortune of the day.

Wounded, however, by a blow from behind, he was struck from his horse, and instantly despatched; and the fate of the battle was decided."—*Mrs. Green's "Princesses of England,"* vol. ii. p. 139.

The battle of Evesham was a fatal blow to the house of Montford. Eleanora had not alone to lament the loss of her husband and her son on the bloody field, but to mourn the destiny of her surviving children, exiles and suppliants on the bounty of others. While resident in Italy, Simon and Guy de Montford, actuated by base and vindictive motives, were guilty of the murder of their cousin, Henry of Germany; but this dastardly crime did not escape unpunished; for the former, pursued by the execrations of all, died miserably soon after; and Guy had to endure a lengthened imprisonment, and the horrors of Papal excommunication. He was, at last, freed from these penalties for his offence; and became, by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Tuscany, the founder of that house of Montford, which afterwards played an important part in the history of Northern Italy.

The countess of Leicester died in France in comparative obscurity and great poverty, commending with her last breath her youngest son Almaric to the care and clemency of her nephew Edward, then the reigning sovereign of England. Just before her death she witnessed the marriage by proxy, of her only daughter to Llewellyn Prince of Wales, to whom the young Eleanora had long been attached. The Welsh prince had sought her hand when her father was all-powerful; and, faithful to love, he did not desert her in the time of trouble and disaster. After her mother's decease, Eleanora, escorted by her brother Almaric, sailed for Wales to join Llewellyn, but unfortunately the vessel was intercepted, and the Princess of Wales found herself a captive in the hands of the hostile English King.

Edward ungenerously extorted the hardest conditions from Llewellyn, before he released his hold on Eleanora. The hapless Prince was required to do homage, and acknowledge that he held his country as a fief of the English crown; to permit his nobles also to render fealty to Edward; and to give hostages for his future submission, before he was rewarded by the hand of his plighted bride. These important conditions being obtained, Edward himself was present at the wedding, which was celebrated with great splendor; and Eleanora and her lord at once retired from court, to forget the ignominy of this

submission, and to enjoy personal freedom in the mountain fastnesses of the principality.

But their tranquillity was of short continuance. Eleanor, having long endeavored to act the part of mediatrix in the differences which sprung up between her husband and cousin, perceived at last that war was inevitable, and that nothing but the total subjugation of Wales would satisfy the ambition of the politic Edward. The contest proved fatal to the weaker power. Llewellyn, fighting bravely for the independence of his country, perished in the field of battle, with two thousand of his faithful followers. His gallant brother, David, headed the remnant of his scattered army; but at last betrayed into the hands of his foe, he expiated on the scaffold the crime of defending his native land; and his corse, like that of a common traitor, was hanged, drawn and quartered,

by order of the ruthless king. In the midst of these troubles, the young wife of the last independent ruler of Wales, gave birth to a daughter, and passed away from an existence which had proved to her so full of sorrow. The motherless child lived, but her life, from the cradle to the grave, was spent in captivity. She was watchfully guarded by Edward the First, and, at a proper age, embraced a conventual life in the nunnery of Lempingham.

The fortunes of this princess bring us only to the close of the thirteenth century; and how many lives of illustrious maidens and matrons remain still to be chronicled between that period and the closing days of courtly and chivalrous romance! But enough for one reading on a subject which will bear so well to be reverted to.

MR. MACAULAY.—There is a common pedestrian of London streets, well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big round face, and large, staring and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity. He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thoughts, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is the figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop to stare when he has passed. But he heeds no one,—seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes energetically on, unwitting of the many who stare and smile, or of the few who step respectfully aside, and look with curiosity and regard upon Thomas Babington Macaulay. Occasionally, however, the historian and the

poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognised him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel at Greenwich,—a fashionable whitebait house which it appears he often patronises. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted by his peculiar muttering and fidgettiness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreamings. All at once,—it must have been towards the climax of the prose and verse, which he was working up in his mind,—Mr. Macaulay seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such hearty good will that the solid crystal flew about in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put out, however, Mr. Macaulay, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then pulling with a couple of jerks his hat and his umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.—*Correspondent of Inverness Courier.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM; HIS CAREER AND CHARACTER.

Is it that mankind are ungrateful, or only forgetful, in so readily ignoring the public services of eminent men, till death, the solemn monitor, awakens regret for their loss, and remorse that they should, while yet in life, have been so ill-requited? In the multitude of instances where justice has been postponed till too late for consolation, and unmeasured eulogy has suddenly succeeded to unmerited detraction, we look in vain for a sole and single cause, adequate to so invariable an effect. Age after age, men live and work in the world; often of giant powers and superhuman self-devotion; men, who, as in a recent most signal case, disdain the honors which their fellow-men would fain put on them as rewards, and aspire only to the nobler recompense which fame can give; men who act the history of their contemporary period, or communicate their impulses to more active agents; yet, although these men filled the most conspicuous places—although their names are forever in men's mouths, and their daily deeds and sayings the staple stuff of other men's thoughts and purposes—although they are, in truth, the real kings of the earth, and their sovereignty is even more readily and spontaneously acknowledged than that of the ostensible and legitimate holders of power; notwithstanding all these tributes to their talents, and all this homage to their merits, these are precisely the men of whom their contemporaries generally know the least. They are admired, worshipped, abused, laughed at—anything, everything, but comprehended or understood. And when at last the public conscience, stung by the withdrawal of such men from the scene, suddenly stirs itself in their behoof, the very materials from which a judgment might have been formed have passed away, and the historian or the philosopher is left to a dry and unintelligible mass of conflicting facts and estimates, from which, if he can shape out a consistent and symmetrical character, he achieves a very rare good fortune, too often at the expense of historical truth.

It were, too, a curious and perhaps a profitable subject of inquiry, why, as a general rule, military genius, or brilliant military service, is at once and universally acknowledged and rewarded by contemporaries, while the exploits of civilians, although perhaps as seriously affecting the welfare of mankind, and involving a larger exercise of the higher faculties of the mind, are neglected or challenged until death has sanctified the actors; or why it is not uncommon to find a military reputation which was recognized during the life-time of the commander, questioned long after his decease, while the statesman or the legislator, defrauded of his meed of honor while still upon the scene, receives it with accumulated interest when the grave has closed upon his labors and his hopes. Such a phenomenon cannot exist without a cause. Can it be, that mankind are compelled to bow before the splendors of martial success, while conscious of their inability to analyse its causes; but that in civil affairs a natural arrogance, or an exaggerated estimate of the right of private judgment, prompts them to a habit of summary decision, dictated by a levelling spirit of detraction, which is only reversed when irritating causes cease to agitate the mass, and the few perspicacious and impartial minds are left as a final court of appeal?

Lord Brougham, in our own time is a signal example of the uncertainty of public opinion. He furnishes in his own person a living and lasting evidence, not merely of its fickleness, but of its essential unsoundness—of the dangerous readiness with which it will act on the most insufficient grounds, and arrive at the most irreconcilable conclusions. There is not a public man of any country, a civilian, who has undergone such vicissitudes. Alternately worshipped as an idol, scorned as an impostor, or, at least, as a political traitor, neglected as an impracticable eccentric, and recognized as one of the most practical and successful legislators of his day—to say nothing of his services, now tardily admitted, as an agent in the cause of human progress

and civilization—this remarkable man still survives the period that furnished him with contemporaries worthy of his powers; still active in the service of the public, under the domination of his almost unequalled energy; and challenging, even by the very contrariety of his fortunes, his exhaustive experience of the good and evil of this world, an anticipation of that judgment which is ordinarily reserved for posterity.

Yet, of the thousands who daily pronounce his name—of the hundreds of thousands who whilome have worshipped him as an idol but with unsound faith, and who have since treated his services and his talents with jesting indifference—how few know even the great facts of his career; still fewer his actual claims on public respect, or the real salient points of his character! Fifty years of incessant, energetic, active public life, as advocate, scientific philosopher, as political partisan, as literary critic, orator, as judge, as statesman, are not so easily comprehended; nor can a vague tribute of admiration on the one hand, or a jesting sneer on the other, dispose satisfactorily of a character which in our own days is so extraordinary and so rare. The ordinary mind is too apt to admire in public men, only that which is the least worthy of admiration, and to overlook their more sterling but more silent claims; and, in the case before us, this ordinary tendency is much increased by an almost reckless obtrusion of strong peculiarities and “eccentricities,” and a disdain of the ordinary precautions of those who seek a permanent hold on the British public.

If, bearing these considerations in mind, we can separate the wheat from the chaff, the practical from the personal—if, by watching the oscillations of a character singularly rigorous and energetic, we can arrive at a clear estimate of its real available force, we shall furnish our readers with the means of doing an act of justice to a man, who has spent a long life in the public service, and who, if at one period of his career he was mistakenly and extravagantly exalted, was certainly, at another, as unjustly and as unfoundedly degraded. With these views, we purpose devoting a few pages to a retrospect of the career of Lord Brougham and an estimate of his character.

To retrace his career, how far, how very far back we must go. Of those who are accustomed to contemplate, with something like astonishment, the incessant activity and seemingly indomitable energy, the readiness, perseverance, and versatility, the perpetual

freshness of intellect of this singular embodiment of the active and restless tendencies of the age, how few are prepared to go back half a century, in order to arrive at its earliest development! Four years before the close of the eighteenth century, Lord Brougham, then a mere youth, found insertion in the *Philosophic Transactions of the Royal Society* for a paper on “Optics;” and within three years after the commencement of the present century, he had been elected a Fellow of that Society. An intellect which, in early youth, was so precocious, yet which, in advanced age, is still so fresh and vigorous, must needs be made of no ordinary stuff; and he who would test its quality, and measure its proportions, must be prepared to throw aside ordinary modes of judging, adapting his standard to the singularity of his subject. In connexion with this paper on “Optics,” it is remarkable, as evidencing a constancy of mind, of which the credit is usually refused to Lord Brougham, that this, his earliest published scientific effort, should have been on the same subject as that which he lately introduced to the French Institute, and that the solace of his leisure at his chateau at Cannes, should be derived from the same branch of science as that which led to his being, at sixteen or seventeen years of age, honored with the marked approval of the chief learned men of his day. It may also not be uninteresting thus to refer back to his position at this early age, as it shows that in this precocious display of scientific acquirements, which could not then have been very profound or extensive, may be found the germ of that habit of self-development, and that readiness to form and pronounce judgments, while others have reached only the threshold of questions, which have been charged as serious faults against Lord Brougham throughout his career—charged, not by his enemies and detractors merely, but by those, too, who were his friends and sincere admirers.

It would naturally conduce to the same habit of mind, that at three-and-twenty years of age, he should have been a leading contributor to, if not the actual originator of that great literary periodical which for so many years held the rod of criticism in *terrorem* over all persons in the literary and artistic, and over not a few in the political world. A habit of hastily judging, often severe in proportion to the accompanying sense of irresponsibility, would necessarily be engendered by the exercise of such power, in a temperament naturally ardent and re-

sponsive, even to a fault, to all exciting influences. A natural tendency would thus be stimulated, without there being any corresponding consciousness on the part of the mind so acted upon; while, at the same time, an habitual self-confidence would take the place of a more steady strength and tone.

Some public men live for themselves alone; some devote themselves to the good of mankind; others combine with their own personal advancement the higher aims of patriotism. Of the first class, we have some very striking examples in our own day; but it would be invidious to mention them, more especially as it might be urged on their behalf against so premature a classification, that they are engaged now in the struggle for power, and that they may still have purposes undeveloped. Of the second class, a more bright and illustrious example we could not choose than the late Sir Samuel Romilly, a man of cosmopolitan philanthropy, one who opened a new path for the workers of civilization, and led some of the noblest minds, his contemporaries and successors, into a virgin soil, apart from the barren ways of professional and political patriotism. Of the third class, we do not know a more brilliant instance than Henry, Lord Brougham; a man who certainly has advanced himself, but of whom no one can say that he did so at the sacrifice of the interests of mankind, but who rather stands forth as at least one of the most distinguished laborers in the cause of reformation and progress. Ambition may develop into one of the noblest of the virtues, or it may become, at best, a magnanimous vice. But the most admirable shape it takes, is when the personal ambition of the individual is at the same time conducive to the good of his fellow-men; and this we conceive to have been the chief characteristic of the undoubtedly powerful ambition of the present Lord Brougham. We are not writing his life; still less are we preparing an eulogium on his career, or a defence. We are simply casting a retrospective view over nearly fifty years of constant activity, and recording, as we pass along, the thoughts that suggest themselves.

It is the fortune of some men to appear on the scene at favorable periods. Thus it was with Henry Brougham. The same felicitous conjunction of the stars that gave to Napoleon or to Wellington so noble a field for military glory, also pointed out to civilians the way to triumph in a more peaceful, though a scarcely less important strife. The civic conquerors were to march to the

breaking up of old prejudices, and the destruction of worn-out institutions, on the one hand, or to make head against a new and overwhelming power, on the other; as Napoleon might feel himself appointed to overthrow the old military systems of the continent, or Wellington might, in turn, be called on to crush the power by which he had destroyed them. The times influence the actors; the actors re-act upon the times. In a puny and spiritless drama, no histrionic power avails; but give a good plot and stirring incidents, and even an ordinary talent will shine. The great strife of politics, however, calls up, as if by magic, the destined combatants, who come to the contest armed *cap-à-pie*, in intellect, energy, and daring. Thus it was at the era when Lord Brougham commenced his career. The public mind, seething in the excitement of new political elements, stimulated by the soul-stirring events then progressing on the continent, was prepared for all that was extraordinary and new. Similar influences acted on the young men of the day, urging them forward to deeds of intellectual daring. Proceedings which now would seem erratic, unsound, tending towards democratic or revolutionary results, were then regarded as only natural, as the inevitable accompaniments of the great struggle between the new and the antiquated, which every one—even the bigoted adherents of the latter—saw to be at hand.

Blessed as we now are with the practical benefits of liberty, it seems incredible that the early life of one of our still active, if not the most active of our statesmen, should have been passed in a professed and a glorious struggle for the first principles of political freedom; that not merely was it Parliamentary Reform, or Catholic Emancipation, for which the energies of young patriotic champions were called into play, but that the freedom of the press—not that licence which is sometimes called freedom, but the rational and regulated liberty of thinking in print—had to be struggled for under circumstances scarcely less difficult and dangerous, than those which surround the same institution in Berlin or Vienna at the present day; that the personal liberty of the subject, in spite of constitutional guarantees, was assailed in a manner more deliberate and daring, and with a more respectful affectation of constitutional forms, than now it is in those last-named capitals by Schwartzburg or Manteuffel; that the clerical power, following in the wake of the political, affected a similar exemption from the ordinary laws

of freedom of thought and speech; and that it was possible at that time to prosecute a man for alleged libels upon ecclesiastics, which, in the present day, would be thought too slight even for the shafts of an hebdomadal satirist; that even the advocates of the holy cause of Negro Emancipation, could scarcely escape being included by the popular prejudice in the same category, with the blood-stained madmen who had ruled the Convention in Paris. Still less do we, in these days of peace and sunshine, remember that night of popular ignorance which was supposed to be identified with the conditions of public safety, and with the temporal, even the eternal welfare of the masses. Now, when the merit of the age is held to consist in the universal diffusion of knowledge; when the most enlightened and the most enterprising of the British publishers are organizing the most nicely calculated combinations, in order to place the means of education within the grasp of all—to tempt, as it were, the inert or indifferent, where formerly it seemed a merit to plunge them deeper in that slough of blind, sluggish, material enjoyment, it seems to us almost incredible that those who first impressed on the public mind the necessity for self-development; who proclaimed the great truth, that knowledge and virtue are the best armies, the best police; who stood forward as the organizers of a new system, by which the closed portals were accessible to all who possessed the magic keys—frugality and application; that these men should have been looked upon as dangerous innovators and subverters of society—should have been held up to scorn, or hunted down with merciless ridicule. Yet so it was; and five-and-twenty years of Lord Brougham's life, at least, were spent in the herculean labor of sweeping away the offensive and obstructive prejudices of a self-lauding obscurantism, ere he could even earn the privilege of commencing the initiation of a new era.

These things, if they were stimulants to patriotism, were also strong incentives to personal ambition; they were gifts scattered by fortune in the way of the young and ardent spirits of the day, to be shaped into weapons as their powers or their occasions allowed. But when we crown all these noble objects of emulation with that which formed the climax of Lord Brougham's earlier career; when we recal to the reader's mind the most prominent, the most dramatic of all the struggles that took place during that period of intellectual activity; remind-

ing him of a state of things more endangering to royalty, as an institution, than all the theories of republicans—a condition of affairs which, under our present beneficent and virtuous Sovereign, seems as though it could never have existed in a social system like that of England; and when we reflect that circumstances, no less than the known talents of Henry Brougham as an advocate, and his prominence as a politician, designated him as the man who was to bear the most ennobling share in the great domestic drama of royal life—who was to concentrate on himself the eyes of all the world, and to be identified as the champion of a cause which political reasons at the time rendered the cause of the people—who felt that, at every step he took, he was incurring the responsibility of a possible revolution, and in his own person of an impeachment, and that upon his success or failure depended, not merely the fate of his royal client, but the peace, and safety, and the honor and credit of his native land,—when we sum up all the other felicitous opportunities to make an illustrious name, and add this grand capping and crowning chance, we must admit that if to Lord Brougham have been vouchsafed no ordinary favors, so has he been exposed to no ordinary temptations. To have encountered such obstacles—to grapple with any one of which would be the task of an ordinary man,—and to have conquered them, might well make a man vain, unsteady, overbearing, mad with pride. All these errors have been ascribed to Lord Brougham (with many more) during his long career. As we progress, we shall be able to test with how much of truth.

Our limits and our plan alike preclude any detailed examination of the events and achievements of the earlier career of Lord Brougham; how, having shone in Edinburgh as an advocate and a writer, he abruptly quitted that city for a more important scene of operations, and with marvellous rapidity took his place as one not only of the most brilliant, but also of the most practical and painstaking of the lawyers of his day; how he soon ranked with the legal aristocracy of his intellectual circuit; how, when only thirty years of age, he entered parliament, and almost immediately stamped himself as one of the first orators in an assembly which boasted of Canning, and had not yet forgotten the lustre of Pitt and Fox; how he became recognized as the most able, daring, and successful champion, not merely of the general principles of the Whig opposition, but also of principles and measures which he

pursued with independent action, and which imparted to him a marked individuality; how, after the Queen's trial and its accompanying dramatic incidents, he gradually rose from being the cadet, to the championship, and ultimately, in the public eye, to the leadership and mastership of the great Reform party; until the name of Harry Brougham rang through the length and breadth of the land as the symbol of popular idolatry, and he was triumphantly returned by that constituency which from its numbers and mixed character, is constituted the testing point of public opinion at great crisis; and how, finally, he was enabled to spurn with contempt the ordinary routine of professional promotion, and vault at once into that position which is regarded as the highest reward of legal and political ability. If we were in detail to analyze these successive steps, we should inevitably bring the reader to the conclusion at which, after an attentive examination, we have ourselves arrived—that there was nothing in the earlier career of Lord Brougham, at which he need look back with any other sentiment than that of honorable pride; that his advancement was the natural result of his extraordinary ability and versatile powers; that if his profession decried his legal lore, they admitted his forensic power; that although he acted for so many years in the van of a party denounced by its opponents as revolutionary, he never, even in the intoxication of parliamentary or platform advocacy, forgot what was due to the constitution, or to his own reputation as a constitutional lawyer; that throughout his speeches, wherever made, although there are the boldest indications of resistance to oppression, there is not one instigation to democratic violence; that if he was claimed as the champion and apostle of democracy, it was that his too eager admirers inferred from personal vehemence, and a straining of the elasticity of language, political passions and purposes which did not exist; that in the greatest trial of his mental and moral powers—his speech on behalf of Queen Caroline—he manifested, under the most exciting circumstances, a combination of boldness, caution, courage, dignity, and good taste, entitling that extraordinary effort to rank with the greatest forensic displays on record; that the daring advocate or the vehement political partisan never, even in the most alluring moments, seemed to forget the prospective responsibility of the judge or the statesman; and, strange as it may appear to those who have not taken the trouble, as we have done,

to examine into the facts, that it is in his earlier rather than in his later speeches when he was irresponsible, nor touching with massive hand the fine net-work of the constitution, that are to be found the soundest constitutional maxims, the most upright and independent resistance to every species of purely democratic influence.

We are here retracing his personal career; not yet the practical services he may have rendered as an originator of reforms, or as a legislator.

Arrived at the position of Lord Chancellor, — the summit of ordinary ambition to a lawyer, — he became the most prominent member of an administration, which seemed the most powerful the country had known for upwards of thirty years. His magnificent orations during the progress of the Reform Bill; the audacious firmness with which he seized and retained the control of the proceedings in the Upper House; the seemingly studied pertinacity, nearly amounting to insult, with which his every action and almost every word, reminded the peers of the coming popular assault—a demeanor which, although acquiesced in, was loudly condemned at the time, and for which even his apologists would find it difficult to offer an adequate excuse; the herculean strength and endurance he manifested in conducting this warfare with his newly-found peers,—a warfare almost nightly renewed, under circumstances of peculiar annoyance and irritation to one who was perpetually reminded of the novelty of his position,—while at the same time going through the labors of the Chancery Court with a rapidity and assiduity, which, although murmured at by the profession, did not meet with permanent objections when time had removed or softened down temporary causes of irritation and opposition,—these features of his judicial and parliamentary administration of the functions of the chancellorship, do not call for more than a passing glance; because they are more strongly stamped on the public mind than the earlier, and still more so than the later, events of his career.

The time, in fact, was near at hand when a rude test was to be applied to a popularity which had no parallel in the later history of the country. In England, as in all free states, popularity is a thing of fleeting and uncertain tenure. Even when men have deserved its permanent continuance, it is rare, indeed, to find it perpetuated. The popularity of Lord Brougham had been too wide-spread, too intense, its culmination had been too bril-

liant, the wreck of established things and of old institutions prepared for its march, had been too fatally ruinous, not to have predisposed even the public mind, to say nothing of those more personally interested, to a very sudden reversal of his unprecedented prosperity. Add to this, that there were political causes at work.

The Whigs had found their party buoyed up upon popular applause to a height which astonished themselves, and alarmed them, timid statesmen as they always are in power, in proportion to their recklessness and rashness while in opposition; and they had shown symptoms of a desire to back down upon those who were driving them on from behind, that they might arrest the rapid motion of the state-machine. On the other hand, the suddenness, and as it was then supposed, the dangerous, liberalism of their chief measures, had profoundly disgusted what may be termed the inert public, not to speak of those classes who had felt themselves injured by those measures. This double unpopularity furnished the signal for an attack, for the commencement of a campaign by the conservative opposition, which must ever remain a monument of the strategic genius and parliamentary powers of Sir Robert Peel. Without diverging into biography, we may remind the reader, that, on the principle of seeking the most assailable point, it was on Lord Brougham that the whole weight of wrath fell. Admitting the disproportion of the parallel, we might say that since the sudden downfall of Napoleon, there had occurred no instance of so unexpected, so cruel, so fatal a reverse. It seemed as if the nature itself of men had become changed, as if public fickleness and private ingratitude had combined and conspired together, to bring about an unprecedented instance of the uncertainty and instability of all human power and glory. The press,—led by a journal whose sympathy with the public feeling is a species of concentrated electricity, attracted from all sides to this common centre, and discharged in fatal and unerring bolts,—almost without exception turned upon the man whom they had all, equally without exception, or nearly so, joined in lauding to an extent utterly incompatible with his maintaining a fair proportion of mental equilibrium. There is scarcely a comparison too vulgar to indicate the harshness, yet the choral unanimity of the howl that was set up. Within the brief space of but a few weeks, the popular idol was laid prostrate, and utterly demolished.

Unhappily, Lord Brougham had furnished

ample materials for the attacks made upon him—materials, which to candid and philosophic minds, would have been insufficient inducements, but which were made to tell with fearful force upon the vulgar. Years of labor and excitement, such as no contemporary had undergone, had produced their natural effect on the physical organization of Lord Brougham. Excitable men, in whom the nervous temperament predominates, always seem more excitable than they really are. In Lord Brougham, there may at all times be perceived violent oscillations at the surface, but the centre is always steady and sure. Were it not so, it would be easy to cull from the multitude of speeches and judgments he has delivered, under all possible circumstances of irritation, evidences of unsoundness. Yet, to any one who will calmly consider and examine all his deeds and words, it will become apparent how consistent they have always been with his own professed character, and with each other. But at the time of which we speak, those oscillations were more violent and more remarkable than usual. At all times disdainful of that studied tartufferie of state-craft which teaches the art of hoodwinking the multitude, Lord Brougham at this time trusted too much to his past services, and too much to his own consciousness of integrity of motive. Forgetting his elevation, and how glaringly he had availed himself of it to torment his newly-found compeers, he thought that as soon as he had shuffled off the coil of parliamentary etiquette, he could speak to the people as one of themselves; and to his cost he did so. Without unveiling the miserable intrigues of the period, there is enough on record to show that had Lord Brougham, at the time we refer to, been judged with a magnanimity and a forbearance worthy the British people, the temporary cloud might have passed away, and his party might still have benefited by his great powers and still greater reputation.

That Lord Brougham deeply felt these attacks at the time, may be inferred from his having condescended to notice them. In a speech immediately after his final secession from the whig cabinet in 1835, he maintained that "it had been at all times not merely a privilege of public men to meet their fellow citizens on fitting occasions, but a privilege of the people to have public men constantly coming before them, and the duty of those men to come before the people freely, without the nonsense and the hauteur with which some idle folks chose to invest themselves, by way of avoiding responsibility to the peo-

ple; by way of making the people more easily led and misled; and by way of making them more safe to govern and misgovern; the policy and the tactics, and the tricks of those who, of late years, have been pleased to make the discovery, that ministers have no business to attend public meetings." This was his answer to the famous charge, that he had "dragged the seals through the dirt:" and at the same time he declared, while maintaining his consistency, that it was because his principles did *not* so very easily bend to circumstances, and take their hue from situations, that he and his hearers now met on the same level, and that he no longer was in the service of the State.

The concentrated bitterness of retrospection—the keen consciousness of ingratitude rendered for favors conferred—the sense of the fleeting and untenable quality of popular favor—all are perceptible in the public speeches of Lord Brougham at this painful period of his career. A passage in one of them, which we do not remember to have met with in any commentary on his career, speaks volumes as to his feelings at this time. We give it not more for its explanatory character, than for its intrinsic worth and beauty as a piece of fine nervous English writing:—"If it were not somewhat late in the day for moralizing, I could tell of the prerogatives, not so very high—the enjoyments, none of the sweetest—which he loses who surrenders place, oftentimes misnamed power. To be responsible for measures which others control, perchance contrive; to be chargeable with leaving things undone which ought to have been done, and he had all the desire to do, without the power of doing; to be compelled to trust those whom he knew to be utterly untrustworthy; and on the most momentous occasions, involving the interests of millions, implicitly to confide in quarters where common prudence forbade reposing a common confidence; to have schemes of the wisest, the most profound policy, judged and decided on by the most ignorant and the most frivolous of human beings; and the most generous aspirations of the heart, for the happiness of his species, chilled by the frowns of the most selfish and sordid of his race—these are among the most unenviable prerogatives of place—of what is falsely called power in this country; and yet I doubt if there be not others less enviable still. To be planted upon the eminence, from whence he must see the baser features of human nature, uncovered and deformed; witness the attitude of climbing ambition from a point whence it

is only viewed as creeping and crawling, tortuous, and venomous, in its hateful path; be forced to see the hideous sight of a naked human heart, whether throbbing in the bosom of the great vulgar, or of the little, is not a very pleasing occupation for any one who loves his fellow-creatures, and would fain esteem them; and trust me, that he who wields power and patronage for but a little month, shall find the many he may try to serve furiously hating him for involuntary failure—while the few whom he may succeed in helping to the object of all their wishes shall, with a preposterous pride (the most unenviable part of the British character) seek to prove their independence by showing their ingratitude, if they do not try to cancel the obligation, by fastening a quarrel on him. * * * But worse to be endured than all, was the fetter and the cramp imposed on one used to independence—the being buried, while yet alive, to the people's condition and claims—buried in the house of form and etiquette appointed for all ministers. Who, then, can marvel at the exultation which I feel, to shake and brace every fibre of my frame, when casting off these trammels—bursting through the cerements of that tomb—I start into new life, and resume my position in the van of my countrymen, struggling for their rights, and moving onwards in the accelerated progress of improvement with a boundless might, and a resistless fury which prostrate in the dust all the puny obstacles that can be raised by the tyranny of courts and their intrigues—the persecution of bigots and their cunning—the sordid plots of greedy monopolists, whether privileged companies, or overgrown establishments, or corrupt municipalities?"

The concentrated bitterness of this record of official experience, speaks more eloquently for Lord Brougham's sincerity than any vindication we could write, even were we disposed to offer one. A few more points connected with this part of the noble lord's career will serve to throw an additional light on his character, and to remove some misconceptions left in the public mind by the attacks made upon him as a political scape-goat. The inherent energy of the man was never more marvellously displayed, than in the suddenness and vigor with which he aroused himself from his temporary prostration. To adopt the quotation of one of the wittiest and most bitter of his enemies—

"She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin, But when she came back, *the dog was laughin'.*"

To the Whigs, however, it proved no laughing matter. The severance of the political tie between Lord Brougham and that party, has been too readily set down by superficial observers, and by those who have had party objects to serve, to his own tergiversation: whereas, the noble lord contends, that a careful review of his political acts during the period in which the change in his opinions is said to have been wrought, will make it clear, that upon most of the public questions then agitating the political world, he has shown a strict adherence to principle, while his party have exhibited defection. Indeed, Lord Brougham declares that he never evinced any disposition to thwart the government of Lord Melbourne until they had adopted courses, and introduced measures, wholly at variance with his repeatedly-recorded opinions and votes. As an instance of the steadfastness of his support of the ministry, and the party with whom they acted, Lord Brougham refers to his warm support of the great measure of Municipal Reform in 1835. And in the summer of 1836, he refrained from all complaint, even when he saw a sacrifice made of his measures for preventing pluralities and non-residences, and a bill founded on totally opposite principles introduced. In 1837 (to take the years regularly in which he is accused of deserting the party with whom he had so recently acted) he continued to support the government, except on one or two occasions—for instance, on the introduction of the Canada Resolutions. During the session of 1837, he had expressed his opinion of the necessity of altering the Reform Bill in essential particulars, and especially of extending the elective franchise. The following session unhappily opened with a declaration from the government, as a body, that they took a view wholly different from that of most Reformers of the time. It might fairly be asked, then, why should Lord Brougham give up his opinions, which he had maintained throughout life, without the slightest deviation, because the government had changed theirs? To show that there was no acrimony in his attacks on Lord Glenelg for his conduct with respect to Canada, it is only necessary to point to the many instances in which he defended the Colonial Secretary, and to the objection, which he threw out parenthetically, to a resolution passed in the House of Commons, because it attempted to fix Lord Glenelg personally with the disastrous turn of affairs in Canada, instead of conveying the censure generally upon the Colonial system.

The question is not now for the first time asked, why, full licence having been allowed to Lord Glenelg and some of his principal colleagues to form their own opinions—with them to oppose Parliamentary Reform up to 1831—to defend the Manchester Massacre—to support the Six Acts—to remove Lord Fitzwilliam from office, for attending a Parliamentary Reform meeting at York—to oppose Lord Brougham's motion on the case of Smith the missionary; the question is not now for the first time asked why (those noble persons having, without any blame whatever, been suffered formerly to hold such courses, and having adopted a different line of policy from Nov. 1830, to November, 1837) Lord Brougham alone should be complained of, for continuing, since November, 1837, to abide by the very same principle which he had not taken up for the first time in November, 1830, but held in all former periods of his political career. Did not Mr. Whitbread, without the same charge of tergiversation being brought against him, oppose the measures of the Whig administration, when he found that long tenure of office had made them less vigilant for peace, retrenchment, and reform?

For the foregoing defence of Lord Brougham's consistency we do not hold ourselves responsible: we have but repeated the noble lord's own argument. If we wished to defend him on that score, we should take a larger view and a wider range, than that comprised in a period, when the temptations thrown in Lord Brougham's way to indulge in revenge on those who had so persecuted him, were too strong for any but super-human nature. A candid review of the whole of this remarkable man's career, would vindicate his consistency in a much more signal manner; but from that review we shall be disposed to exclude the masterly manœuvres by which Lord Brougham punished his late associates, terrifying their innermost hearts like an avenging angel, when they thought him laid low for ever.

We here allude more especially to the course he took on the Canada Government Bill, and his subsequent demolition of the Earl of Durham.

In his determined opposition to the Canada Government Bill, his lordship found himself alone, as far as the House of Lords was concerned. He himself adverted to the painfulness of this isolation—to the difficulty and embarrassment attending his thankless and self-imposed task; but he found consolation in the reflection, that although he might retire from so unequal a contest defeated,

he could not be disgraced. He created a marked sensation in the House by his skilful application of the mission of Pedro de la Gasca to quell the revolt of the Pizarros in Peru, to the forthcoming visit of the Earl of Durham to Canada; and *Hansard*, which very rarely stops to note the expressions of satisfaction or dissatisfaction with which a speech is received, unless they give rise to positive interruption, in this particular instance went out of its way to record, that *much cheering attended the mention of the words "hastened his departure,"* which the historian, Robertson, (quoted by the noble and learned lord,) had applied to the readiness with which the negotiator had undertaken his mission, when the Emperor Charles had invested him with full discretionary powers, to satisfy the rightful demands of the revolted colonists. But this speech was otherwise replete with sarcasm and invective against the government, who winced under the attack. Lord Melbourne, who replied to the noble and learned lord, pretended indifference to the hostility with which the government had for some time been met by Lord Brougham; but there was evident irritation in the terms and manner in which he thanked the noble and learned lord for his active support in 1835, for his absence from the House in 1836, and for his less active support in 1837. And this wounded spirit more clearly showed itself, when the noble viscount affected to feel no soreness at the very different tone, which the noble and learned lord's zeal for the public welfare, his great patriotism, and his anxious desire for the people's well-being, had reluctantly compelled him to adopt in the present session. The outburst of the noble and learned lord had long been expected, and Lord Melbourne referred to his own prognostication, that the spirit of bitterness, the acerbity of feeling, which took its birth in 1833, and which had been gathering strength and bitterness from long and forcible suppression, must break out at last. Afterwards, in the debate, Lord Brougham indignantly and peremptorily denied that the motive or principle of his political conduct had changed, and he insisted that the changed conduct of others had compelled him to oppose them, in order that he might not change his own principles. He here also stated the terms on which once more he would join the government ranks. As a *sine quâ non* of reconciliation, they must retract their declaration against reform, or bring forward liberal and constitutional measures; and in the meantime, he defied

the government to point out any one part of his public conduct which had been affected in any way by feelings of a personal or private nature, or been regulated by any one consideration, except the sense of what he owed to his own principles and to the interests of the country. The noble and learned lord continued his opposition to the Bill until it had reached its last stage, when he entered his final protest against it.

One of his lordship's most damaging and trenchant speeches was delivered in January, 1838, on the occasion of Lord Glenelg moving the address to her Majesty with respect to Canada. This harangue was in Lord Brougham's happiest vein—impetuous, and overflowing with invective and sarcasm. Taunting the Colonial Office not only with the error of sending out edicts at variance with the principles of the Government, but charging them with the greater blunder of making no efficient provision for carrying those edicts into effect; he wound up his philippic against the ministry by saying that in their recent conduct, tyranny appeared stripped of its instinctive apprehension and habitual circumspection. Compared with the proceedings which parliament had at that moment to contemplate, "the most vacillating and imbecile, the most inconsistent and impotent rulers, rose into some station commanding respect,—King John, or Richard Cromwell himself, rose into a wise, a politic, and a vigorous prince."

That part of his speech where he suggests reasons for the delay of the measure promised to Canada is replete with sarcasm, and contains a phrase turned happily as unexpectedly against Lord Melbourne. "The measure (remarked the noble lord) could not have been delayed much in the other House, where such unprecedented majorities had concurred in passing all the resolutions, and in this House my noble friend knows he can do as he likes—I mean, when he is doing wrong—*Illâ se jactet in aula*; and he is little opposed here."

In the course he afterwards took with respect to the Durham ordinances, of which the result was the sudden abandonment by Lord Durham of his dictatorship in Canada, Lord Brougham would, no doubt, have us believe that he was solely actuated by patriotic motives; and it is possible that into that belief he may have persuaded himself. But we are in all these cases allowed to believe as much as is consistent with human nature. There was in that affair a mysterious relation of cause and effect, a dramatic unity, and in

the catastrophe a poetical justice, strangely symptomatic of a master mind. A Nemesis shaped the plot, and led to the tragic denouement. Lord Brougham, in his after-dinner speeches, towards the close of 1835, scouted the idea of rivalry with the Earl of Durham; and, with all the presumed talent of that nobleman, the idea of setting him up against such a man was sufficiently absurd. Yet it was a singular fact, that the insults of 1834, the conspiracy by which the then Chancellor, and possible proximate premier, was pulled down from his height and rolled in the dust—insults then supposed to have been contrived by a section of Whigs, who had set up Lord Durham as their idol—it was strange, indeed, that those insults should have been so triumphantly avenged on the whole party, and that in the very person of the man to whom public opinion pointed as the gainer by them, if not as their originator. Private and public enmities are essentially different in their nature: it is possible—nay, very usual—for public opponents to be fast and warm private friends. So far from blaming Lord Brougham for demolishing Lord Durham, we should not feel half so much inclined to respect him if he had neglected so tempting and so glorious an opportunity. Even as an orator, he was almost bound to do so. A Cicero might have been dazzled into an attack on such a pro-consul. Be the motives what they might, the public looked on with astonishment at the resurrection of Lord Brougham's powers; and if John Bull were not the most slow, obtuse, pressed-of beings, he would at once have perceived that he had been made a tool of, for the commission of an act of gross political injustice.

Lord Brougham's position has ever since been an ambiguous one. Although he had finally separated from the Whigs, he could not openly join their rivals. He became a political anomaly—an independant man. The result was inevitable. Although there is great talk of party being extinct, it is just as young and lively as ever. The British public have been too long used to idol worship. When Lord Brougham belonged to a party, he, too, was an idol. Isolated, he stands, a kind of titled tribune of the people, but little understood, and still less followed.

But, if seemingly neglected by the thoughtless multitude, he is the more esteemed by the discerning few; although for qualities not usually ascribed to him. It is seen, that whatever may be his motives, his actions are those of a public spirited man; that after having earned, as few, indeed, of his contem-

poraries have earned, the right to ease and retirement, he has disdained to 'eat the bread of idleness,' but has devoted himself with an assiduity and self-sacrifice unparalleled in political or professional history, to the performance daily, from an early hour till a late one, of judicial duties of a most wearisome character. Of the hundreds of the vulgar who jest or sneer at mention of his name, how many are there who reflect, that by Lord Brougham—this man supposed to be so unsound and so eccentric—the highest appellate jurisdiction in the country, for a period of many months, up to the last session of parliament, was alone exercised? It is to the honour of the legal profession, that although he early challenged their enmity, they, if tardily, still honorably admit his legal worth. Again, how many of those second-hand thinkers reflect, that it is to Lord Brougham that we owe all the most important changes made of late years in the law?

Between vulgar abuse or misconception and reasonable criticism, there is a gulf which, in the case of Lord Brougham, requires to be bridged over. For this, the mere incidents glanced at in the foregoing pages furnish the materials. Lord Brougham has been most unduly punished, for the enormous share of mob idolatry he enjoyed in earlier years. Men visit on him the penalty of their own exaggerated expectations; and while most of us are ready enough to read, and even to enjoy an adverse criticism, there are few who will recognise the duty of examining and thinking for themselves.

Lord Brougham is gravely charged with unsoundness, eccentricity, superficiality, inconsistency, insincerity. Only by such a wholesale and sweeping catalogue of faults can the *amende* be made to the *amour propre* of a nation, that had by common accord rejoiced in the belief of possessing a great man. Even candid and honorable critics evince a singular forgetfulness of the position, and, if we may use the term, of the mission this extraordinary personage had to fulfil. They expect from one who was essentially a man of action, the qualities of one who had nothing to do but to think. If the secret springs of such judgments could be unveiled, it might rather seem to indicate a latent jealousy, that one who had passed a life of such activity, who had been so ubiquitous, yet so necessary an actor in the history of his time, should also have contributed so much to the sum total of knowledge, or at least should have striven to do so. Englishmen do not like many-phased minds, which are a satire on

their own one-sidedness; nor do they forgive any one, however brilliant his talents or his success, who seeks to excel in more than one thing; because such a man is a living reproach to their own servility to the dogmatism of pedantry. If Lord Brougham had had as many aliases as he has had fields of action, he might not with impunity merely, but with applause, have been the unsuspected Proteus. But to do more than one thing is, in John Bull's eyes, a crime; to do it well an impossibility.

Among other rare privileges enjoyed by Lord Brougham, has been that of having anticipated the decision of posterity. A hoax practised on the public in 1839 led the journalists (some of them) to canvass and criticise the character of one whom they supposed to be dead. *The Times*, which at first discredited the story of Lord Brougham's death, seized the occasion for an attack on a lion, whom it half suspected of "shamming" dead. It is only on the assumption that there was a little sly malice at work, that the writer of that article can be acquitted of the imputation of extreme arrogance, or extreme incapacity. A deprecating tone pervades the whole summary. The journalist could find no worthier phrases as descriptive of the man, than that he was 'the most voluminous of writers,' the 'most voluble of debaters,' and of 'actors, if not the most efficient and successful, at any rate the most restless and indefatigable.' He denies that Lord Brougham has ever contributed either substance or beauty, on any topic, to the thoughts of preceding writers. In reference to scientific matters, he is sneered at as an "itinerant;" his oratory is denied the charm of inspiration that warms the hearts of men; and it is gravely stated, that for a man of Lord Brougham's untiring restlessness and noise and tumult, no man has ever failed so palpably in the accomplishment of any one decided object; with much more in the same levelling and uncharitable spirit. *The Morning Post*, which had as steadily opposed Lord Brougham's public policy as *The Times* had supported it, spoke of him as "one of the greatest and most extraordinary men of his time;" of "the range of his intelligence" as "prodigious;" of his versatility as amazing. But more striking than all to this writer, was his "long-enduring and passionate energy;" and he recognised in the oratory of Lord Brougham a "Demosthenic force and clearness," a faculty of "captivating and conquering a great assembly," in which he was equalled by no man of his time. And this acute and candid observer had also remarked, that "even in the most terrific storms of

passionate invective, there seemed an undercurrent of cool reasoning, inventing arguments and suggesting sarcasm;" and that he had "imagination to create, wit to combine, and a torrent of language at command." Still more flattering and more true was the article in *The Morning Chronicle*, then the organ of the party from which Lord Brougham had seceded, and which he had punished so severely for treachery and ingratitude. This writer told of "variety of attainment," "facility of expression," "energy of purpose," "grandeur of forensic eloquence," "fervent championship of many great objects of national philanthropy and improvement;" and he avowed his conviction that his distinguished subject had "well earned by long toil, splendid effort, and gradual ascent, the elevation to which he attained; not that merely of rank and station, but of celebrity and influence." Here are discrepancies of criticism enough to justify a very careful review of the life and character of Lord Brougham. The contradiction of these opinions may be accounted for on the supposition, that the two last were written in the *bona fide* belief that the noble lord was dead, while the first was inspired by a conviction that he was still living—still a fair object for political attacks.

The charge of superficiality, which leavens every estimate we have ever heard of Lord Brougham's character, comes with a bad grace from those whose knowledge on the subject is essentially superficial. In the sense imparted by them to the word, the charge of superficiality is unfounded. If, on the other hand, it is meant that Lord Brougham is not a Locke, a Newton, a Bolingbroke even, then the charge is at once true and innocuous. Lord Brougham does not appear ever to have arrogated to himself the character of an originator or an inventor. He is, and has been throughout his life, an agent, an interpreter. He has stood between mankind and the mysteries that enthralled them, illuminating all by the magical light of his clear and powerful intellect. All the thinking had been done long before. There were stored up ingots of philosophic gold; there was wanted some one to coin them and pass them current. To him might be accorded the privilege of stamping on them his own mark of individuality, but not the praise of having created them. From the man who leads the forlorn hope and storms the breach, you are not entitled to expect a knowledge of the plan of campaign. If you find, in addition to his bravery and self-sacrifice, that he has also the qualities of a general, your admi-

ration is in proportion. Lord Brougham's originality lies, not in having discovered this or that specific truth, or in having excelled most of his contemporaries in the manner of disclosing it, but in the wondrous fecundity and versatility of a mind which could multiply itself with occasions, and ever present a firm, active controlling force to whatever subject was offered to it. Something, too, should be allowed for the habit of dogmatic criticism acquired in early youth, and something for those arts and practices of the advocate which it is so difficult to shake off. The best answer to this charge of superficiality, however, would be a careful and candid review of Lord Brougham's writings and speeches.

Consistency is not always a political virtue; nor is inconsistency in public men a vice, in a country where public opinion rules, and where abstract theories yield to practical necessities. Lord Brougham is often charged with inconsistency; yet it would seem, by comparison with the most eminent of his contemporaries, that the charge is unfair. Not to go lower in the political scale, let us take the late Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, and the Earl of Derby. It has been the lot of each, to be compelled to work out political theories and principles the reverse of those maintained in earlier life. Lord Brougham seems to have been of an unyielding temper; but that is rather evidence of consistency than of inconsistency. Parliamentary Reform, Catholic Emancipation, Law Reform, Negro Emancipation, and generally the removal of all unnecessary fetters on knowledge and popular development—these have been the great objects of Lord Brougham's long and restless strivings. No one will deny that he has pursued them with an ardent devotion and a warm perseverance. In the carrying of Catholic Emancipation, Negro Emancipation, and Parliamentary Reform, he was himself one of the chief agents; the popularization of knowledge has been his own, sole, almost unaided act; and now, at seventy-two years of age, he has the glorious satisfaction of seeing the great question of Law Reform in course of solution,—to his own hands, by the almost universal assent of Parliament, the profession, and the public, being confided the delicate, difficult, and dangerous task. And as to the still-vexed question of Parliamentary Reform, if Lord Brougham had had his own way in 1835, Lord John Russell would not now have before him his appointed task for next session; nor would the country see so humiliating a spectacle, as the extension of

the franchise put up by all parties to a sort of Dutch auction. The charge of insincerity is a matter between Lord Brougham and his former allies: one thing is quite clear, that he has always been true to the public. As for the imputation of unsoundness—considering the myriad subjects on which Lord Brougham's mind has wrought, the wonder is, not that there should have been some mistakes, but that there should not have been so many more.

As for Lord Brougham's "eccentricity," to the vulgar eye it stands confessed, a fact. In the vulgar acceptance of the word, Lord Brougham is daringly eccentric. In free countries, it is not permitted to men to differ from their neighbors, except in very slight and imperceptible shades. Custom out-tyrannizes absolutism. In France or in Germany, one may do as one likes, because society is ground down by a ruthless despotism; but in England, do as you like, if you dare! Lord Brougham, it seems, chooses to do as he likes. After a long day of arduous labor, he prefers a walk to a ride; and if his blood wants circulating, he walks fast; when he speaks, he speaks aloud, having been used so to do, as a matter of business, all his life; if his hands be cold, he puts them in his pockets; though fashions change for the benefit of tailors, Lord Brougham sticks (as many a north countryman has done before him) to the check or the plaid; not being particular about hats, he does not wear his stuck horizontally on the top of his head, like an inverted chimney-pot, but lets it go aslant on the back, a practice less painful to the forehead; being naturally of an ardent and excitable temperament, he uses much gesticulation in talking,—about as much as a Frenchman would require in order to tell you it is a fine day; in short, Lord Brougham commits divers offences against the leaden sovereignty of custom, all which are peculiarly shocking in a peer. Being, too, naturally of an affable and sociable disposition, he fraternizes quickly with those for whom he takes a liking, and spouts out his thoughts and feelings, instead of filtering them, as your grave ones do. He is in the world and of the world; a fast friend; the gayest and wittiest of companions; a patriarch in experience and sagacity, but a schoolboy in freshness of feeling. He is a man; not an ennobled abstraction. He is odd, unique, bizarre—anything but eccentric; for there is not a man among us who has his aplomb, or whose moral and mental centre of gravity

more firmly pivot the violent oscillations and gyrations of his "passionate" energy.

If the superabundance of this energy makes him seem to overdo things, we should remember that the tread or the grip of the giant, however gently meant, comes hard and heavy on us ordinary men. With all his oddities, or his reckless disregard of conventional prescribed laws, his self-possession never quits him for an instant. Go to him when you will, or on what you will, he is ever ready, clear-headed, toned and polished to razor-pitch. Next to the Duke of Wellington, he is the public arbitrator most often consulted on matters coming within the range of his specialties. In private life he is respected and beloved by all to whom he discloses his true nature. Look at his past

career, and you have the materials for a dozen ordinary reputations: look at his present position, and you are the more struck with the tremendous energy and perseverance with which he has righted himself in the public mind, after having been subjected to a persecution and prostration utterly without parallel among civilians since the downfall of Bolingbroke.

We have said nothing about Lord Brougham's literary works; nor have we, as would have been easy and congenial, eulogized his oratory: his law reforms would require an article purposely and apart. Our object has solely been to record our impression that, in the public treatment of this remarkable man, there has been, and is, a crying injustice.

DEATH OF ONE OF BURNS'S HEROINES.—Died, at Greenock, on Saturday, the 30th August, Mrs. Findlay, relict of Robert Findlay, Esq., of the excise. In ordinary circumstances, the departure from this life of a respectable lady, ripe in years, would not have afforded matter of general interest, but it happens that the deceased was one of the very few persons surviving to our own times, who intimately knew the peasant-bard in the first flush of his genius and manhood, and by whom her name and charms have been wedded to immortal verse. She was the "divine" Miss Markland, thus noticed in the "Belles of Mauchline;":

In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighborhood a',
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In London or Paris they'd gotten it a'.

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

Miss Markland became the wife of Mr. Findlay, officer of excise, Tarbolton, a gentleman who was appointed to instruct the bard in the mysteries of gauging. The connexion thus formed between Burns and Findlay, led to the introduction of the latter to Miss Markland, and his subsequent marriage to her in September of the same year. Mr. Findlay, who was a native of the neighboring

parish of Carmunnock, removed with his wife to Greenock in 1792, where he resided till his death, which took place on the 5th of April 1834, in the 80th year of his age. Findlay was not only the instructor but the friend of Burns; and he was altogether a gentleman, whose many excellent qualities caused him to be regarded by the bard with the highest esteem and the utmost confidence.

When we consider that sixty-five years have elapsed since Burns wrote the lines quoted above, and that the six Mauchline belles were then in the pride of opening womanhood, it is surprising that two of them who have often listened to the living accents of the inspired peasant, still survive. The fate of life of the six belles were as follows: Miss Helen Miller, the first named, became the wife of Burns's friend, Dr Mackenzie, a medical gentleman in Mauchline, latterly in Irvine; Miss Markland we have already spoken of; Miss Jean Smith was married to Mr. Candlish, a successful teacher in Edinburgh, and became the mother of the eminent divine; Miss Betty (Miller) became the wife of Mr. Templeton in Mauchline; and Miss Morton married Mr. Paterson, cloth merchant in the same village. Of the fate and history of "bonnie Jean" (Armour) we need not speak. The survivors are Mrs Paterson and Mrs Candlish.—*Glasgow Herald*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE ACCESSION OF NICHOLAS I.*

THE death of the Emperor Alexander placed the inhabitants of his empire in mourning; for the grief and loyalty of the lower classes were sincere, and their attachment to his person almost idolatrous in its character. The public feeling was increased by the prospect of the reign of an unpopular sovereign, afflicted with mental malady, and devoid of courtesy.

As for the Grand-duke Nicholas, no one thought of him, but the Russian people dreaded the accession of Constantine, whom they considered their sovereign in right of his primogeniture. In no country in the world has this natural law been so repeatedly broken. Every person in Russia was aware that the heir-presumptive had purchased his marriage with a Polish lady, the object of his ardent affections, by the resignation of his claims to the succession; but that he would abide by that act seemed a conjecture too improbable to be entertained by any one. Constantine was nevertheless sincere when he abandoned his rights, and he hastened to assure his next brother that he was so, by his youngest brother the Grand-duke Michael, through whom he forwarded a letter confirming his resignation of the throne, and acknowledging his next brother as his sovereign. The courier from St. Petersburg crossed the Grand-duke Michael, and brought letters from Nicholas acknowledging Constantine as his Emperor, and urging him to ascend the throne. The wife of Constantine joined her entreaties to those of the next heir, and with rare devotion offered to resign her consort rather than that he should give up the empire for her. Constantine, over whose mental agonies the soothing influence of the fair Pole possessed a magical power, continued firm in his resolution to remain in the condition of a subject, and he adhered to the determination he had expressed in the important document, of

which the Grand-duke Michael was the bearer, and which is here subjoined:—

"MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

"I received yesterday, with feelings of profound sorrow, intelligence of the death of our adored sovereign, and my benefactor, the Emperor Alexander. In hastening to assure you of the painful feelings this misfortune has excited in my mind, I do only my duty in announcing to you that I have forwarded to her Imperial Majesty, our august mother, a letter, in which I declare, that in consequence of the rescript I obtained from the late Emperor, bearing date February the 2d, 1822, permitting my renunciation of the throne, it is now my unalterable determination to give up to you all my rights to the Empire of Russia. I entreated, at the same time, our beloved mother, to make this declaration public, that the same may be put into immediate execution. After this declaration, I regard it as a sacred duty to beseech your Imperial Majesty to receive the first from me, the oath of fidelity and submission, and to permit me to say that I do not aspire to any other title or dignity than that of Czarowitz, with which my august father deigned to honor my services. My sole happiness, hereafter, will consist in giving your Imperial Majesty continual proofs of my unbounded devotion and respect for your person, of which thirty years of constant and zealous service to the Emperors, my father and brother, are the pledge; in which sentiments I wish to serve your Imperial Majesty, and your successors, until the end of my life, in my present situation and functions.

"I am, with the most profound respect,

"CONSTANTINE."

Upon the receipt of the despatches which followed this letter, the Grand-duke, called to reign over a vast empire, by the repeated abdication of his brother, of the rights of primogeniture, no longer hesitated,—he published the former correspondence between the Emperor Alexander and the Grand-duke Constantine, with the document already quoted upon the 25th of December, 1825, and fixed the morrow for his recognition as their sovereign by his people.

The inhabitants of St. Petersburg, relieved from their dread of a second Paul by the

* Translated from the French of Alexandre Dumas, with omissions and additions, by Miss Jane Strickland.

abdication of the heir-presumptive, began to reflect with hope upon the promise which the talents and pure moral character of their new sovereign afforded them. The handsomest and bravest man in his dominions, his fine person attracted attention, while his reserved manners excited awe. His grave carriage, his downcast look, only raised to penetrate to the soul the man who ventured to observe him, with a glance which compelled him to know and reverence his master—his haughty manner of interrogation, so unlike the suavity of Alexander, or the bluntness of Constantine, had isolated him from the rest of the imperial family, and centred him in the bosom of his own domestic circle. The Russian people, feeling their need of a guide, at once comprehended that the cold dignity of this prince concealed an indomitable will, and that, if they themselves had not chosen their new sovereign, God had considered their need, and given to the Russians, who were at once too polished and too barbarous, a man who would grasp the sceptre in an iron hand covered with a velvet glove.

The morrow, though considered as a day of joy and festivity, was preceded by some rumors that, like the breath of an approaching tempest, gave warning that some great national crisis was at hand. It was whispered in the evening of the 25th, that the abdication of the Czarowitz was a forgery, and that Constantine, then exercising the authority of Viceroy of Poland, was on full march for St. Petersburg with an army to claim the empire as his birthright. In addition to this startling rumor, it was said that several regiments, and among them that of Moscow, had determined to take the oath to no Russian prince but Constantine; and the words, "let Nicholas live, but let Constantine reign," were heard at intervals in the streets as an intimation of the state of the military pulse.

In fact, the conspiracy which had disturbed the last days of the Emperor Alexander was about to raise its head, and seize upon the Great-Duke Constantine's name as its rallying point. This Prince, who had passed his life with the army, was beloved by the soldiers, and the conspirators, who understood little of the character of their new sovereign, supposed the revolt of the regiments stationed in St. Petersburg would compel him to resign his recently acquired rights. They would then summon Constantine to receive the empire, and with it the constitution they had prepared. If he refused to accept it, they intended to imprison

him and the rest of the imperial family. They would then establish a republic, an oligarchy, in which the despotism of the many would replace the despotism of one. Such was the design of a party composed of military aristocrats, who, bolder than the murderers of Paul, dared, by open force and secret fraud, to contest the throne of Russia with its new sovereign. The soldiers, devoted to Constantine, they designed to make their blind instruments in a conspiracy of which that Prince was not the real object, but their own aggrandisement.

Faithful to their plans, the Prince Stah—and the two Bez—went to the barracks of the 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th companies of the Regiment of Moscow, whom they knew to be devoted to Constantine. The Prince then informed these men that they were deceived respecting the abdication of the Czarowitz, and pointed out Alexander B—to their attention, whom he affirmed had been sent from Warsaw to warn them against taking the oath to the Grand-duke Nicholas. The address of Alexander B—, confirming this astounding communication, excited a great sensation among the troops, of which the Prince took advantage, by ordering them to load and present. At that instant the Aide-de-camp Verighny, and Major-General Fredericks, who commanded the grenadiers, having the charge of the flag, came to invite the officers to visit the colonel of the regiment. Prince Stah—, who believed the favorable moment was come, ordered the soldiers to repulse the grenadiers with *coup-de-crosses*, and to take away their flag, at the same time throwing himself upon Major-General Fredericks, whom B—, on the other side, menaced with a pistol, with the stock of which he felled him to the earth; then, turning upon Major Schenshine, commander of the brigade, who ran to the assistance of his colleague, he knocked him down in a moment, and flinging himself among the grenadiers, successively wounded Grenadier Krassoffski, Colonel Khavosschinski, and Subaltern Moussieff; and cutting his way to the flag, seized and elevated it with a loud and triumphant hurrah. To that cry, and to the sight of the blood so boldly shed to win the flag, the greater part of the regiment replied, "Long live Constantine! down with Nicholas!" Prince Stah—, followed by four hundred men, whom he had seduced from their duty, then marched, with drums beating, to the Admiralty quarter.

At the gate of the winter palace, the aide-de-camp, the bearer of the news of the re-

volt, encountered another officer, who brought tidings from the barracks of the grenadier corps of equally alarming import. When that regiment were preparing to take the oath of fidelity to the Emperor Nicholas, the sub-lieutenant Kojenikoff threw himself before the advanced-guard, exclaiming, "It is not to the Grand-duke Nicholas we ought to make oath, but to the Emperor Constantine." He was told that the Czarowitz had abdicated in his next brother's favor. "It is false," was his reply; "totally false; he is on the march for St. Petersburg to reward the faithful and punish the guilty."

The regiment, notwithstanding these outcries, continued its march, took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, and returned into quarters, without showing any disposition resembling revolt. At dinner-time Lieutenant Suthoff, who had taken the pledge of obedience with the rest, entered at that moment, and addressed himself to his own company in a manner calculated to excite their attention: "My friends, we were wrong to obey the order; the other regiments are in open revolt; they have refused to take the oath, and are at this moment in the Place of the Senate;—put on your uniforms, arm, come on, and follow me; I have your pay in my pocket, which I am ready to distribute without waiting for the ceremony of an order."

"But is what you say quite true?" cried many voices.

"Stay, here is Lieutenant Panoff,—like myself, one of your best friends,—ask him."

"My friends," remarked Panoff, anticipating their question, "you all know that Constantine is your only lawful emperor, and that they wish to dethrone him."

"Live Constantine!" replied the soldiers.

"Live Nicholas!" exclaimed Colonel Sturler, the commander of the regiment, throwing himself courageously into the hall. "They are deceiving you, my friends; the Czarowitz has really abdicated, and you have now no other emperor than the Grand-duke Nicholas. Live Nicholas!"

"Live Constantine!" responded the soldiers.

"You are mistaken, soldiers; you are about to take a fatal step; you are deceived," again shouted the colonel.

"Comrades, do not abandon me; follow me," cried Panoff; "let those who are for Constantine, unite with me in the cry, 'Long live, Constantine.'"

More than three-parts of those present

joined in the cry of "Long live Constantine!"

"To the Admiralty! to the Admiralty!" said Panoff, drawing his sword; follow me, soldiers—follow me.

With a wild hurrah two hundred soldiers followed their leader to the place he indicated, whither, though by a different route, the insurgent portion of the Regiment of Moscow had already preceded them.

Milarodowich, the military governor of St. Petersburg, a cavalry general, whose splendid charges on the field had gained him the appellation of the Russian Murat, was by this time at the palace, to communicate to his new sovereign the dispositions he had made for the defence of his throne and the capital. He had directed the troops upon whose fidelity he thought he could rely, to march to the winter-palace. The first battalion of the regiment Preobrajenski, three regiments of the guard Paulowski, and the battalion of the Sappers and Miners, were those he considered fit for this important service.

The emperor saw then that the mutiny was more general than he anticipated; he therefore sent by Major general Meidhart, to carry orders to the Semenowski guard to repress the mutineers, and to the horse-guards, to hold themselves in readiness to mount. He went down himself to the corps of chief guards of the winter-palace, where the regiment of Finland guards were at that time on duty, and ordered them to load their muskets and invest the principal avenues of the palace. At that very moment tumultuous sounds interrupted the voice of the sovereign, occasioned by the approach of the third and sixth companies of the Regiment of Moscow, headed by Prince Stah—, and the two B—, with the captured flag proudly displayed to the wind, and drums beating, to the ominous cry of "Long live Constantine! Down with Nicholas!" The rebel troops debouched on the Admiralty Square; but whether they thought themselves not sufficiently strong, or that they dreaded facing majesty with these treasonable demonstrations, they did not march upon the winter-palace, but took up their position against the senate, where they were immediately joined by the grenadier corps, and sixty men in frocks with pistols in their hands, who mingled themselves among the rebel soldiers.

The emperor at this crisis appeared from under one of the arches of the palace, approached the grating, and threw a rapid

glance on his revolted subjects. He was paler than usual, but was composed and calm. It was whispered that he had resolved to die as became a Christian emperor, and that he had confessed and received the absolution of the Church, before he took leave of his family. Every eye was fixed upon him, when the hard gallop of a squadron of cuirassiers was heard on the side of the marble palace; it was the horse-guards, headed by Count Orloff, one of the bravest and most faithful friends of the emperor. Before him the gates expanded; he leaped from his charger, while the regiment ranged itself before the palace. The roll of the drums announced instantly the approach of the grenadiers of Preobrajenski, which arrived in battalions. They entered the court of the palace, where they found the emperor with the empress, and their eldest son, the little Grand-duke Alexander; behind them were ranged the Chevalier guard, who formed an angle with the cuirassiers, leaving between them an open space, which was quickly filled up by the artillery. The revolted regiments regarded these military dispositions with apparent carelessness, while their cries of "Long live Constantine!" "Down with Nicholas!" evidently proved that they expected, and waited there for reinforcements.

While affairs were in this state at the palace, the Grand-duke Michael, at the barracks, was opposing his personal influence to the flood-tide of rebellion. Some happy results had followed these attempts, and the bold resolution taken by Count Lieven, captain of the sixth company of the Regiment of Moscow, who arrived in time to shut the gates against the battalion, then about to join their rebel comrades. Placing himself before the soldiers, he drew his sword, and swore on his honor to pass the weapon through the body of the first man who should make a seditious movement to re-open them. At this threat, a young sub-lieutenant advanced, pistol in hand, towards Count Lieven, with the evident intention of blowing out his brains. The count, with admirable presence of mind, struck the officer a blow with the pommel of his sword, which made the instrument leap from his hands; the lieutenant took up the pistol and once more took aim at the count. The young nobleman crossed his arms, and confronted the mutinous officer, while the regiment, mute and motionless, looked on like the seconds of this singular duel. The lieutenant drew back a few steps, followed by the heroic count, who offered him his unarmed breast as in defiance of his

attempt. The lieutenant fired, but the ball took no effect: that it did not strike that generous breast appeared miraculous. Some one knocked at the door.

"Who is there?" asked many voices.

"His Imperial Highness the Grand-duke Michael," replied those without.

Some instants of profound silence followed this announcement. Count Lieven availed himself of the general stupefaction to open the door, no person attempting to prevent that action.

The Grand-duke entered on horseback, followed by the officers of ordnance.

"What means this inaction at a moment of danger?" asked the Grand-duke. "Am I among traitors or loyal soldiers?"

"You are in the midst of the most faithful of your regiments," replied the Count, "of which your Imperial Highness shall have immediate proof." Then raising his drawn sword, he cried, "Long live the Emperor Nicholas!"

"Long live the Emperor Nicholas!" shouted the soldiers with one voice.

The young sub-lieutenant attempted to speak, but Count Lieven stopped him by touching his arm. "Silence, sir; I shall not mention what has passed; and you will ruin yourself by the utterance of a syllable."

His magnanimity awed and convinced the disloyal officer.

"Lieven, I confide to you the conduct of this regiment," remarked the Grand-duke, emphatically.

"I will answer for its loyalty with my life, your Imperial Highness," replied the Count.

The Grand-duke, departed, and on his rounds, if he received no enthusiastic greeting; at least found what he sought, obedience to the authority of the Emperor Nicholas.

Reinforcements came in on every side; the Sappers and Miners drew up in order of battle, before the palace of the Hermitage; the rest of the Regiment of Moscow, rescued from the stain of rebellion by the courage and address of Count Lieven, now proudly debouched by the Perspective of Niewski. The sight of these troops gave a delusive hope to the revolted, who, believing them to be on their side, greeted them with loud cheers; but they were instantly undeceived, for the new-comers ranged themselves along the Hotel of the Tribunals, facing the palace, and with the Cuirassiers, Artillery, and Chevalier guards, enclosed the revolted in a circle of steel.

A moment after, they heard the chant of

the priests. It was the Patriarch, who came out of the church of Casan, followed by all his clergy, and preceded by the holy banners. He now commanded the revolted "in the name of Heaven, to return to their duty." The soldiers, for the first time perhaps in their lives, regarded with contempt the pictures which they had been accustomed from infancy to regard with superstitious veneration, and they desired the Patriarch "to let them alone, since if heavenly things belonged to the priestly jurisdiction, they could take care of those of earth." The Patriarch continued his injunctions to obedience, notwithstanding this discouraging rebuff, but the Emperor ordered him to desist and retire. Nicholas himself was resolved to make one effort to bring back these rebels to their duty.

Those who surrounded the Emperor wished to prevent him from risking his person; but he boldly replied, "It is my game that is playing, and it is but fair play on my part to set my life on the stake."

He ordered the gate to be opened, but scarcely had he been obeyed, before the Grand-duke Michael approached him, and whispered in his ear that that part of the Regiment Preobrajenski by which he was then surrounded, had made common cause with the rebels, and that the Prince T——, their commander, whose absence he had remarked with astonishment, was at the head of the conspiracy. Nicholas remembered that four-and-twenty years before, the same regiment had kept guard before the red palace, while its Colonel, Prince Talitzen, strangled the Emperor Paul, his father.

His situation was terrible, but he did not even change countenance; he only showed that he had formed a desperate resolution. In an instant he turned and gave his orders to one of his generals, "Bring me hither the Grand-duke."

The general returned with the young prince: the Emperor raised the boy in his arms, and advancing to the grenadiers, said, "Soldiers, if I am killed, behold your sovereign. Open your ranks; I confide him to your loyalty."

A long loud hurrah, a cry of enthusiasm that came from the very heart of these suspected soldiers, re-echoed to that of the Emperor, whose magnanimous confidence had won their admiration. The most guilty among them dropped their weapons and opened their arms to receive the heir of the Empire. The imperial pledge was placed with the colors in the midst of the regiment, a guarded and sacred asylum for honor and innocence.

The Emperor mounted his horse and went out of the gate, where he was met by his generals, who implored him not to go any further, as the rebels openly avowed their intention of killing their sovereign, and their arms were loaded. The Emperor made a sign to them with his hand to leave him a free passage, and forbidding them to accompany him, spurred his horse and galloped forward till he arrived within pistol-shot. "Soldiers," cried he, "I am told that you wish to kill me. Is that true? if it is, here I am."

There was a pause, while the Emperor sat on horseback, remaining like an equestrian statue between the two bodies of troops. Twice the word fire was heard among the rebel ranks, and twice some feeling of respect to the dauntless courage of the sovereign restrained the execution of the order; but at the third command some muskets loaded with ball were discharged, which whistled past the Emperor without striking him, but wounded, at a hundred paces behind him, Colonel Velho and many soldiers.

At that moment the Grand-duke Michael and Count Milarodowich galloped towards the Emperor, the regiment of cuirassiers and those of the Chevalier guards made a forward movement—the artillerymen were about to apply their matches to the cannon.

"Halt," cried the Emperor. All obeyed. "General," said he to Count Milarodowich, "go to these unfortunate men and endeavor to bring them to their allegiance."

The Count and the Grand-duke Michael rode forward, but the rebels received them with a shower of ball, accompanied by their war-cry, "Live Constantine!"

"Soldiers," cried the Count, who was conspicuous alike for his fine martial figure and splendid uniform covered with orders—"Soldiers, behold this sabre," and he flourished above his head a magnificent Turkish one, the hilt of which was set with jewels, and advancing with it to the front ranks of the rebels, he continued, "This sabre was given me by his imperial Highness the Czarowitz, and on my honor, I will make oath upon its blade, that you have been deceived, that the Czarowitz has abdicated the imperial crown, and that your real and legitimate sovereign is the Emperor Nicholas."

Cries of "Live Constantine!" and the report of a pistol were the replies given by the revolted to the address of the Count

whose action with the sword-arm had left his side exposed to the enemy. He was seen to reel in the saddle. Another pistol was aimed at the Grand-duke Michael, but the soldiers of the Marine, though included in the revolt, seized the arm of the assassin.

Count Orloff and the cuirassiers faced the heavy fire of the musketry, and enveloped in their ranks the wounded Milarodowich, the Grand-duke Michael and the Emperor Nicholas, whom they carried off by force to the palace.

The Count, wounded to death, sat his horse with difficulty, and the moment he arrived at the palace, fell into the arms of those who surrounded him.

The Emperor, notwithstanding the late unfortunate attempt, still wished to make one last endeavor to bring back the revolted, but while he was issuing orders to that effect, the Grand-duke Michael seized the match: "Fire," cried he, "fire upon the assassins." At that moment four cannons opened upon the rebels, and paid with asury the deaths they had sent into the loyal ranks of the imperialists. Before the voice of the Emperor could stop the slaughter, a second discharge followed the first. The effect of these volleys within reach of pistol-shot was terrible. More than sixty men of the grenadier corps of the Regiment of Moscow and the Marine guards fell; the rebel troops fled, some by the street Galernain, some by the English quay, or by the bridge Isaac, others across the frozen waters of the Neva, then a plain of ice, but all were hotly pursued by the Chevalier guards at full gallop.

That evening Count Milarodowick, who was struggling with the agonies of death, expressed a wish to see the bullet which had given him his mortal wound. The surgeon, who had successfully traced and extracted the ball, put it into his patient's hand. The expiring warrior carefully examined the missive, its weight, and form, and found it deficient in calibre. "I am satisfied," said he, "that ball was aimed by no soldier." Five minutes after these words, he breathed his last. He then paid the debt of nature, the only debt he ever paid in his life. Handsome, valiant, the finest horseman in the army, and the idol of his own soldiers, the Russian Murat lost his life by the hand of a Russian, but not of a Russian soldier. The rival of the *ci-devant* King of Naples loved display in every shape; but the field of battle, at the head of his cavalry, was the theatre on which he best loved to exhibit his martial form, splendid horsemanship, and daring courage. The gaming-table found

him as reckless of his fortune as the field of his life, and the bravest cavalry general in the Russian service was a ruined gamester, loaded with debts which his death acquitted by leaving him insolvent. In paying the debt of nature Count Milarodowich surrendered his only personal possession.

The next day, at nine o'clock in the morning, while the population of his capital was yet uncertain whether the rebellion was effectually crushed, Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, gave his hand to the Empress to assist her into a droski which stood before the gates of the winter palace, and drove through the streets of St. Petersburg. He stopped before the barracks as if to offer his bold bosom to the bullet or the steel of the assassin. The sight of his fine countenance, shadowed by the floating plumes of his military hat, far from exciting treasonable demonstrations, awakened lively expressions of loyalty and devotion to his person; and cries of "Long live Nicholas!" greeted his fortunate rashness. The Russian people knew and recognised in him a brave man and great sovereign.

The trial of the chief conspirators took place under the shadow of night and secrecy: they were brought from all parts of the empire to St. Petersburg. The sentence, but not the examination of the guilty, alone was made public; eighty persons were condemned to death, or life-long exile in Siberia. The most powerful, according to the custom of Russia, increased the population of Siberia; among these we find the name of Prince T——: his wife, with rare devotion, petitioned and obtained from the Emperor permission to accompany her husband to that dreary land of woe and crime. The decimation of the disloyal but seduced regiments, was an act of severe military justice that astonished Europe, but secured the tranquillity of Russia. The son of the Emperor Paul, whose life and death had been the stake of the military contest of December, 1825, might be better excused than any other man for that tremendous sentence. He had been fired upon by his own soldiers while unarmed and confiding his person to their generosity; his brother and his plenipotentiary, Count Milarodowich, had been aimed at by assassins, and the Count had died of his wound.

A flash of magnanimity enlightened this cloud of severity. In the list of conspirators the Emperor remarked the name of Suwarrow, a name dear to Russia and associated with her victories. He chose to examine this young man, the grandson of the great field-marshal, himself. His countenance and man-

ner, unusually gentle, seemed to inspire confidence. The questions he asked this lieutenant only required a simple affirmative or denial, and they were not of a nature to elicit a confession of guilt. "Gentlemen, you see and hear," remarked the Emperor to his council, "it is as I have told you, a Suwarow cannot be a rebel," and he acquitted the prisoner, and gave him a captain's commission and sent him back to his regiment; but unfortunately for the conspirators, this lieutenant was the only person who bore that favored name. All were not Suwarrows.

It was remarked that those who were executed uttered these words as their last legacy to posterity, "Live Russia! Live Liberty! our avengers are at hand!" Their war-cry

of "Live Constantine!" false to their hearts, was not repeated by lips, which the presence of death had rendered then the echo of truth.

The funeral pomp of the widowed Empress Elizabeth, whose remains were brought for interment to St. Petersburg in this same month of December, turned the thoughts of its inhabitants from these scenes of civil strife and the executions that followed them, to a Princess, whom for twenty-four years they had regarded as a link between the human and angelic natures. The memory of these events seemed buried in that sepulchre, which the tears of a grateful people had consecrated to the remembrance of the consort of the deceased Emperor Alexander.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

DUELING ANECDOTES AGAIN.

THERE is a trait in Irish character which I have always conceived to be nationally chivalrous, and that is a general dislike to seek in courts of law, a monetary compensation for honor outraged through woman's folly. In England, reparation for loss of service is considered a thing as correctly reclaimable as loss of profit on a broken contract for a cargo of seal-oil or guano, while in the sister kingdom, in nine cases out of ten, the man who works upon the weakness of a wife, or trifles with the affections of a sister, is not subjected to the assessment of amount of injury by the computation of a jury, but summoned to give personal satisfaction in the field. Many a fatal case, recorded in the annals of Irish duelling, will tell how frequently profligate success has paid, in turn, a bloody penalty.

In caricaturing Milesian manners and feelings, it has been asserted that you could not look at a Cork lady at a supper-table but she graciously murmured, "Port, if you please!" or dance a second time with a man's sister, that he was not certain to drop in next morning, before you dressed, to inquire whether your intentions to the young lady were matrimonial. That a number of unhap-

py marriages have been effected by pistol-intervention, is too true; and I recollect one sad case where the love was on the lady's side, and a fine-spirited and honorable young fellow, with all before him that could promise happiness, was suddenly removed from existence, ere the third week closed that followed as bright a union as could be fancied.

R—— was remarkably handsome, and these personal advantages were enhanced by the total unconsciousness that he possessed them. A young lady saw, loved—and, remembering what Viola's friend suffered from concealment, she saved the damask of her cheek, and intimated to the gentleman the state of her affections. In reply, poor R—— candidly confided his situation to the lady. He had wooed and won the only woman he loved, and the next Monday would bless him with her hand.

Harriette M—— was handsome, self-willed, rich, and proud as Lucifer. R——, in fortune, was her equal, but in birth a *caste* below. The circumstance, however, that embittered her rejection—and if rejection be humiliating to a man, how fearfully must it agonise the woman who, perverting conventional usages, sues when she should be

sought—supplicates what she should conceal, and is rejected?

"Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman spurned."

And for whom had her hand and fortune been declined? The daughter of a village curate; rich in nothing but youth, and innocence, and beauty.

The devil never prompts a delinquency, that he does not manage to supply a tool. George Pemberton was Harriette's kinsman, a lieutenant in the —th, wretchedly poor, and his regiment an expensive one. His manners were assuming; and, with an empty purse, how many slights will an ill-tempered individual experience, should he have the misfortune of being gazetted to a crack corps? George Pemberton was returning, on leave between returns, to raise a small sum of money: or, failing, to sell out; and he found his cousin Harriette all alone, five minutes after the — *Chronicle* had been received, detailing, in glowing language, the beauty of the bride, as being in perfect keeping with that of the handsomest man who, for years, had sworn conjugal allegiance at the altar. "The happy couple," the paper added, "had gone to — to spend the honeymoon."

In such frames of mind, and under such circumstances, the cousins met. Pemberton, in right of his relationship, would have saluted his fair kinswoman; but she drew her face away, and, looking contemptuously at his short and shapeless person, coolly observed—

"Palm to palm must do, George; for, i' faith! you are too ugly even for a cousin to kiss!"

"As handsome and as insolent as ever! Why, Harriette, I expected to have seen a willow wreath and pallid cheek. You bear your throw-over patiently."

The lady's brows contracted, and she haughtily waved her hand.

"Enough! no more of this. I know your business here. You want two hundred pounds, and my father will not advance as many pence, were it to save your neck, and not your commission."

"Then I must send in my papers, and leave the —th."

"Unless some fool is found who will lend money to a gentleman, who, on six shillings a-day, keeps a pair of hunters!" observed the lady.

Pemberton looked sulky and displeased.

"Nay, George, on my conscience, thou art ill-favored enough, without knitting those

beetle-brows together. I have the money. Would you earn it?

"I would go to the devil," was the reply, "rather than quit the —th from sheer poverty. What shall I do?"

She turned her dark and lightning eyes on his, and, after a pause of half a minute, pointed with her finger to the paragraph which announced the hated marriage. Then, dropping her voice to an emphatic whisper, she laid her lips close to her kinsman's ear—

"Read!—Spoil me that honeymoon—the money's thine!"

And without waiting a reply, she hurried to her own apartment.

Never did the arch-enemy of man select a better agent than George Pemberton. To a curish temper, he united a sufficiency of animal courage to make him dangerous; and secret influences, with which his revengeful kinswoman was totally unacquainted, fitted him for the task. He knew that his retirement from a regiment, officered by men of property, and to whom he had made himself obnoxious by the idle attempt of veiling poverty under insolence, would be felt a triumph. But deadlier feelings towards the husband of Lucy Meadows, urged him on to vengeance. He had secretly, but passionately, loved her; and she had neither tact nor prudence to conceal a personal dislike, amounting to aversion. Keeping in the background the real causes which induced him to attempt the life of one against whom he could plead no injury, an alleged slight to his fair cousin would form "a very pretty quarrel," and with a congenial spirit as demoniac as his own, he set off, without delay, to the retired watering-place, where the handsomest and happiest pair that Connaught could produce, were, in their own belief, entering on an elysian existence.

The barbarous punctilio of the times—provided a man could boast gentle lineage—almost prohibited a refusal to his call for satisfaction, no matter how flimsy the pretext might be, under which he demanded a hostile meeting, and Pemberton availed himself of it.

It was evening. R— had been engaged in answering congratulatory letters, and had proceeded with his *billets* to the post. Lucy watched him from the inn-window, and thought her husband never looked so handsome as when, in turning the corner, he smiled and kissed his hand. She gazed at the sun, sinking gloriously in the far west, and in a flood of gold hiding his broad disc in the boundless waters of the Atlantic. Alas! she little dreamed, poor girl, that

"The moon that rose
And promised rapture in the close,"

was fated to usher in a night, on whose deep, deep darkness, a ray of hope should never break again.

Pemberton and his companion waylaid their intended victim; but R—— felt himself too blessed with Lucy to risk aught that could interrupt his happiness. Against the imputed offence, he temperately remonstrated, and repudiated all intention of wounding the feelings of the lady, whose imaginary wrongs were made the basis to rest a quarrel on. A meeting he declined; at least until he could send for and consult a friend. From insolence, Pemberton proceeded to verbal, and at last to personal insult. R——'s was a brave and manly spirit. Good Heaven! to feel the ruffian's whip upon his shoulders, and not resent the outrage! His temper yielded; he longed to wipe disgrace away in blood. He urged delay no longer; demanded instant satisfaction; hurried into the inn-garden, and, within ten minutes from the time he waved a passing—little did he fancy it a last—adieu, R—— was stretched, in death, upon the bowling-green!

What Lucy suffered may be readily conceived. Human misery could not go farther: in one sheer plunge, to reach, from the very pinnacle of mortal happiness, the darkest abyss of despair. The imagination must fill out what fancy cannot pencil.

And how did she feel—she, that guilty woman, when

"The ruin that her rashness wrought"

was told her?"

Before her emissary had accomplished half his journey, Harriette's better feelings had regained ascendancy, and, when too late, she would have given thousands to have recalled her hireling kinsman. In charity, we will hope that her wounded pride sought vengeance short of destruction. Indeed, the effect of the sad intelligence, when it arrived, would go far to prove that such was the case. She was convulsed, fevered, delirious for two months after, and recovered strength only by the loss of reason; and in a few years after closed her wretched existence in an asylum.

I often called to memory the truth of Father Malachi's duelling deductions—for the *finale* to the careers of Messieurs Andrews and Pemberton, proved them correct to the letter. Both died violent but inglorious deaths.

Frank Andrews, some half dozen years after he had placed the house of Sheivé-na-

garrew in mourning, repaired to the metropolis on business. The evening he arrived in Dublin he contrived to fasten a quarrel on a linendraper, whose sister he had insulted at the theatre, and hurried the devoted tradesman by the first dawn of day to "the twelve acres." * The hour of retribution had come—for a man whose hand never clasped before a deadlier implement than a cloth-yard, contrived to pop, *par accident*, a quarter of an ounce of lead into the pericardium of Mr. Francis Andrews.

Well, though he fell in the lap of honor, still, the *artiste* who sped him was a linendraper; that was certainly a sad drawback; but, if Mr. Andrews' *exit* was not the thing, Mr. Pemberton's was even less *distingué*.

Never had homicide, by permission of Irish gentlemen, promised more satisfactory results to its perpetrator. The transmission of Harriette and her father—the former to a mad-house, and the latter to a grave—occurred within the month, and, as heir-at-law, Mr. George Pemberton succeeded to the management of the estates and custody of the lunatic. Mr. Pemberton determined that during his life his fair cousin should continue in seclusion, and fate gave a kind consent.

It was a grey autumnal evening, when Pemberton, who had taken formal possession of his uncle's house, was carrying two strangers home to supper, whose acquaintance he had made that morning at the fair of—town. It may be here necessary to remark, that R—— had a natural brother, to whom he had been generous and kind, and who had been often overheard vowing eternal vengeance on the destroyer of his kinsman. He took his mother's name—was called William Halligan, but, by the country people, was better known by the *sobriquet* of *Liaume Vaddagh*. † Eight months had elapsed since R—— was killed by Pemberton, and people began to say that "George was safely seated in his saddle." To this opinion others dissented. "Liaume Vaddagh," before his kinsman's death, had been held in light estimation. He drank freely, headed faction-fights, and, more than once, had been hinted at in chapel as a gay deceiver. But a marvellous change since his brother's death had come over this wild youth—whiskey never passed his lips—no inducement, at fair or market, could rank him in a faction-fight,—his youthful compeers declared he was bewitched,—but older men shook their heads, and hinted that the young *Liaume Vaddagh*,

* A division of the Phoenix Park, where duels have been fought by the hundred.

† *Anglicé*—Long William.

under a quiet exterior, was "fuller of mischief than a loaded blunderbuss." The old folks were right, for "Long William" only bode his time, like the red Kirkpatrick, to "strike sicker."

Pemberton, although several monitory hints were given him, remained in false security: and yet there were times that the altered habits of this wild young man, when coupled with his omnipresence in fair or market, or wherever else the place he frequented might be, went some length in creating suspicion in the mind of Pemberton. At the fair, on this day, he encountered "long William" more than once, and so did others, who noticed to each other a change equally remarkable in his habits and appearance. *Liaume Vaddagh* had hitherto worn the deepest mourning, and avoided spirits as he would poison. On this day his sables were discarded, and he was gaily dressed; while, with his "inky" garments, his unsocial habits appeared to have departed. He drank deep to his brother's memory, mentioning that this was the birthday of the deceased.

One other circumstance requires a passing notice. Lucy had frequently requested that "long William" would come to see her, aware how strong the attachment was, which had existed between her murdered husband and his wild half-brother. To every invitation the same answer was gratefully returned—"He would dutifully wait upon her, when his vow should be accomplished"—what the vow was none knew.

When evening came, and Mr. Pemberton had ordered his horses to the inn door, *Liaume Vaddagh* was seen, wrapped in his *cotamore*, riding briskly from the market-town. The distance to reach the principal entrance to the park, would require a *détour* of at least two miles, while a back gate opened upon the road that William took. There was no lodge, but *Liaume Vaddagh* was seen to gain admission by a key, and carefully lock the gate afterwards. The scene that followed was thus described by one of the strangers.

On reaching the back entrance of the park, Mr. Pemberton unlocked the gate, and when he had again secured it, he turned to his guests, and bade them a courteous welcome.

"This is the first time I have had the honor, gentlemen, to receive you at Mount Hazle—May I hope it will not be the last?" The strangers bowed; while a voice, that seemed an echo, repeated in hollow and distinct tones "*the last!*" A gun exploded—Mr. Pemberton staggered and fell—the

strangers' horses went off at speed—one rider managed to keep his saddle, while the other was roughly dismounted. The fallen horseman rolled into the ditch, and there, in mortal agony, he viewed the *denouement* of the tragedy.

A tall man, wrapped in a frieze great-coat, stepped leisurely from the back of the hedge, and quietly approached the body. He looked for a moment at the glassy eye and bloodless lips. "One barrel did the business!" he muttered, and laid the gun in a slanting direction across the corpse. Then taking a written paper from his pocket, he affixed it to the dead man's breast. All was methodically done; a pin secured every corner of the placard, and these pins were placed carefully in the cuff of the murderer's *cotamore*. That done, he coolly reloaded the discharged barrel. The stranger remarked that the gun had been prepared for concealment and assassination, for the barrels had been shortened by a foot. The murderer gazed on the dead body for a minute, but his hand never approached the pockets of his victim, except when he drew a gold watch from the fob, muttered it was "half-past seven," and cautiously returned the time-piece. The murder being done to his satisfaction, he led a horse into the avenue, unlocked and re-fastened the gate, and rode off leisurely. Half dead with fear, the stranger listened to the retiring horse-tramps, and crept cautiously from the ditch. He shuddered as he looked at the body, for, on the breast of the dead man, a paper, written in bold characters, bore the single sentence of "BLOOD FOR BLOOD!"

Lucy R—, in widow's weeds, was sitting in her drawing-room; the gloom of twilight accorded with her "soul's sadness;" for the period was approaching, when a being, orphaned long before it saw the light, was to claim a mother's care. Her past was frightful to recall, her future fearful to look forward to. What should she be were her hour of trial safely over? A widowed mother at twenty! Wrapped in sombre meditation, she did not hear the opening door, until, moving across the light, a tall figure arrested her attention, when standing within two yards.

"Who are you?" demanded the startled mourner.

"William Halligan, lady, come to bid you an eternal farewell!" A deep low voice responded—

"Brother of him in whom every feeling

this young heart was centered, and ever will be, I give you a widow's welcome—sit down, William."

"Lady, I dare not, for time is precious."

"How often have I sent for you William!"

"And think you, lady, that a whisper from you would not have brought me here at midnight? Bound, however, by a secret vow, I dared not see you until I came to-night to say farewell."

"Where are you going, William?"

"That Heaven and accident only can decide. The money, which he whom we both lament bequeathed me, was, months ago, transmitted to America, and there I sail to claim it."

"I need protection, William. That hardened wretch—he who robbed me of my husband, rode past my window yesterday."

"He will never repeat the offence," returned Long William, calmly. "But time hurries forward, and upon a few minutes, with me, life and death may depend. Should the promised infant be a boy, give him this, as a dear memento," and he took a gun from beneath his great-coat, and laid it on the table—"Tell him that a cross is filed deeply in the barrel that sped—"

"Whom—in the name of heaven?" exclaimed the lady, in alarm.

"The slayer of his father! And now, farewell, for ever!"

He fell upon his knees, caught the lady's hand in his, and covered it with kisses. A low shrill whistle was heard beneath the window.

"It is the signal. May Heaven bless and comfort you! Lady, farewell, for ever!"

Before the words were heard distinctly, he vanished as he entered. All knew that the homicide of George Pemberton was *Liaume Vaddagh*, and, in a wild community

"With whom revenge is virtue,"

his memory is still handed down as one who did "the state some service." He sought the backwoods of the Illinois, led a hunter's life, and died in an Indian wigwam.

It is only necessary to add, that the family of the unscrupulous duellist have been extinct for thirty years, while the descendant of the victimized bridegroom is prosperous in worldly circumstances.

The circumstances under which I witnessed this fatal encounter were purely accidental. I had been stopping at the same inn where poor R—— was passing his honeymoon, and had often admired a couple,

whom nature, it would seem, had created for each other. The evening when the wicked deed took place—for Pemberton's friend gave the false signal, and R—— was shot before he raised his pistol—I was in my bed-room, making a trifling change in my toilet, preparatory to an excursion along the cliffs, when, without the customary knock upon the door, in rushed the chambermaid—

"Sir! sir!" she exclaimed, in voice of wild alarm; "run down stairs, for God's sake! They're going to shoot the handsome gentleman!"

Before I could ask a question, or comprehend what the frightened girl meant, pop went a pistol in the garden. I jumped to the window—it overlooked the bowling-green—and there, upheld by the gardener and a boy, I saw a gentleman in the agonies of death. Half undressed, I hurried down stairs, and saw the two men mount their horses and ride coolly from the yard, and on reaching the scene of action, found that with poor R——, suffering was at an end, and life was extinct.

Thirty years after the sad event, I was marching a wing of the —d through Johnstown, where we were to halt for the night, when I received a visit from the squire, to invite me to dinner, and offer me a bed. Both were willingly accepted; for the village hostlerie was ill-kept and sadly over-crowded. On inquiry, I found that the gentleman to whose hospitality I was about to be indebted, was the son of poor R——, whom I had seen shot at East Port; and, as the reminiscence might be unpleasant, I kept it to myself. I was most kindly entertained, and after supper—in those days a favorite meal in Ireland—was conducted by a gray-haired attendant to my sleeping chamber.

"Have you been long in the family?" I inquired.

"I have lived in Johnstown under three generations."

"Then you remember some family changes in your time, John?"

"Ah, many," said the old man; "some for the better, and others for the worse."

"You lived with the father of Mr. R.—?"

"I lived with the best master, and the handsomest man that ever fell in a wicked duel."

"I saw him shot."

The old man started, crossed himself devoutly, and poured out a supplication for mercy to the departed. "May I ask your name, sir?"

I told it.

"I remember it well. You were the young officer who held the poor master in your arms, when you sent the gardener and his boy to fetch the doctors."

"I am that person, and would have acted as your master's second, could I have reached the bowling-green in time. But they made short work of it."

"Ah, they did, indeed," said the old man, "but the vengeance of the Almighty has punished them hard."

"Did he who killed your master come to an untimely end?" I demanded.

"Come into the next room, and I will tell you, sir."

He lifted the candles from the table, and led me into an adjoining apartment. It seemed a sort of private room or study. There were a couple of book-cases, whose shelves were tolerably filled, a collection of stuffed birds, and a glass press above the mantel-piece, to which, when he had placed the lights on the marble slab, he selected and applied a key, and from two pegs with-

in lifted down an antiquated weapon. I took the gun and examined it carefully. In its day it was, no doubt, held in high estimation. The pans and touch-holes were bushed with gold, and the mountings of the stock were elaborately finished, the finishings being silver. But the barrels were shortened by a foot.

"Why, John, these barrels have been *ra-zeed*. How short they are!"

"They were found long enough to do the work of vengeance!" returned the old man, drily. "See ye, sir, this cross?"

"Yes; the file has deeply indented it."

"Through that barrel a summons to eternity was carried to a ruthless heart. May God be gracious to your soul *Liaume Vad-dagh!* You took time to do your work, and did it well."

The old man replaced the weapon on its pegs, locked the glass case, conducted me to my room, bade me "good night," and left me to sleep—perchance to dream.

A TEA DRINKER.—Hazlitt, the celebrated writer and critic, usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve; and if he had no work in hand, he would sit over his breakfast (of excessively strong black tea, and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the afternoon—silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, like a Turk over his opium pouch; for tea served him in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and at the same time the only luxury; the delicate state of his digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef, mutton, poultry or game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but black tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got; and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a week.

A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted anything like it. He always made it for himself; half filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out, using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream. To judge from its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea produced ultimately a most injurious effect upon him, and in all probability hastened his death, which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its immediate effect was agreeable, even to a degree of fascination; and not feeling any subsequent re-action from it, he persevered in its use to the very last, notwithstanding two or three attacks similar to that which terminated his life.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

From Bentley's Miscellany.

UNSUCCESSFUL GREAT MEN.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

No. I.—DEMOSTHENES.

ONE of the most sensible, though not of the most brilliant, of ancient and modern historians, has justly complained, that the generality of mankind form their opinion of a statesman or a general, not by considering the reasonableness of his plans at the time when he resolved on them, but by looking only to the circumstances which attended their attempted execution. The same historian, Polybius, frequently pauses in his narrative, for the sake of doing honor to the wisdom and vigor displayed in measures, the results of which were most disastrous: his maxim being that equal glory should be given to sage forethought and energetic action, whether favored by prosperous or baffled by adverse fortune.* This principle of praise is obviously the only just one; but it is seldom remembered by the mass, either of historical writers or readers;† nor is it more attended to in criticising the men and measures of our own days, than in looking back upon those of ancient times.

In truth, it requires some considerable degree of intellectual labor, and much depth as well as range of thought, to estimate characters on the just principle which the old historian points out, instead of making success the arbitrary criterion of merit. In order to judge a man fairly, we must bring our minds to the place and the time when he had to decide upon his future line of conduct. We must ascertain the amount of information which there was within his reach, and we must sift and balance it as might have been done by him, rigorously banishing from our thoughts all after-acquired means of knowledge. We must contemplate all the dangers that were threatening at each crisis, and not merely those which ultimately burst into

real evils. Our hearts should beat, as his did, with the various hopes, that arose when the chances of each different course of action were imagined; and our judgment should similarly test from the then known facts on what foundation each hope was built. Having thus qualified ourselves to judge whether his policy was well or ill chosen, we should next examine the amount of energy and skill with which he strove to carry it into effect. Do we find in his career those true elements of all greatness, resolute endurance and self-sacrifice? Was he free from the petty bigotry by which some men are so wedded to their own devices, that if thwarted in the details of their plans, they abandon their objects in peevish alienation? Was he willing to follow as well as to lead in a good cause? Had he the genius to inspire others with his own feelings, to sway the minds of thousands beneath the influence of his master-spirit, and had he the honesty never to abuse that power? Was he true to truth even unto death? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, we have found the man, whom we should delight to honor, though his name be associated with calamity, defeat, and ruin.‡

In proceeding to sketch the characters of some of the truly Great Men of ancient and of modern times, who failed in obtaining success, though, in the words of our own moral-

‡ There is a fine passage in one of Niebuhr's lectures on the energy of will and readiness of action which a great man displays under adverse circumstances. * During the interval which elapsed since the first Punic war, Hamilcar had displayed those qualities which commonly distinguish a great man from a weak one. The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if

* See Polybius, book ii. 39, 11; book ii. 50, 16; book ix. 9, 10; book xxi. 5, 6, &c.

† Polybius himself is sometimes flagrantly forgetful of it. See book xvii. 14, 12.

ist, they did more than obtain, for they deserved it, I shall commence with the Athenian, Demosthenes; not on account of chronological order, but because I believe him to be the noblest and most striking example of an Unsuccessful Great Man. The German historian Heeren has most truly said of him, that "of all political characters, Demosthenes is the most sublime and the purest tragic character, with which history is acquainted. When, still trembling with the vehement force of his language, we read his life in Plutarch; when we transfer ourselves into his times and his situation; we are carried away by a deeper interest than can be excited by any hero of the epic muse or of tragedy. From his first appearance till the moment when he swallowed poison in the temple, we see him contending against destiny, which seems to mock him with malignant cruelty. It throws him to the ground, but never subdues him. What a crowd of emotions must have struggled through his manly breast amidst this interchange of reviving and expiring hopes! How natural was it that the lines of melancholy and of indignation, such as we yet behold in his bust, should have been imprinted on his severe countenance. It was his high calling to be the pillar of a sinking state. Thirty years he remained true to this cause, nor did he yield till he was buried beneath the ruins of his country."*

The transcendent glory which Demosthenes acquired as an orator, and which, after the admiration of more than two thousand years, is still increasing, and ever will increase, has caused his merits as a statesman and a patriot to remain by many comparatively unheeded. But nothing could be more erroneous or unjust than to suppose that Demosthenes either cultivated or valued his eloquence for its own sake, and for the fame which it might bring him as a mere rhetorician. He was emphatically a practical man; and his whole career was one of laborious and unremitting action. He bestowed the industry, which has made his name proverbial, on acquiring and perfecting the power of public speaking, because without possessing that power it was impos-

thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate: others grow desponding and hopeless: but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "the more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be;" and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and so perish: others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way, will try another."

* Heeren's Political History of Greece, chap. xiii.

sible for him to acquire political influence, and exert himself effectively in his country's cause. We well know how great is the political authority which the gift of eloquence may enable a man to acquire in our own time; but in the classic commonwealths of Greece, and especially in the Athenian, the importance of public speaking was a thousand-fold greater than it is among ourselves. We must recollect, that among the ancients there was no Press and no representative system of government. From the small territorial area of each state, and the very limited numbers of the free population, each citizen was able, and was expected to attend in person at the great popular assemblies, where state affairs were debated. As Lord Brougham has well expressed, it,† "the orator of old was the parliamentary debater, the speaker at public meetings, the preacher, the newspaper, the published sermon, the pamphlet, the volume all in one."

Nothing can show more strongly what paramount importance the Athenians themselves attached to the debates in the assemblies, than the fact that they employed a word (*ισότης*) which etymologically means equality of rights in debate, as equivalent to the word (*ισουότητα*) by which the Greeks in general expressed equality in the eye of the law. And Demosthenes himself, in one of his orations, when contrasting Athens and democratic states in general with tyrannies and oligarchies, describes his countrymen as "those whose government is based on speaking."‡

It was about the middle of the fourth century before our era, when Demosthenes began to command attention in the Athenian assemblies. His first attempt, like those of Walpole and Sheridan in our parliament, was a failure; and the derision which he received from the multitude would have discouraged an inferior spirit for ever. It only nerved Demosthenes to severer study, and to a more obstinate contest with his physical disadvantages. He assiduously practised his growing powers as an advocate before the legal tribunals, before he again ventured to speak on state affairs. But at length he reappeared before the assembly, and the dominion of his genius was supreme. The words of our own great poet can alone worthily describe the orator—

"Whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,

† Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients.

‡ Οἱς ἔστ' ἐν λόγοις ἡ πολιτεία.—*De Falsa Legatione*, p. 103, Shilleto's edition.

Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne."

But, to draw again from the same Miltonic source, Demosthenes was one "fallen on evil days." The Athens which he harangued was far different to the Athens which a century and a half before had beaten back the Persian invader, and which had once almost succeeded in making the Mediterranean an Athenian lake. The fatal disasters of the Peloponnesian war had proved irreparable. It was true that her former victors and rivals among the Greek states were also decayed in strength. The power of Sparta had been shattered at Leuctra and Mantinea by Thebes; and Thebes had herself lost her great leader Epaminondas, and was fast subsiding into the unimportance from which the genius of that hero had raised her. It was also true that Persia, the ancient enemy of the Greek name, had long ceased to inspire any alarm, and was likely herself to fall an easy prey to the first resolute invader from the west, who might be tempted by her weakness and her wealth. But though the independence of Athens seemed in no peril from any of the accustomed quarters of hostility, a new power was rapidly rising to the north of Greece, fraught with perils to her national liberties, which Demosthenes had the skill to discern, and against which he had the spirit to strive. Beyond the Cambanian mountains, a semi-barbarous country, which had been long regarded with contemptuous indifference by the civilized Hellenic States, was suddenly formed into a compact military monarchy by the genius of a single ruler; and Macedonia forthwith began a career of ambitious aggrandizement, fatal not only to the power, but to the national existence of the Greek Republics that were her neighbors in the south. Modern history supplies us with a precisely similar case. The closeness of the parallel between Philip of Macedon and Peter the Great of Russia, is remarkable, both as regards the characters of the men, and the fortunes, both antecedent and subsequent, of their empires. What Russia, from Peter's time downward, has been to Western Europe, Macedon, under Philip, became to Southern Greece. It was not merely by brute force, by armies and fleets, that Macedon won her conquests; but it was by intrigue, by deep-laid policy, by veiling her ambitious projects under a show of disinterested moderation, until the time came when it was safe to avow them, by fomenting dissensions among her intended

victims, by gaining through her gold a party devoted to her interest in every city, by interfering under the character of a protector with the states which he designed soon to absorb into her dominions as a conqueror, by a steady systematic exercise of alternate craft and force as the exigencies of the time required, it was thus that the Muscovy of Greece extinguished the liberties of nations; and in vain did Demosthenes and other noble spirits strive to warn their countrymen in time of their peril, and to organize a general confederacy of the Free States against the common enemy of Greek independence.

Even among his own immediate countrymen, Demosthenes had continually to encounter those disheartening difficulties (worse even than defeats in the field, the decay of national revenues, the loss of subject provinces, and the diminution of population,) which the decline of manly virtue and energy, the dislike for military service, and the increased fondness for frivolous amusements among a nation, place in the way of a statesman, who exhorts to a manly and vigorous line of policy, and demands his hearers to give up luxuries and amusements to encounter perils and undergo privations in their own persons.

But Demosthenes saw the true line of duty, and through good report, and through evil report, he zealously adhered to it. The old high spirit of Athens was not utterly extinct; her resources still were considerable; her name was still a word of power, both with Greek and with Barbarian. More than once Demosthenes succeeded in animating her to exertions, not unworthy of her former fame, to preserve the maritime cities of Thrace and the Hellespont from falling into Philip's power. When that prince extended his intrigues and his arms southward into Greece itself, through Thessaly, Phocis, and Eubœa; he still encountered in Demosthenes a vigilant and unresting opponent, whose influence was far from being limited to Athens and the immediate scenes of action. Weak and disunited as the Greek states of the south were, there still existed the elements of a league that seemed capable of defying the attacks of Macedon; and Demosthenes naturally believed that he had found such a league, when, in 338 B. C., he persuaded the Achæans, the Corinthians, the Megarians, the Thebans, and other Greeks to become the confederates of Athens against the Macedonian aggressor. It is right to reflect on the varied talents, and the activity which Demosthenes must have dis-

played at this crisis, when he, a mere private citizen, possessed of no stores of wealth, with no presents to offer, no troops to back him, no offices or titles to promise, could achieve such diplomatic wonders, and that, too, when all the gold and all the threats of Macedon were lavishly employed against him. The folly of regarding him and the other great orators of antiquity, as mere debaters, and not as consummate statesmen, has never been better pointed out than by our orator and statesman, Bolingbroke. He no less truly than eloquently remarks* that,

"Eloquence has charms to lead mankind, and gives a nobler superiority than power, which every duce may use; or fraud, which every knave may employ. But eloquence must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not spout forth like a frothy water on some gaudy day, and remain dry the rest of the year. The famous orators of Greece and Rome were the statesmen and ministers of those commonwealths. The nature of their governments, and humor of those ages, made elaborate orations necessary. They harangued oftener than they debated: and the *ars dicendi* required more study, and more exercise of mind, and of body too, among them, than are necessary among us. But as much pains as they took in learning how to conduct the stream of eloquence, they took more to enlarge the fountain from which it flowed. Hear Demosthenes, hear Cicero, thunder against Philip, Cataline, and Anthony. I choose these examples, because the eloquence of these two has been so celebrated, that we are accustomed to look upon them almost as mere orators. They were orators indeed, and no man who has a soul can read their orations, after the revolutions of so many ages, after the extinctions of the governments, and of the people for whom they were composed, without feeling, at this hour, the passions they were designed to move, and the spirit they were designed to raise. But if we look into the history of these men, and consider the parts they acted, we shall see them in another light, and admire them in a higher sphere of action. Demosthenes had been neglected in his education by the same tutors who cheated him of his inheritance. But the progress which he must have made in every part of political knowledge, by his industry and application, was marvellous. He performed actions, and ac-

quired fame, above the reach of eloquence alone. Demosthenes used to compare eloquence to a weapon—a simile apt enough—for eloquence, like every other weapon, is of little use to the owner, unless he have the force and skill to use it. This force, and this skill, Demosthenes had in an eminent degree. Observe them in one instance among many. It was of mighty importance to Philip, to prevent the accession of Thebes to the grand alliance that Demosthenes, at the head of the Athenian commonwealth, formed against the growing power of the Macedonians. Philip had emissaries and his ambassadors on the spot, to oppose to those of Athens, and we may be assured that he neglected none of those arts upon this occasion that he employed so successfully on others. The struggle was great, but Demosthenes prevailed, and the Thebans engaged in the war against Philip. Was it by his eloquence alone that he prevailed, in a divided state, above all the subtlety of intrigue, all the dexterity of negotiation, all the seductions, all the corruptions, and all the terror that the ablest and most powerful prince could employ? Was Demosthenes wholly taken up with composing orations, and haranguing the people in this remarkable crisis? He harangued them, no doubt, at Thebes, as well as at Athens, and in the rest of Greece, where all the great resolutions of making alliances, waging war, or concluding peace, were determined in democratical assemblies. But yet haranguing was, no doubt, the least part of his business, and eloquence was neither the sole, nor the principal talent, as the style of writers would induce us to believe, on which his success depended. He must have been master of other arts, subserviently to which his eloquence was employed, and must have had a thorough knowledge of his own state, and of the other states of Greece, of their dispositions, and of their interests relatively to one another, and relatively to their neighbors. I say, he must have been master of many other arts, and have possessed an immense fund of knowledge, to make his eloquence in every case successful, and even pertinent or seasonable in some, as well as to direct it, and to furnish it with matter whenever he thought proper to employ this weapon."

The fatal day of Chæroneæ,

"That dishonest victory,"

overthrew all the hopes of Demosthenes, and established the military and political ascendancy of the Macedonian king. For a time

* Spirit of Patriotism.

Athens remained helplessly submissive to the victor; but Demosthenes did not despair of his country. After a few years news arrived that the veteran king of Macedon was dead, and that a young man had succeeded to the throne, of whose transcendent abilities no man could then form any adequate notion. The moment was favorable for a struggle, and a second allied league was organized by Demosthenes. The result was, however, that Thebes was destroyed by Alexander, and Athens was only spared on its acceptance of terms more humiliating than any ever before imposed upon it. The victor departed for the conquest of Asia, and during his lifetime, Demosthenes seems to have thought it useless to renew the war.

But though during the period of Alexander's Persian victories, Demosthenes seems to have engaged in no public measure of importance, it was during this time that the celebrated trial came on, in which he completely triumphed over his old political antagonist and oratorical rival, *Æschines*. That statesman, who, throughout his career at Athens, had advocated the Macedonian interest, indicted *Ctesiphon*, one of the friends of Demosthenes, for having illegally proposed a decree, conferring on Demosthenes the honor of a public crown. Some technical reasons were assigned for the illegality of the decree; but the main charge of the indictment was an averment, that *Ctesiphon* had untruly described Demosthenes as having deserved well of his country. This was the great issue that was raised and debated on the trial; and as it was heard before the great court of the *Heliaea* at Athens, consisting probably on that occasion of several thousand Athenian citizens, it was equivalent to the proposition of a public vote of censure on Demosthenes. I do not pause here to describe the incidents of the trial, or the failure of the accuser; nor shall I enter into any criticism of the world-renowned orations, which these two great masters of eloquence delivered at this, their decisive combat. But I quote some portions of the speech of Demosthenes, (marred and mutilated as they must be in translation,) because they embody in the noblest language, the leading ideas which I am seeking to convey in these sketches of unsuccessful great men. The passage to which I particularly advert, is that, where the great orator, in reminding the judges and his accuser of the state of events immediately before the campaign of *Chæroœna*, tells them, "At that fatal period, some of our perils were actually pressing

us; others, as it then seemed, were impending. . . . Judge of my administration at that crisis, by the degree of forethought and skill with which I decided on my line of policy; and do not point your malicious cavils at the result of circumstances. The final issue of all human policy is as Heaven ordains. It is by the design that the statesman is to be judged. Do not then impute it as a crime of mine that Philip overcame us in the battle. It was God that gave him the victory, not I. But prove that I did not take every precaution which human prudence could suggest; prove that I did not exert myself with integrity, with earnestness, and with laboriousness even beyond my strength; prove that my measures were not honorable, that they were not worthy of the State, that they were not requisite; prove aught of this, and then, but not until then, impeach me. But if the thunderbolt, the whirlwind of calamity has proved too much not only for our strength but for the strength of all Greece, why turn upon me? With equal justice might the ship-owner, who sends his vessel to sea, fully equipped for her voyage, and with every human precaution taken to insure here safety, be deemed criminally responsible for her wreck, if a storm comes on and her cargo perishes.

"But since he has laid so much stress on the event, I will hazard what may even seem a paradox. Let, however, no man turn from it as extravagant, but let it be fairly considered. I say, then, that had we all known what fortune was to attend our efforts; had we all foreseen the final issue; had you foretold it, *Æschines*, had you growled out your terrible denunciations, (you whose voice was never heard,) yet even then must Athens have pursued the very same line of conduct, if she retained a love of glory, if she remembered her heroes of old, or if she thought of the days to come. Now, all that can be said against Athens is, that she has been unfortunate; and misfortune is the common lot of humanity, whenever it may please Heaven to inflict it. But if Athens, Athens that ever claimed the first rank among the Hellenic States, had shrunk from her post in the time of danger, she would be cursed as the cowardly traitress that had given up the liberties of Greece to Philip.

"The Athenians never were known to live contented in a slavish, though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No. Our whole history is a series of gallant contests for pre-eminence: the whole period of our national existence hath been spent in

braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it, are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And with reason: for who can reflect without astonishment on the magnanimity of those men who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, rather than live at the bidding of a stranger? The Athenians of that day looked for no speaker, no general to procure them a state of easy slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breast, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country; and mark the distinction. He who regards himself as born only to his parents, waits in passive submission for the hour of his natural dissolution. He who considers that he is the child of his country also, volunteers to meet death rather than behold that country reduced to vassalage, and thinks those insults and disgraces which he must endure in a state enslaved much more terrible than death. Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He then who condemns every part of my administration, he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers, while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For if you now pronounce, that as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune.—But it cannot be! No, my countrymen, it cannot be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and the safety of all Greece. No! I swear it by the spirits of our sires, who were in the van of peril at Marathon!—by those who stood arrayed at Plataea!—by those who fought the sea-fight at Salamis!—by the men of Artemisium!—by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in our public sepulchres!—all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, *Æschines*; not those

only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious.—And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they all performed: their success was such as the Supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each."

It is not one of the least glories of the Athenian people, that the truth and justice of this noble defence were sanctioned by the approving votes of the very men, who were now suffering under the actual results of the policy of Demosthenes, and by the sons and other relatives of those who had marched, at his persuasion, to Chæronea, and had there fallen beneath the Macedonian spears. Yet, a few years afterwards, the Athenians listened to a false and malignant charge against their great orator, of having taken a bribe from Harpalus, a traitorous Macedonian general, who, taking advantage of Alexander's supposed death in India, fled to Greece, carrying with him large treasures from Babylonia. Thirlwall proves conclusively that the story found in Plutarch of Demosthenes having accepted a gold cup from Harpalus, was an idle and unfounded tale. Dinarchus, a bitter enemy of Demosthenes, never mentions the story of the cup; and a still stronger proof of the innocence of Demosthenes is found in the fact, that, after the death of Harpalus, his steward, on being called upon to give an account of all the persons to whom Harpalus had given any kind of bribe, did not mention the name of Demosthenes. No one, indeed, has ever ventured to insinuate that, even if Demosthenes did take the gold of Harpalus, it was given with a view to buy him over to a Macedonian alliance, or to make him forego his old principles of devotion to his country. For a short time Demosthenes remained in exile, and it is no discredit to him that he feared exile more than death. He remained in the neighbouring territories, whence he might still obtain a view of the cliffs of his beloved Attica: and when a favourable opportunity offered itself, by the death of Alexander, he was recalled by his countrymen, and succeeded, for the third time, in organizing Southern Greece into a most powerful league against the Macedonian rule. Even before the decree pronouncing his recall had been passed, he had busily and successfully exerted himself in obtaining allies among the neighbouring states; he went from city to city, everywhere pleading the cause of Greece, and competing successfully with the envoys of Antipater, the Macedonian viceroy.

Everything appeared at first to favor the efforts of the independent Greeks in this war,

which Raleigh has truly termed "the last honorable enterprise that ever was undertaken by the great city of Athens." Macedonia had been weakened by the very successes of Alexander, and was almost drained of troops and treasure. There were great and increasing dissensions among the Macedonian generals, and Athens had found in the brave and skilful Leosthenes, a military chief worthy of her best days. He gained a brilliant and, as it seemed, a decisive victory over Antipater; but a chance shot deprived Athens of her last hero, while he was besieging the defeated Macedonians in the town of Lamia; and his successors in the command, though not deficient in bravery, were wanting in the genius by which Leosthenes animated and guided the militias of the confederacy against the enemy's regular troops.

At this very crisis, also, it happened that a large body of Alexander's veterans, who had been discharged from service in Upper Asia, approached the Hellespont on their homeward march to their native country. They were promptly led into Europe to the help of Antipater, and the independent Greeks were utterly overthrown. Athens was now compelled to surrender to Antipater absolutely, and without conditions; and Demosthenes well knew from this man's fierce and coarse character, exasperated also by his temporary reverses, that he had no mercy to expect.

The other statesmen who had promoted the war took refuge at different shrines, in the vain hope that the sanctity of the temples might for a time protect their lives; but they were pursued, dragged back to Athens, and put to death, with every circumstance of indignity and cruelty. Demosthenes sought shelter in the temple of Neptune, at Calauria; but he was tracked out by a band of Antipater's cut-throats, led on by Archeas, who, after endeavoring to induce him to leave the temple by promises, resorted to threats. Demosthenes seeing that all hope had fled, asked permission to write a letter to his friends, and contrived to bite off a portion of a reed pen, in which he had for some time

carried poison; after a short time, during which his head had been bowed, as in thought, his enemies taunted him with cowardice, and he rose to leave the temple, but fell dead before the foot of the altar.

A Christian bishop has truly said of the death of Demosthenes, that "His end would undoubtedly have been more truly heroic, though not in the sight of his own generation, if he had braved the insults and torture which awaited him. But he must not be judged by a view of life which had never been presented to him: according to his own, it must have seemed base to submit to the enemy whom he had hitherto defied, for the sake of a few days more of ignominious wretchedness. And even on the principles of a higher philosophy, he might think, that the gods, who were not able to protect him, had discharged him from their service, and permitted him to withdraw from a post which he could no longer defend."*

Indeed, even if Antipater had been capable of the clemency of Philip and Alexander, for Demosthenes to have outlived the Lamian war would have only been to him a prolongation of hopeless misery. By perishing when he did, he was spared from seeing his country become the prey of successive soldiers of fortune, and look to a change of masters as the only possible vicissitude of slavery. He was spared also, from what would have agonized his proud and patriotic spirit yet more keenly, from seeing this once powerful and high-minded nation debase herself by the lowest, the most promiscuous adulation; and prostitute her intellectual beauties in favor of every military adventurer who filled her strongholds with his mercenaries, and of every foreign prince, who heaped her granaries with his ostentatious bounty. Demosthenes knew not the depth of the vileness from which he had endeavored to save Athens. He was denied the good for which he had heroically striven, but he was taken away from the fulness of the triumphant evil.

* Thirlwall.

LET'S GO TO SYRIA.—The *Literary Gazette*, in a notice of Mr. Neale's work on Syria, says—"People who love to live well and cheap at the same time should go to Antioch. Mr. Neale tried to be extravagant there, but found it to be impossible—"house rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included," to spend more than £40 a

year. Oh, that Antioch were London! Fancy 7½ lb. of good mutton for 1s. 1.—fat fowls for 2d. a piece!—70 lb. of fish for 1s. 1. and all possible fruits and vegetables sufficient for one's household for 2d. a week!" If we remember aright, the garden of Eden was somewhere near this place."—*Herald*.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE PUZZLE.

REMNISCENCES OF AN ATTORNEY.

TEMPUS FUGIT! The space of but a few brief yesterdays seems to have passed since the occurrence of the following out-of-the-way incidents—out-of-the-way even in our profession, fertile as it is in startling experiences; and yet the faithful and unerring tell-tale and monitor, Anno Domini, 1851, instructs me that a quarter of a century has nearly slipped by since the first scene in the complicated play of circumstances opened upon me. The date I remember well, for the Tower guns had been proclaiming with their thunder-throats the victory of Navarino but a short time before a clerk announced, “William Martin, with a message from Major Stewart.”

This William Martin was a rather sorry curiosity in his way. He was now in the service of our old client Major Stewart; and a tall, good-looking fellow enough, spite of a very decided cast in his eyes, which the rascal, when in his cups—no unusual occurrence—declared he had caught from his former masters—Edward Thorneycroft, Esq., an enormously rich and exceeding yellow East India director; and his son, Mr. Henry Thorneycroft, with whom, until lately transferred to Major Stewart's service, he had lived from infancy—his mother and father having formed part of the elder Thorneycroft's establishment when he was born. He had a notion in his head that he had better blood in his veins than the world supposed, and was excessively fond of aping the gentleman; and this he did, I must, say, with the ease and assurance of a stage-player. His name was scarcely out of the clerk's lips, when he entered the inner office with a great effort at steadiness and deliberation, closed the door very carefully and importantly, hung his hat with much precision on a brass peg, and, then steadying himself by the door-handle, surveyed the situation and myself with staring lack-lustre eyes and infinite gravity. I saw what was the matter.

“You have been in the “Sun,” Mr. Martin?”

A wink, inexpressible by words, replied to me, and I could see by the motion of the fellow's lips that speech was attempted; but it came so thick that it was several minutes before I made out that he meant to say the British had been knocking the Turks about like bricks, and that he had been patriotically drinking the healths of the said British or bricks.

“Have the goodness, sir, to deliver your message, and then instantly leave the office.”

“Old Tho-o-o-rney,” was the hiccupped reply, “has smoked the—the plot. Young Torney's done for. Ma-a-ried in a false name; tra-ansportation—of course.”

“What gibberish is this about old Thorney and young Thorney? Do you not come from Major Stewart?”

“Ye-e-es, that's right: the route's arrived for the old trump: wishes to—to see you.”

“Major Stewart dying! Why you are a more disgraceful scamp than I believed you to be. Send this fellow away,” I added to a clerk who answered my summons. I then hastened off, and was speedily rattling over the stones towards Baker Street, Portman Square, where Major Stewart resided. As I left the office I heard Martin beg the clerk to lead him to the pump previous to sending him off—no doubt for the purpose of sobering himself somewhat previous to reappearing before the major, whose motives for hiring or retaining such a fellow in his modest establishment I could not at all understand.”

“You were expected more than an hour ago,” said Dr. Hampton, who was just leaving the house. “The major is now, I fear, incapable of business.”

There was no time for explanation, and I hastily entered the sick-chamber. Major

Stewart, though rapidly sinking, recognized me; and in obedience to a gesture from her master, the aged, weeping housekeeper left the room. The major's daughter, Rosamond Stewart, had been absent with her aunt, her father's maiden sister, on a visit, I understood, to some friends in Scotland, and had not, I concluded, been made acquainted with the major's illness, which had only assumed a dangerous character a few days previously. The old soldier was dying calmly and painlessly—rather from exhaustion of strength, a general failure of the powers of life, than from any especial disease. A slight flush tinged the mortal pallor of his face as I entered, and the eyes emitted a slightly reproachful expression.

"It is not more, my dear," I replied softly but eagerly to his look, "than a quarter of an hour ago that I received your message."

I do not know whether he comprehended or distinctly heard what I said, for his feeble but extremely anxious glance was directed whilst I spoke to a large oil-portrait of Rosamond Stewart, suspended over the mantelpiece. The young lady was a splendid, dark-eyed beauty, and of course the pride and darling of her father. Presently, wrenching, as it were, his eyes from the picture, he looked in my face with great earnestness, and bending my ear close to his lips, I heard him feebly and brokenly say, "A question to ask you, that's all: read—read!" His hand motioned towards a letter which lay open on the bed; I ran it over, and the major's anxiety was at once explained. Rosamond Stewart had, I found, been a short time previously married in Scotland to Henry Thorneycroft, the son of the wealthy East India director. Finding his illness becoming serious, the major had anticipated the time and mode in which the young people had determined to break the intelligence to the irascible father of the bridegroom, and the result was the furious and angry letter in reply which I was perusing. Mr. Thorneycroft would never, he declared, recognize the marriage of his undutiful nephew—nephew, *not* son; for he was, the letter announced, the child of an only sister, whose marriage had also mortally offended Mr. Thorneycroft, and had been brought up from infancy as his (Mr. Thorneycroft's) son, in order that the hated name of Allerton, to which the boy was alone legally entitled, might never offend his ear. There was something added insinuating of a doubt of the legality of the

marriage, in consequence of the misnomer of the bridegroom at the ceremony.

"One question," muttered the major as I finished the perusal of the letter: "Is Rosamond's marriage legal?"

"No question about it. How could any one suppose than an involuntary misdescription can effect such a contract?"

"Enough—enough!" he gasped. "A great load is gone!—the rest is with God. Beloved Rosamond!"—The slight whisper was no longer audible; sighs, momentarily becoming fainter and weaker followed—ceased, and in little more than ten minutes after the last word was spoken life was extinct. I rang the bell, and turned to leave the room, and as I did so, surprised Martin on the other side of the bed. He had been listening, screened by the thick damask curtains, and appeared to be a good deal sobered. I made no remark, and proceeded on down stairs. The man followed, and as soon as we had gained the hall said quickly, yet hesitatingly, "Sir—sir!"

"Well, what have you to say?"

"Nothing very particular, sir. But did I understand you to say just now, that it was of no consequence if a man married in a false name?"

"That depends upon circumstances. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing: only I have heard it's transportation, especially if there's money."

"Perhaps you are right. Anything else?"

"No," said he, opening the door: "that's all—mere curiosity."

I heard nothing more of the family for some time, except with reference to Major Stewart's personal property, about £4,000, bequeathed to his daughter, with a charge thereon of an annuity of £20 a year for Mrs. Leslie, the aged housekeeper; the necessary business connected with which we transacted. But about a twelvemonth after the major's death, the marriage of the elder Thorneycroft with a widow of the same name as himself, and a cousin, the paper stated, was announced; and pretty nearly a year and a half subsequent to the appearance of this ominous paragraph, the decease of Mr. Henry Thorneycroft, at Lausanne, in Switzerland, who had left, it was added in the newspaper stock-phrase of journalism, a young widow and two sons to mourn their irreparable loss. Silence again, as far as we were concerned, settled upon the destinies of the descendants of our old military client, till one fine morning

a letter from Dr. Hampton informed us of the sudden death by apoplexy, a few days previously, of the East Indian director. Dr. Hampton further hinted that he should have occasion to write us again in a day or two, relative to the deceased's affairs, which, owing to Mr. Thorneycroft's unconquerable aversion to make a will, had, it was feared, been left in an extremely unsatisfactory state. Dr. Hampton had written to us, at the widow's request, in consequence of his having informed her that we had been the professional advisers of Major Stewart, and were in all probability those of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Allerton.

We did not quite comprehend the drift of this curious epistle; but, although not specially instructed, we determine to at once write to Mrs. Rosamond Thorneycroft or Allerton, who with her family was still abroad, and in the meantime take such formal steps in her behalf as might appear necessary.

We were not long in doubt as to the motives of the extremely civil application to ourselves, on the part of the widow of the East Indian director. The deceased's wealth had been almost all invested, in land, which went, he having died intestate, to his nephew's son, Henry Allerton; and the personals in which the widow would share were consequently of very small amount. Mrs. Thorneycroft was therefore anxious to propose, through us, a more satisfactory and equitable arrangement. We could, of course, say nothing till the arrival of Mrs. Rosamond Allerton, for which, however, we had only a brief time to wait. There were, we found, no indisposition on that lady's part to act with generosity towards Mr. Thorneycroft's widow—a showy, vulgarish person, by-the-way, of about forty years of age—but there was a legal difficulty in the way, in consequence of the heir-at-law being a minor. Mrs. Thorneycroft became at length terribly incensed, and talked a good deal of angry nonsense about disputing the claim of Henry Allerton's son to the estates, on the ground that his marriage, having been contracted in a wrong name, was null and void. Several annoying paragraphs got in consequence into the Sunday newspapers, and these brought about a terrible disclosure.

About twelve o'clock one day, the Widow Thorneycroft bounced unceremoniously into the office, dragging in with her a comely and rather interesting-looking young woman, but of a decidedly rustic complexion and accent, and followed by a grave middle-aged clergy-

man. The widow's large eyes sparkled with strong excitement, and her somewhat swarthy features were flushed with hot blood.

"I have brought you," she burst out abruptly, "the *real* Mrs. Allerton, and"—

"No, no!" interrupted the young woman, who appeared much agitated—"Thorneycroft, not Allerton!"—

"I know, child—I know; but that is nothing to the purpose. This young person, Mr. Sharp, is, I repeat, the true and lawful Mrs. Henry Allerton."

"Pooh!" I answered; "do you take us for idiots? This, I added with some sternness, "is either a ridiculous misapprehension or an attempt at imposture, and I am very careless which it may be."

"You are mistaken, sir," rejoined the clergyman mildly. "This young woman was certainly married by me at Swindon Church, Wilts, to a gentleman of the name of Henry Thorneycroft, who, it appears from the newspapers, confirmed by this lady, was no other than Mr. Henry Allerton. This marriage, we find, took place six months previously to that contracted with Rosamond Stewart. I have further to say that this young woman, Maria Emsbury, is a very respectable person, and that her marriage-portion, of a little more than eight hundred pounds, was given to her husband, whom she has only seen thrice since her marriage, to support himself till the death of his reputed father, constantly asserted by him to be imminent."

"A story very smoothly told, and I have no doubt in your opinion quite satisfactory; but there is one slight matter which I fancy you will find somewhat difficult of proof: I mean the identity of Maria Emsbury's husband with the son or nephew of the late Mr. Thorneycroft."

"He always said he was the son of the rich East Indian, Mr. Thorneycroft," said the young woman with a hysterical sob; "and here," she added, "is his picture in his wedding-dress—that of an officer of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. He gave it me the day before the wedding."

I almost snatched the portrait. Sure enough, it was a miniature of Henry Allerton: there could be no doubt about that.

Mr. Flint, who had been busy with some papers, here approached and glanced at the miniature.

I was utterly confounded, and my partner, I saw, was equally dismayed; and no wonder, entertaining, as we both did, the highest

respect and admiration for the high-minded and beautiful daughter of Major Stewart.

The widow Thorneycroft's exultation was exuberant.

"As this only legal marriage," said she, "has been blessed with no issue, I am of course, as you must be aware, the legitimate heiress-at-law, as my deceased husband's nearest blood-relative. I shall, however," she added, "take care to amply provide for my widowed niece-in-law."

The young woman made a profound rustic courtesy, and tears of unaffected gratitude, I observed, filled her eyes.

The game was not, however, to be quite so easily surrendered as they appeared to imagine. "Tut! tut! exclaimed Mr. Flint bluntly; "this may be mere practice. Who knows how the portait has been obtained?"

The girl's eyes flashed with honest anger. There was no practice about her, I felt assured. "Here are other proofs. My husband's signet-ring, left accidentally, I think, with me, and two letters which I, from curiosity, took out of his coat-pocket—the day, I am pretty sure it was, after we were married."

"If this cumulative circumstantial evidence does not convince you, gentlemen," added the Rev. Mr. Wishart, "I have direct personal testimony to offer. You know Mr. Angerstein, of Bath?"

"I do."

"Well, Mr. Henry Thorneycroft or Allerton, was at the time this marriage took place on a visit to that gentleman; and I myself saw the bridegroom, whom I had united a fortnight previously in Swindon church, walking arm-and-arm with Mr. Angerstein in Sydney Gardens, Bath. I was at some little distance, but I recognized both distinctly, and bowed. Mr. Angerstein returned my salutation, and he recollects the circumstance distinctly. The gentleman walking with him in the uniform of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry was, Mr. Angerstein is prepared to depose, Mr. Henry Thorneycroft or Allerton."

"You waste time, reverend sir," said Mr. Flint with an affectation of firmness and unconcern he was, I knew, far from feeling. "We are the attorneys of Mrs. Rosamond Allerton, and shall, I dare say, if you push us to it, be able to tear this ingeniously-colored cobweb of yours to shreds. If you determine on going to law, your solicitor can serve us; we will enter an appearance, and our client will be spared unnecessary annoyance."

They were about to leave, when, as ill-luck would have it, one of the clerks who deceived by the momentary silence, and from not having been at home when the unwelcome visitors arrived, believed we were disengaged, opened the door, and admitted Mrs. Rosamond Allerton and her aunt, Miss Stewart. Before we could interpose with a word, the widow Thorneycroft burst out with the whole story in a torrent of exultant volubility that it was impossible to check or restrain.

For awhile contemptuous incredulity, indignant scorn, upheld the assailed lady; but as proof after proof was hurled at her, reinforced by the grave soberness of the clergyman and the weeping sympathy of the young woman, her firmness gave way, and she swooned in her aunt's arms. We should have more peremptorily interfered but for our unfortunate client's deprecatory gestures. She seemed determined to hear the worst at once. Now, however, we had the office cleared of the intruders without much ceremony, and as soon as the horror-stricken lady was sufficiently recovered, she was conducted to her carriage, and after arranging for an early interview on the morrow, was driven off.

I found our interesting, and, I feared, deeply-injured client much recovered from the shock which, on the previous day, had overwhelmed her; and although exceedingly pale—lustrously so, as polished Parian marble—and still painfully agitated, there was hope, almost confidence, in her eye and tone.

"There is some terrible misapprehension in this frightful affair, Mr. Sharp," she began. "Henry, my husband, was utterly incapable of a mean or dishonest act, much less of such utter baseness as this of which he is accused. They also say, do they not," she continued with a smile of haughty contempt, "that he robbed the young woman of her poor dowry—some eight hundred pounds? A proper story!"

"That I confess, from what little I know of Mr. Henry Thorneycroft, stamps the whole affair as a fabrication; and yet the Reverend Mr. Wishart—a gentleman of high character, I understand—is very positive. The young woman, too, appeared truthful and sincere."

"Yes; it cannot be denied. Let me say also—for it is best to look at the subject on its darkest side—I find, on looking over my letters, that my husband was staying with Mr. Angerstein at the time stated. He was also at that period in the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. I gave William Martin, but the

other day, a suit of his regimentals, very little the worse for wear."

"You forget to state, Rosamond," said Miss Stewart, who was sitting beside her niece, "that Martin, who was with his young master at Bath, is willing to make oath that no such marriage took place as asserted at Swindon church."

"That alone would, I fear my good madam, very little avail. Can I see William Martin?"

"Certainly." The bell was rung, and the necessary order given.

"This Martin is much changed for the better I hear," "O yes, entirely so," said Miss Stewart. "He is also exceedingly attached to us all, the children especially; and his grief and anger when informed of what had occurred, thoroughly attested his faithfulness and sincerity."

Martin entered, and was, I thought, somewhat confused by my apparently unexpected presence. A look at his face and head dissipated a half-suspicion, that had arisen in both Flint's mind and my own.

I asked him a few questions relative to the sojourn of his master at Bath, and then said: "I wish you to go with me and see this Maria Emsbury."

As I spoke, something seemed to attract Martin's attention in the street, and suddenly turning round, his arm swept a silver pastil-stand off the table. He stooped down to gather up the dispersed pastils, and as he did so, said in answer to my request, "that he had not the slightest objection to do so."

"That being the case, we will set off at once, as she and her friends are probably at the office by this time. They are desirous of settling the matter off-hand," I added with a smile, addressing Mrs. Allerton, "and avoiding, if possible, the delays and uncertainties of the law."

As I anticipated, the formidable trio were with Mr. Flint. I introduced Martin, and as I did so watched, with an anxiety I could hardly have given a reason for, the effect of his appearance upon the young woman. I observed nothing. He was evidently an utter stranger to her, although, from the involuntary flush which crossed his features, it occurred to me that he was in some way an accomplice with his deceased master, in the cruel and infamous crime which had, I strongly feared, been perpetrated.

"Was this person present at your marriage?" I asked.

"Certainly not. But I think—now I look

at him—that I have seen him somewhere—about Swindon it must have been."

William Martin mumbled out that he had never been in Swindon; neither, he was sure, had his master.

"What is that?" said the girl, looking sharply up, and suddenly coloring: "What is that?"

Martin, a good deal abashed, again mumbled out his belief that young Mr. Tornyeroft, as he was then called, had never been at Swindon.

The indignant scarlet deepened on the young woman's face and temples, and she looked at Martin with fixed attention and surprise. Presently recovering, as if from some vague confusedness of mind, she said: "What you *believe* can be of no consequence: truth is truth for all that."

The Rev. Mr. Wishart here interposed, remarking that as it was quite apparent we were determined to defend the usurpation by Miss Rosamond Stewart—a lady to be greatly pitied, no doubt—of another's right, it was useless to prolong or renew the interview; and all three took immediate leave. A few minutes afterwards Martin also departed, still vehemently asserting that no such marriage ever took place at Swindon or anywhere else.

No stone, as people say, was left unturned by us, in the hope of discovering some clue that might enable us to unravel the tangled web of coherent, yet, looking at the character of young Mr. Allerton, *improbable* circumstances. We were unsuccessful; and unfortunately many other particulars which came to light but deepened the adverse complexion of the case. Two respectable persons living at Swindon were ready to depose on oath, that they had, on more than one occasion, seen Maria Emsbury's sweetheart with Mr. Angerstein, at Bath; once especially at the theatre upon the benefit-night of the great Edmund Kean, who had been playing there for a few nights.

The entire case, fully stated, was ultimately laid by us before eminent counsel—one of whom is now, by-the-by, a chief justice—and we were advised that the evidence as set forth by us, could not be contended against with any chance of success. This sad result was communicated by me to Mrs. Allerton, as she still unswervingly believed herself to be, and was borne with more constancy and firmness than I had expected. Her faith in her husband's truth and honor was not in the slightest degree

shaken by the accumulated proofs. She would not, however, attempt to resist them before a court of law. Something would, she was confident, thereafter come to light that would vindicate the truth, and confiding in our zeal and watchfulness, she, her aunt, and children, would, in the meantime, shelter themselves from the gaze of the world in their former retreat at Lausanne.

This being the unhappy lady's final determination, I gave the other side notice that we should be ready on a given day to surrender possession of the house and effects in South Audley Street, which the Widow Thornycroft had given up to her supposed niece-in-law and family on their arrival in England, and to re-obtain which, and thereby decide the whole question in dispute, legal proceedings had already been commenced.

On the morning appointed for the purpose—having taken leave of the ladies the day previously—I proceeded to South Audley Street, to formally give up possession, under protest however. The niece and aunt were not yet gone. This, I found, was owing to Martin, who according to the ladies, was so beside himself with grief and rage, that he had been unable to expedite as he ought to have done the packing intrusted to his care. I was vexed at this, as the Widow Thornycroft, her *protégée*, and the Rev. Mr. Wishart, accompanied by a solicitor, were shortly expected; and it was desirable that a meeting of the antagonistic parties should be avoided. I descended to the lower regions to remonstrate with and hurry Martin, and found as I feared, that his former evil had returned upon him. It was not yet twelve o'clock, and he was already partially intoxicated, and pale, trembling, and nervous from the effects, it was clear to me, of the previous night's debauch.

"Your mistress is grossly deceived in you!" I angrily exclaimed; "and if my advice were taken, you would be turned out of the house at once without a character. There, don't attempt to bamboozle me with that nonsense; I've seen fellows crying drunk before now."

He stammered out some broken excuses, to which I very impatiently listened; and so thoroughly muddled did his brain appear, that he either could not or would not comprehend the possibility of Mrs. Allerton and children being turned out of house and home, as he expressed it; and over and over again asked me if nothing could yet be done to prevent it. I was completely disgusted with the fellow, and sharply bidding him hasten

his preparations for departure, rejoined the ladies, who were by this time assembled in the back drawing-room, ready shawled and bonneted for their journey. It was a sad sight. Rosamond Stewart's splendid face was shadowed by deep and bitter grief, borne, it is true, with pride and fortitude; but it was easy to see its throbbing pulsations through all the forced calmness of the surface. Her aunt, of a weaker nature, sobbed loudly in the fulness of her grief; and the children, shrinking instinctively in the chilling atmosphere of a great calamity, clung, trembling and half terrified, the eldest especially, to their mother. I did not insult them with phrases of condolence, but turned the conversation, if such it could be called, upon their future home and prospects in Switzerland. Some time had thus elapsed, when my combative propensities were suddenly aroused by the loud dash of a carriage to the door, and the peremptory rat-tat-tat which followed. I felt my cheek flame as I said: "They demand admittance as if in possession of an assured, decided right. It is not yet too late to refuse possession, and take the chances of the law's uncertainty."

Mrs. Allerton shook her head with decisive meaning. "I could not bear it," she said, in a tone of sorrowful gentleness. "But I trust we shall not be intruded upon."

I hurried out of the apartment, and met the triumphant claimants. I explained the cause of the delay, and suggested that Mrs. Thornycroft and her friends could amuse themselves in the garden whilst the solicitor and I ran over the inventory of the chief valuables to be surrendered together.

This was agreed to. A minute or two before the conclusion of this necessary formality, I received a message from the ladies, expressive of a wish to be gone at once, if I would escort them to the hotel; and Martin, who was nowhere to be found could follow. I hastened to comply with their wishes; and we were just about to issue from the front drawing-room, into which we had passed through the folding-doors, when we were confronted by the widow and her party, who had just reached the landing of the great staircase. We drew back in silence. The mutual confusion into which we were thrown caused a momentary hesitation only, and we were passing on, when the butler suddenly appeared.

"A gentleman," he said, "an officer, is at the door, who wishes to see a Miss Maria Emsbury, formerly of Swindon."

I stared at the man, discerned a strange

expression in his face; and it glanced across me at the same moment that I had heard no knock at the door.

"See Miss Emsbury!" exclaimed the Widow Thorneycroft, recovering her speech: "there is no such person here!"

"Pardon me, madam," I cried, catching eagerly at the interruption, as a drowning man is said to do at a straw: "this young person was at least Miss Emsbury. Desire the officer to walk up." The butler vanished instantly, and we all huddled back disorderly into the drawing-room, some one closing the door after us. I felt the grasp of Mrs. Allerton's arm tighten convulsively round mine, and her breath I heard come quick and short. I was hardly less agitated myself.

Steps—slow and deliberate steps—were presently heard ascending the stairs, the door opened, and in walked a gentleman in the uniform of a yeomanry officer, whom at the first glance I could have sworn to be the deceased Mr. Henry Allerton. A slight exclamation of terror escaped Mrs. Allerton, followed by a loud hysterical scream from the Swindon young woman, as she staggered forward towards the stranger, exclaiming: "Oh merciful God! my husband!" and then fell, overcome with emotion, in his outstretched arms.

"Yes," said the Rev. Mr. Wishart, promptly, "that is certainly the gentleman I united to Maria Emsbury. What can be the meaning of this scene?"

"Is that sufficient, Mr. Sharp?" exclaimed the officer in a voice that removed all doubt.

"Quite, quite," I shouted—"more than enough?"

"Very well, then," said William Martin, dashing off his black curling wig, removing his whiskers of the same color, and giving his own light, but now cropped, head of hair, and clean-shaved cheeks, to view. "Now, then, send for the police, and let them transport me: I richly merit it. I married this young woman in a false name; I robbed her of her money, and I deserve the hulks, if anybody ever did."

You might have heard a pin drop in the apartment, whilst the repentant rascal thus spoke; and when he ceased, Mrs. Allerton, unable to bear up against the tumultuous emotion which his words excited, sank with-

out breath or sensation upon a sofa. Assistance was summoned; and whilst the as yet imperfectly-informed servants were running from one to another with restoratives, I had leisure to look around. The Widow Thorneycroft, who had dropped into a chair, sat gazing in bewildered dismay upon the stranger, who still held her lately-discovered niece-in-law in his arms; and I could see the hot perspiration which had gathered on her brow, run in large drops down the white channels which they traced through the thick rouge of her cheeks. But the reader's fancy will supply the best image of this unexpected and extraordinary scene. I cleared the house of intruders and visitors as speedily as possible, well assured that matters would now adjust themselves without difficulty.

And so it proved. Martin was not sent to the hulks, though no question that he amply deserved a punishment as great as that. The self-sacrifice, as he deemed it, which he at last made, pleaded for him, and so did his pretty-looking wife; and the upshot was, that the mistaken bride's dowry was restored, with something over, and that a tavern was taken for them in Piccadilly—the White Bear I think it was—where they lived comfortably and happily, I have heard, for a considerable time, and having considerably added to their capital, removed to a hotel of a higher grade in the city, where they now reside. It was not at all surprising that the clergyman and others had been deceived. The disguise, and Martin's imitative talent, might have misled persons on their guard, much more men unsuspecting of deception. The caste in the eyes, as well as a general resemblance of features, also of course greatly aided the imposture.

Of Mrs. Rosamond Allerton, I have only to say, for it is all I know, that she is rich, unwedded, and still splendidly beautiful, though of course somewhat *passée* compared with herself twenty years since. Happy, too, I have no doubt she is, judging from the placid brightness of her aspect the last time I saw her beneath the transept of the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of its opening by the Queen. I remember wondering at the time if she often recalled to mind the passage in her life which I have here recorded.

From the Standard.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION AT ROME.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI AND GENERAL GEMEAU.

Cardinal. I am charmed to find your Excellency in so much better health than I expected.

General. Many thanks to your Eminence. I have taken no medicine since my arrival in Rome, and I brought my cook with me from Paris.

Cardinal. We also have excellent cooks in Rome.

General. Sometimes they deal too largely with the chemist and druggist. Even the wine at the altar, and administered by prelates, has been found sometimes to disagree with the stomach. Stories therefore have been buzzed into the ears of the studious and inquisitive, and have been related by grave historians, of secret doors discovered, which opened from the church into the laboratory, and of strong prescriptions under the hand and seal.

Cardinal. False, sir, false altogether. No pope.

General. Did I name any?

Cardinal. Permit me to express my confidence, that your Excellency means nothing more than what your words in their simplest and most obvious form convey.

General. Nothing more, nothing more whatever.

Cardinal. With equal simplicity and with equal truth, I will now interpret what the Holiness of our Lord in his benignity hath deigned to impart. Apprehensive that some malady, and hoping that nothing worse than a slight indisposition, had detained your Excellency, at this unhealthy season of the year, within the walls of Rome.

General. Eminence! you may at your own good time return and inform the Holiness of our Lord, that his Beatitude ought to lie no longer under any such apprehension. Assure him that, whatever he had reason to believe, you found me perfectly hale and hearty; that my apartments are well ventilated, my cellar well filled with French wines, which agree with me much better than the

Italian might do, and that, out of reverence to Holy Church, I present to my chaplain his cup of coffee in the evening, and of chocolate in the morning, before I drink a drop. Indeed it is thought dangerous to remain in Rome during the heats of July and August; but there is nothing which I would not endure in the service of his Holiness.

Cardinal. Neighboring potentates are quite willing to relieve your Excellency from so incommodious and dangerous a service.

General. It would be unpolite and unfriendly to impose on a neighbor any incommmodity or danger which we ourselves decline.

Cardinal. His Holiness is very anxious to calm animosities and obviate collisions.

General. The sword best calms animosities, best obviates collisions.

Cardinal. Your Excellency means assuredly the sword of the spirit.

General. Eminence! the spirit of theologians and religionists is shown clearly, though unconsciously, by their customary phraseology. You borrow our swords, practically and efficiently, when your own daggers are too short; but, metaphorically and virtually, every word you utter is drawn from our military vocabulary. *Shield, buckler, standard, conflict, blood, spurning, rebuffing, repulsing, overthrowing, trampling down under foot, rising victorious*, all these expressions, and more such, echo from church to church, and mingle somewhat inharmoniously, methinks, with prayers and exhortations. Good Christians have a greater variety of them, and utter them with greater intensity, than the wildest Cherokee or Australian.

Cardinal. We are calm and considerate while we employ them.

General. Considerate too and calm is the Thug of India while he murders or excites to murder; he also is religious and devout.

Cardinal. Sir, I did not expect this language from a general who, if I mistake not, hath served in Africa.

General. Perhaps your Eminence may

have mistaken; but whether or no, every French officer is bound in honor to maintain the character of every other. We are consistent: what one is all are; what one says all say; what one does all do.

Cardinal. I am too well aware of the fact for any dispute or disceptation on any part of it. But, General, to avoid the possibility of irritating or displeasing you, with my natural frankness and well-known sincerity I will lay open to you the whole heart of his Holiness. It is wounded profoundly at the dissensions of his sons.

General. If the question be not indiscreet, how many has he, poor man?

Cardinal. More than ever, now your glorious President hath taken to his bosom the Society of Jesus.

General. I thought they never quarrelled. Wolves never do while they hunt in packs; and foxes at all times know how little is to be got by fighting.

Cardinal. Your Excellency has misunderstood me. Austria and Naples look with an evil eye upon your arms in Italy.

General. Then let them stand further off and look another way.

Cardinal. Impossible to persuade them.

*General.** We Frenchmen have often used such arguments as convinced them perfectly. Austria sacrificed at another Tauris another Iphigenia: Saint Januarius found us so true believers that he sweated blood for us, and Cristo Bianco and Cristo Nero paraded the streets to our Marseillaise hymn.

Cardinal. Happily those days are over.

General. I am not so sure of that. I would advise the Saint to sweat while he has any blood in his veins. We Frenchmen know how to treat him; but among the Italians there are many who would use him to roast their chesnuts, or would stir their politana over him.

Cardinal. Alas! too true. But the pious spirit which animates the French soldier, will render him ever obedient to the commands of the Holy Father.

General. The French soldier is possessed by another spirit besides the pious one, the spirit of obedience to his commander. The Holiness of our Lord may command in the Vatican, but, Eminence! I command here. The Castle of Saint Angelo is high enough to the Vatican for me to hear any cry of distress from His Beatitude: the Austrians and Neapolitans are further off.

Cardinal. They may approach.

General. Let them, if they dare. At their advance I seize upon certain hostages of the highest rank and office.

Cardinal. It would be sacrilege.

General. The Pope will be close at hand to absolve me from it. He holds the keys of Heaven and Hell; I hold those of Castle-Saint-Angelo.

Cardinal. The Holiness of our Lord might forbid any resistance.

General. In such an event, I would deliver him from fresh ignominy, such as what his Holiness bore, casting off his slipper for jack-boots, his triple crown for jockey-cap, and arrayed in the dress livery of the French Ambassador, fain to take up a position at a pretty good distance from the Cross of Christ, mindless of his promises and of his flock, and shouting aloud to King Bomba for help.

Cardinal. He flew to the faithful.

General. And, seeing his urgency, they delivered up to him all the faith they had about them.

Cardinal. Excellency! Really I distrust my senses; never will I believe that in a French general I have found a scoffer.

General. Eminence! I yield; I give up the point; you have beaten me fairly at dissembling. I kept my countenance and my temper as long as I could. I ought only to have laughed at the threat of being superseded, by the only king existing who has been (in the field at least) convicted of cowardice, and moreover at the instigation of the only Pope in modern times, who has been caught blowing bubbles to the populace, and exerting his agility at a masquerade.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

IRON THE CIVILIZER.

THE Age of Gold and the Age of Bronze have given place to the Age of Iron. Iron is your true agent of civilization. So says Mr. Robert Stephenson at Bangor. In sight of the Menai and Conway tubular bridges, he might feel justified in proclaiming this; though the saying reminds one of the "Nothing like Leather" maxim, yet assuredly Iron is a great power in this present age. It is revolutionizing the world. The iron rail and the iron wires of the telegraph have already brought towns so near to each other, that a country has now become but as one vast city. And iron railroads are bringing countries nearer to each other, and binding them into one common interest. We even hear of an iron bond of union between England and Calcutta,—a railway stretching across Europe and Asia Minor, rendering the distance in point of time between England and Calcutta, only one week! Nor is the proposal a mere chimera; it is a thing that will be realized, and in our day. Fourteen years will probably see the Calais and Calcutta trains running. Iron will form the road, and iron locomotives the fiery horses, to bear the iron carriages freighted with their living loads along the great highway of civilization. We have yet seen but the beginning of the gigantic power of railways. The next generation may see an extension of the Calais and Calcutta line to Pekin, across the centre of Asia. The New-York and California Railway will then be a "great fact," for Yankees are no dreamers, but hard, practical, energetic workers, and Asa Whitney's scheme will not remain long upon paper only. But iron is also working away in other directions. Not to speak of iron bedsteads and iron drawing-room furniture, we have iron steam-ships, iron tubular bridges, iron viaducts, and iron light-houses. The Queen has just ordered an iron ball-room, to be constructed by Bellhouse, of Manchester, for her Highland country-seat at Balmoral. Then, have we not seen the iron and Crystal Palace of All Nations? There was the iron-house, also built at Man-

chester, by Fairbairn, for the Sultan of Turkey. We shall have iron cottages and furniture of all kinds soon,—iron boats, iron stools, and iron crockery. The uses of the metal are endless, and its supply is almost inexhaustible. Hear what a writer in the *Westminster Review*, commenting upon the Exhibition, says about a possible floating iron city:—

"Amid the models of vessels of all kinds, we miss the practicable future—an iron ocean-steamer, of ten or more thousand tons burthen, that shall still the heave of the waves afloat, as Plymouth Breakwater does on shore, and make the salt-water the home of the Celt, without the heaving of his diaphragm in sea-sickness; built of iron scantlings, that shall bear a proportion to its size, rolled and fashioned by the dock-side from the iron ingots, by tools of giants, one sole heat sufficing to give its permanent form in the structure; built in sufficient compartments, that shall defy leakage, though riddled as a colander; strong as Atlas to crush the rocks on which it may strike; swift as the salt-sea shark, with artist fins of metal work; laughing to scorn, like an ocean-monarch, the irate cachalot that sometimes sinks the whaler in his fury; mocking at fire, like the iron horse of the rail; coated with rust-proof enamel; furnished with apparatus to change the salt-wave into the mountain water; provided with iron cellars, to arrest the decomposition of fresh food for all time; furnished with hermetic gardens, with machine music, with books, paintings, and sculpture—with warmth and coolness at will—with armed strength to bid all ocean-rovers defiance—an ocean palace, moving over the face of the waters whithersoever its ruler listeth. It were a worthy source of pride to be the builder of a craft like unto this."

Iron can do, and it does, still more than all this. It forms the sword and the ploughshare, the cannon and the printing-press. It is the emblem of our civilization, such as it is. Man has been defined "a tool-making

animal," and all his tools are of iron. He could have dispensed with gold, or brass, or bronze; but iron! what were he without *that*? Could he have built a house, or a ship, or an engine of any kind without it? Go into any of our busy haunts of industry, and what is the sound that meets your ears? the clink of the hammer on the anvil, the grinding of iron wheels, and the roar of engines! It is iron that presides over the wealth and industry of nations. The hammer and civilization go together, and

By hammer and hand
All arts do stand!

In conclusion, hear what Mr. Stephenson says of the civilizing powers and uses of iron. "I was visiting," said he, "a large museum in Copenhagen the other day, in company of a very learned professor (Worsæe) who had spent a whole life in the study of the history of the life of man; in collecting a museum of the productions and inventions of mankind, from the lowest depth of barbarism to the highest state of civilization. He was enthusiastic, intelligent, and accomplished. He explained and pointed out to me what were the first tools which man had used—they were all composed of bones or hard stone. They had no hatchets or implements like ours then, and nothing in the shape even of a fish-hook but a bone. This gentleman traced the advance and progress of man, up to a state a little nearer and a little more perfect; and he called my atten-

tion to the fact,—“Now, you perceive what has been the progress of man up to that point; but as soon as he discovered iron,—mark, after that time, how rapid his advances were.” Those advances were rapid, it is true, for man then invented the crossbow, armor, the musket, and so on. I make this digression for the purpose of expressing what train of thought the lecture or observations of this gentleman produced on my mind. I thought he was quite right, that iron was a great civilizer; but how little does the philosopher or professor comprehend what iron is doing about him? He has been busy investigating ancient history, and not in appreciating what is going on around him as I am. I might have stated that in England has been produced from the bowels of the earth in the last twenty years, more rude stone than, when converted into railway bars and laid end to end, would form an iron girdle round the earth itself. I might have said that we are daily producing from the bowels of the earth a raw material, in its crude state apparently of no worth, but which, when converted into a locomotive engine, flies with a speed exceeding that of the bird, and advances wealth and comfort throughout the country. These are the powers of iron. It is true that it has been brought about by the powers of man. Still they show the instrument that he is obliged to resort to; and *that all-civilizing instrument is iron.*”

Here we are, then, according to Mr. Stephenson, fairly arrived at the *IRON AGE*, in the middle of this nineteenth century.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD'S WIDOW.—Every one must be gratified with the mark of respect shown to Professor Wilson, by the recent bestowal of a pension. It is not, however, generally known, that the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd has but very slender means of support since the death of her husband, and that these means have been still further reduced by the expenses consequent upon the education of her family, so that her income of late years, irrespective of resources on which she could not rely, and

of which in part she has been deprived, has been quite inadequate for her comfortable support. We believe that this requires only to be known in the right quarter to be remedied, and we trust that Scotland, which has been so often taunted with having allowed her great national poet, Burns, to starve, will not be reproached also with having neglected the family of him, who has always been considered Burns' most eminent successor.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.—The following are among the new publications which seem entitled to particular mention.

The second edition, revised and enlarged, of the History of France from the commencement of the Reformation to the present times, by M. G. de Felice; an octavo of 655 pages, beautifully printed. A new edition, with additions, of the Memoirs of Marmontel; 2 volumes octavo. The Constitutionnel contains an able review of the author's life and works, by M. Saint Beuve. The Annuary of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, or Annual Register issued from the office of that periodical, under the direction of the Editor. It is a royal octavo of 1200 pages, well printed, and with engraved portraits. The gentleman who arranged and digested the materials, is a writer of repute, Mr. Hippolyte Desprez, author of a work on Hungary and other provinces of the Austrian empire. Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet du Pan, 2 octavos from the original manuscripts; edited at Geneva; the eminent and honest publicist was a Swiss. The 4th and last volume of M. de Cherrier's valuable History of the Struggle between the Popes and the Emperors of the House of Suabia, which occupied the last part of the 12th Century, and almost the whole of the 13th. The tenth and eleventh volumes of the History of the Consulate and the Empire, by M. Thiers. It is announced that the work will consist of fourteen volumes. Dictionary of Political Economy, published in parts. It will form two octavos of 800 pages each, at 20 francs per volume. The contributors are the highest in that department of knowledge; Mr. Charles Coquelin is the editor. A new edition, issued by Mr. Guizot, of his History of the origin or different sources of Representative Government. An Essay on Catholicism, Liberalism and Socialism, by Donoso Cortes, Marquis of Valdegamas, present Ambassador of Spain at Paris. The first volume of a History of the Revolution of 1848, by M. Sarrans, assistant editor of the Republican paper *La Semaine*. He is now in prison for a seditious article. A second edition of Count de Montalivet's famous pamphlet, now a volume—*Louis Philippe and the Civil List*. The complete works of Madame George Sand, illustrated by Tony Johannot—six hundred unedited vignettes; the whole will not cost more than 20 or 25 francs. Memoirs of the woman are also announced. A third edition, illustrated, of M. Villame's History of the Revolution of 1789. Ten thousand copies of it have been sold. A French version, from the press of the Didots, in three small volumes, of the Italian History of a Hundred years (1750 to 1850) by Cesar Cantu. The sixth volume of Mr. Francis de Castelnau's narrative of his Expedition to the central parts of South America. This volume closes the history of his travels, and the first part of the work. The four other parts are scientific, and will be published between 1852 and 1857, at the cost of the government, with the usual care and munificence.

PROF. CREASY.—This new work of Prof. Creasy,

"The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," published in London, by BENTLEY, and re-published in New York, in a very handsome 12mo., by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is highly lauded by the best critical journals. The *Examiner* commences a lengthy article as follows:

Although a narrator of battles, Professor Creasy is no worshipper of the doubtful glory of "sabre sway." He has chosen his subject, not from any desire of amplifying the life of victors in the bloody strife of nations, or of expatiating on attractive themes of conquest, but chiefly with the philosophic purpose of estimating the moral consequences and enduring importance of certain great events which have, from time to time, exercised a marked influence on the destinies of mankind. Battles, which have led to this result, "have for us," he says, "an abiding and actual interest, both while we investigate the chain of causes and effects by which they have helped to make us what we are; and also while we speculate on what we probably should have been, if any one of those battles had come to a different termination." This doctrine may not be contested; and considered thus, the narrative of violence and crime, which in its general aspect repels, becomes a source of enlightenment. On other grounds also, as far as his work goes—for we think it susceptible of wider extension—Professor Creasy has established its title to acceptance and success. The connected and continuous form he has given to it, the lucidity of his style, the force and soundness of his arguments, and the graphic character of his descriptions, are qualities which fix and retain attention.

MARGARET.—The tale recently published by the Boston house of Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPTON & Co., of this title, is from the pen of an Unitarian clergyman in Maine, whose previous appearance in a political work attracted the attention of the thoughtful. It is an extremely ingenious and interesting development of the author's religious and philosophical views, in the education, growth, opinions, and doings of a girl of genius. Endowed with extraordinary capacities, educated apart from all the ordinary associations of social life, and left by poverty and depressed outward circumstances, from most of the hurtful influences which interfere with the symmetrical growth of the soul; the author has given an ideal of what a perfect religious, and social and moral culture would accomplish; and the logical conviction which such education has to all social, political, and moral reforms. The problem thus proposed is wrought out with exquisite taste and beauty, disclosing the genius and glow of the poet at every step. The descriptive passages are of exceeding fidelity and grace. It is a work of great power and originality, which none but a man of genius could produce.

CHEAP LITERATURE.—The celebrated French authoress, Madame George Sand, has consented to

allow all her novels to be reprinted for the small charge of four *sous*, a shade less than two-pence, per part, which will make, it appears, about £1 for the whole collection. During the last year or two an immense deal of business has been done by three or four publishing houses in Paris, in the production of esteemed works at four *sous* the sheet, of close yet legible type, excellent paper, and spirited illustrations. Amongst the authors whose complete works have been published, are Lesage, Chateaubriand, Anquetil (the historian), Balzac, Sue, Paul de Kock; amongst those partially published, Rousseau, Lamennais, Voltaire, Diderot, Fenelon, Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Translations of foreign works have also been produced; in the batch are, complete or partial, Goldsmith, Sterne, Anne Radcliffe, Mrs. Inchbald, Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Bulwer, Dickens, Marryat, Goethe, Schiller, Silvio Pellico, and Boccaccio.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.—An ingenious little apologue on the Crystal Palace, has been published by Mr. Warren, the celebrated author of *Ten Thousand a Year*, entitled "*The Lily and the Bee*," which has been elegantly reproduced by the *Harpers* of this city. The *Literary Gazette* characterizes the spirit of the book thus:—

Intelligent wonder warming frequently into reverent worship—presents objects calling up rich trains of historic associations—lofty thoughts and generous feelings—graphic and glowing descriptions—these characteristics we find,—but we must add, that the ideas sometime become dimly mystical, the diction at the same time soaring into rhapsody, so that what we read does only, to use the author's own expression, "kindle faint suggestion with sudden startle."

WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE PRESENT TIME.—This is the title of an extremely interesting picture, painted privately for Her Majesty by Sir Edmund Landseer, and graciously lent to Messrs. Graves and Co. for the purpose of being engraved. It represents a pleasing domestic interior in the Castle. Prince Albert, just returned from a shooting excursion, is reclining in sporting habiliments on a chair; whilst the Queen, in a natural unaffected posture, is standing by his side, with a bouquet in her hand, inquiring, apparently with some anxiety, concerning the sport. The floor is occupied with gun and dogs and dead game; and one of the little Princesses is piteously contemplating the savory victims. It is a charming specimen of regal simplicity.

The third volume of Dr. Hanna's "*Life of Dr. Chalmers*" is highly praised, with few exceptions, by the journals. The *Athenæum* calls it the most interesting volume that has been published. Dr. Hanna's work grows more and more excellent in a literary point of view as it proceeds; and his art of extracting precisely the most significant and interesting portions from Dr. Chalmers's own journals and letters is very happy. In this respect, the work is incomparably superior to one which is sometimes named along with it—"The Life of

Wilberforce," by his Sons. In the fourth and concluding volume Dr. Hanna is to bring the life to a close,—appending, however, a volume of illustrative notes and miscellanies.

EUGENE SUE.—The correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, states, that a fortnight before Eugene Sue commenced the publication of another of his lengthy romances in one of the daily papers; he has begun the printing of a comedy, in six acts, in another journal. The quantity of matter which popular romancers in this country manage to produce is really extraordinarily great. They think nothing of writing three or four columns of newspaper type in a day, and that day after day, for months at a time.

BROUGHAM HIMSELF AGAIN.—Delighted are we with the evidences of Lord Brougham's renewed health. He has been the soul of hospitality at Brougham Hall; and—after a look in at the House of Lords—is off to winter at Cannes. He will there enter upon a course of bear-hunting; not for any love of the sport itself, but merely to exercise himself for the severer sport of hunting the reform of the Law; for the whole bear in the forest is nothing to the whole hog in Chancery.—*Punch*.

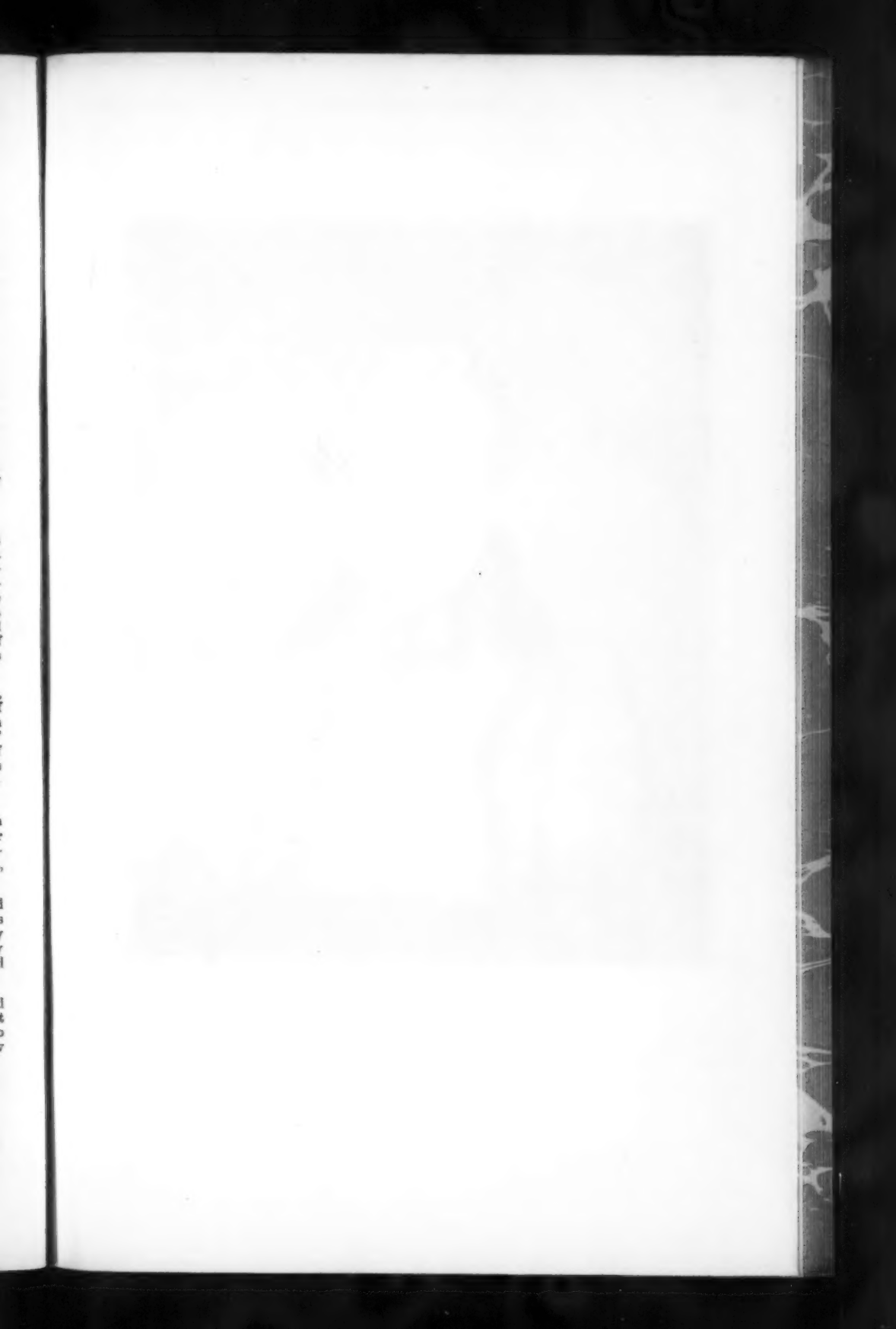
DEATH OF A SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHER.—The Scottish papers report the death of Mr. William Nicol,—well known in Edinburgh as a lecturer on Natural Philosophy, and for many contributions to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*. "His most valuable contribution to physical science," says the *Scotman*—"and with which his name will ever be associated"—was, his invention of the single image-prism of calcareous spar, known to the scientific world as Nicol's prism."

LITERARY DISCOVERY.—We learn from Hanover, that in the course of a revision of the archives of Celli, a box has been found containing a collection of important documents from the thirty years' war—viz. part of the private correspondence of Duke George of Brunswick-Lüneburg, with drafts of his own epistles, and original letters from Papenheim, Gustavus Adolphus, and Piccolomini.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE TO THE QUEEN.—The town council of Glasgow, have voted a sum of £500 for an equestrian statue of the Queen, in commemoration of Her Majesty's visit to the city in August, 1849.

MRS. BUTLER.—A collection of the tales and sketches of Mrs. C. H. Butler, of Northampton, has been published by PHILLIPS, SAMPTON & Co. in very neat form, entitled "*Life in Varied Phases*." They are quite out of the ordinary track, both in aim and in execution.

MR. DICKENS.—The *Literary Gazette* is authorized by Mr. Dickens, to stigmatize as an "impudent puff," a rumor that Messrs. STRINGER & TOWNSEND of New York had purchased the sheets of his new serial work for \$4000.





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